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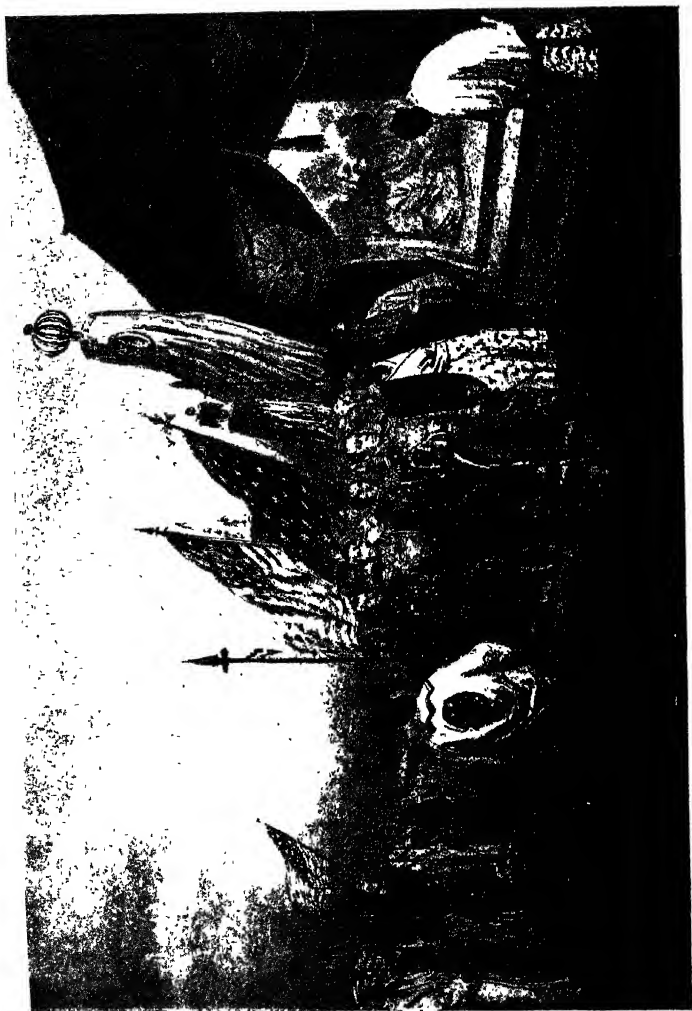
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THE ROMANCE OF JAPAN

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

AN INTERPRETATIVE OUTLINE OF THE STORY
OF JAPAN FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF
BUDDHISM IN 552 A.D. TO THE PASSAGE
OF THE MANHOOD SUFFRAGE ACT IN 1925



THE LANDING OF COMMODORE PERRY
Drawn from life

THE ROMANCE OF JAPAN

Through the Ages

BY

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

DIRECTOR OF THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

Author of "Japan To-Day," etc.

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THE ROMANCE OF JAPAN
— B —
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"The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America;
"The Atlantic era is now at the height of its development and must
soon exhaust the resources at its command;
"The Pacific era, destined to be the greatest of all, is just at its dawn"—

SO WROTE
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
TO WHOSE MEMORY
THIS ESSAY
IN
INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING
IS DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

In 1854 Commodore Perry opened Japan to the puzzled gaze of Westerners, who long continued to scrutinize it as a quaint box of curios. In 1894 curiosity deepened into wonder as young Japan proved able to cope with huge China after such a brief session of Western schooling. In 1904 wonder became amazement as the infant prodigy came to grips with Russia, then known as the Colossus of the North, and, by winning this second war in a decade, won also a place as a world power. In 1924 the youngest of world powers arose dauntless from the most dreadful disaster ever dealt by nature's hand to any people, only to face international problems of crucial importance with patience, wisdom, and skill.

Back of such power of achievement lies a story of unique fascination. That story has often been cast into the molds of conventional history, but this book attempts something else. It is written for the Man in the Street, in the belief that he is interested in history as a means to a practical end—as the necessary means, in this case, of understanding somewhat more clearly the Japan of to-day, America's next-door neighbor. The attempt is here made to pick out the high lights of history and so to arrange them as to illuminate the main steps of Japan's progress, with especial reference to her position to-day. Representative characters are touched on at full length, for a people may perhaps best be judged by its heroes. The spiritual hero of all Eastern Asia certainly has to be reckoned with,—Gautama the Buddha,—and Shintō

ghosts will not down. Now and then a monk spins a yarn, an artist paints a quaint picture, a sculptor chisels a statue, and minnesingers cap verses. Every such incident or illustration is selected because it throws light on Japanese character. There would seem to be a place for an interpretative outline of the story of Japan with especial stress on its rich human interest, and that place this book seeks to fill.

I was emboldened to this task by prolonged and somewhat intimate experience. Five years of my youth I spent in Japan, studying the language as I taught English to Japanese students, and studying the people and their arts. For nearly twenty years thereafter I lived in California, in the center of the immigration problem as it grew, a circumstance that led me to keep up a study of things Japanese. In 1923 and '24 I visited Japan again, and saw for myself not only the many changes of the new century, but the reaction of the people to the great earthquake and then to the American immigration act. I went on into Asia as far as to Buddha's birth-place, and retraced my steps in the historical pathway of Buddhism: following its long and brilliant course of conquest toward and into Japan, with a view to the better understanding of a people whose character and institutions Buddhism enormously influenced for a full thousand years. After returning to California I initiated, and for a year edited the English department of the *Japanese American News*, of San Francisco and Los Angeles, the largest Japanese daily newspaper published outside the islands of Japan, having as its most important object the development of many thousands of American-born Japanese into a broadly enlightened American citizenship. If now I can assist in bringing about a better

understanding of Japan on the part of the readers of this book, it will have achieved its purpose. I wish it to supersede my other books, "Japan To-day," "Young Japan," and "The Japanese Crisis," written a long time ago.

The table of contents is entitled THE SEVEN AGES OF JAPAN because the story of the national evolution seems to me to fall naturally into seven parts. Each of these I have tried to denote by a title expressing its chief characteristic. This plan, adopted for the sake of simplicity and clarity, discards the conventional categories of Japanese history, which are listed in a conspectus at the end of the book. To make reading easier, I have reduced the use of Japanese words to a minimum. Some names are of course essential, and for the pronunciation of these a simple hint or two may be useful.

Every vowel marks the end of a syllable, as in Shō-to-ku, Hi-de-yo-shi, I-ye-ya-su. Roughly speaking, vowels are pronounced as in the continental languages of Europe, but consonants as in English, g being always hard. Marks above ō and ū denote prolonged values; otherwise, all syllables—in theory, at least—are accented equally.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER.

Begun at Bangkok, February 19, 1924

(Buddha's Birthday—in Siam)

Finished at San Francisco, February 19, 1926.

THE SEVEN AGES OF JAPAN.

	PAGE
I: THE FIRST TRANSFORMATION	17
Nara	
II: BUDDHIST CULTURE	33
Nara and Kyōto	
III: CAMP GOVERNMENT	63
Kamakura	
IV: ESTHETICISM AND DECAY	101
Kyōto	
V: INDIVIDUALISM AND REFORM	114
Ōsaka, Nagasaki	
VI: ISOLATION	152
Tōkyō and Nikkō	
VII: THE SECOND TRANSFORMATION	216
Tōkyō, Yokohama, Shimonoseki	

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Landing of Commodore Perry	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
Map of Japan and Korea	24
Prince Shōtoku's Statue of Kwannon	28
Bronze Trinity, with Screen	30
Detail of Screen from the Bronze Trinity at Horyūji	40
In the Deer Park at Nara	46
Buddhist Angel on Ancient Bronze Lantern at Nara	50
Prince Shōtoku (572-621 A.D.) and His Sons	54
Portrait Statue of a Priest, Kamakura Period	90
The Silver Pavilion at Kyōto	112
Itō as Premier	234
Mount Fuji from Lake Hakone	290
Last Photograph of the Kamakura Buddha Before the Great Earthquake of 1923	292
Old Japan and New—Viscount Katō, as Premier, leav- ing Residence of Prince Saionji, Elder Statesman	306

THE ROMANCE OF JAPAN

THE ROMANCE OF JAPAN

I

THE FIRST TRANSFORMATION

Key City: Nara

I

EVERYBODY knows about the transformation of Japan that was touched off by the Perry Expedition and is still in process, but few know of the first transformation. It was first not only in time but also in importance. In fact, it is not too much to say that the second transformation can hardly be understood without knowing something about the first.

Japan is in many respects unique, but in none more so than in the fact that one may still observe for oneself many of the main landmarks in her pathway of progress, from primitive times to the present. No other country is so kind to the lover of history. You can even see for yourself how the primitive Japanese lived before Buddhism came along to transform them. Up in Yezo, or the Hokkaidō (northernmost of the four main islands), the vanishing Ainu, whom the invading Japanese dispossessed, still live much as their conquerors lived before the first transformation, of the seventh century A.D. Up in Yezo you may still see, instead of houses, thatched hovels, without floors, chimneys, or windows. You find

no native literature, no art except the crudest handicraft, and only the rudest of manners. Even agriculture is primitive with the Ainu, who make shift to get on by hunting and fishing. Their religion is a simple nature cult bound up with ancestor-worship. And this is a rough snap-shot of the Japanese themselves before "the light of Asia" shone in to dispel their primitive darkness.

It is in and near Kyōto, in Central Japan, that one finds the cradle of this early civilization, and even the nursery in which the young nation grew up. Let the reader take a map and mark the three sites of Kyōto, Nara, Ōsaka. Now draw a line about this small triangular space, following the line of the railways. Except for the brilliant but brief Kamakura interlude, you have here the theater of nearly all the outstanding episodes of the national story for a millennium—from the earliest authentic records down to the founding of Yedo, now Tōkyō, at the beginning of the seventeenth century A.D. This is well worth noting, as the dominance of Tōkyō, the new Eastern capital, has too much obscured the importance of Kyōto, the old Western capital, and the heart of Japan.

Nara, which is only thirty miles from Kyōto, lies in the province of Yamato. "Yamato" is the way the Japanese pronounce one of the names applied to them in their infancy by venerable China, and it takes us back at once to the question of their source. That question is none too easily answered. Apparently two great streams of migration contributed to form the main Japanese stock. The language, radically different from Chinese but close kin to Korean, indicates Central Asia as the source of one stream. Japanese probably belongs to the

Ural-Altaic family, so that the men who first spoke it were perhaps of Tartar origin, from the vast steppes that lie between the Ural and Altai mountains. But the language apparently has Malayan affiliations, and the second stream probably poured up from the south, a few centuries before the birth of Christ. The earliest legendary leader is now apotheosized as Jimmu, the "Emperor of Divine Valor"; but the Japanese emperor was really at first merely the head clansman of the chief clan, instead of the incarnate god he is thought to be to-day. The early invaders intermarried freely with the bearded Ainu, from whom they very slowly wrested the great archipelago long called by the Chinese Jih-pen, or Sunrise Islands, because they are the uttermost Far East of Asia. Europeans, first hearing of Jih-pen through China, converted this name into Japan; but the Japanese themselves pronounce the same two Chinese characters 日本 as Nihon, or Nippon. In early days, however, they called all their newly won islands by the name of Yamato, which name afterwards—except in poetic or sentimental usage—became confined to one province, of which Nara is the center.

To-day the pet phrase for patriotism, Yamato Damashii, or Japanese Spirit, carries us back to primitive times, and Yamato Dake is still revered as the greatest of heroes.

The exploits of this legendary prince reveal some of the earliest ideals of the race.

The first incident in his exciting career exhibits Filial Piety, especially as centered in the Emperor, as the root of all virtues. Yamato Dake's sluggish elder brother having become negligent in attending the imperial ban-

quets, the young Prince was told by the Emperor to reprove him. Asked a few days later whether he had done so, Yamato Dake coolly answered that he had killed his elder brother and thrown his carcass to the dogs!

Even the bond of brotherhood must be sundered for Filial Piety.

The Emperor, struck by such devotion and boldness, sent the young Prince south against two troublesome outlaws. Yamato Dake now employed stratagem. Being slender and of delicate features, he dressed himself in skirts, and, with a sword hidden in his robes, danced so bewitchingly before the two outlawed brothers that they invited the supposed dancing-girl into their tent. There, while they were at ease and unarmed, Yamato Dake suddenly drew his sword and slew the elder outlaw, the other one attempting to escape. Before he could get out of the tent Yamato Dake thrust him through the back, and was about to withdraw the sword so as to complete the second slaying when the impaled victim besought him for an inch of time.

"Who art thou?" he questioned, wide-eyed with wonder.

On Yamato Dake's telling him, the dying outlaw said that theretofore his own elder brother had been the bravest of the brave, "but henceforth *thou* shalt be called 'The Bravest in Yamato' "—and so he is to this day.

Yamato Dake withdrew his sword "and ripped open the outlaw as it were a ripe melon." He devoted his whole life to the service of his father the Emperor, and said in dying that his only regret was that he could no longer serve him.

2

Let us now turn swiftly from the story of this legendary prince to the true story of Prince Shōtoku, with whom the unquestionably authentic history of Japan may be said to begin. The Japanese call him The Father of Civilization, and the present writer regards him as the noblest Japanese of all time. If in the legend of Yamato Dake we discern traces of the fierce Tartar stock from which the Japanese ultimately spring, it is certain that in Shōtoku we find mildness and magnanimity and devotion to beauty and truth, possibly inherited from the gentler strain of the south. All through the long Japanese story we find this commingling of strains: Tartar and beauty-lover, berserker and bard, an almost savage sternness contrasted with exquisite sensibility. Shōtoku was every inch a scholar, philanthropist and gentleman, without sacrifice of any of those sterner qualities that fitted him to rule a rude people.

He first comes to notice at the early age of sixteen, engaged in a literal warfare between the old Shintō and the new Buddhism,—in the year 588 A.D.

Shintō, "the Way of the Gods," is predominantly ancestor-worship, or, conversely, the rule of the dead. Ancestor-worship comes about in a most natural manner, and was probably practiced by some of our own ancestors at the time of which we are writing. We know to a certainty that it was practiced by our intellectual forebears, the Greeks and Romans, for they have left records of it that correspond to a nicety with present-day customs prevailing in China and Japan. The difference is that Western peoples—for the most part, at least—threw off

this rule of the dead about twenty-three hundred years ago, whereas in the Far East it still flourishes.

Ancestor-worship comes to a primitive people as the most natural thing in the world. A head clansman dies and is buried, but it is not easy to think of him as dead. His dominating figure still haunts the hunting-field or hearth-stone, and at night he comes back as a dream-wraith. What are such dreams to primitive man but the veritable visitations of ghosts? Soon the dead come to be thought of as living spirits, who, unseen, haunt the home, where shrines are set up to propitiate them: the penetralia of the Romans, sacred to the Lares and Penates, or the kami-dana (or god-shelf) of the Japanese, enshrining the ancestral tablets. The dead dwell mostly within these lettered tablets; "sometimes they can animate a tablet,—change it into the substance of a human body, and return in that body to active life. They require nourishment; but the vapor of food contents them. They are exacting, however, as regards these daily offerings of food and drink. Upon these shadowy repasts depends the well-being of the dead, and upon the well-being of the dead depend all the fortunes of the living. So, then, the dead remain in this world,—haunting their former homes, and sharing invisibly in the life of their living descendants. And all the dead become gods, in the sense of acquiring supernatural power; but they retain the characters which distinguished them during life, whether good or evil. Whence it follows in the end that every event in the world, good or evil,—fair seasons or plentiful harvests,—flood and famine,—tempest and tidal-wave and earthquake,—is the work of the dead. And all human actions, good or bad, are also controlled by the dead. There is nothing simple in such beliefs:

they are awful, tremendous beliefs; and before Buddhism helped to dissipate them, their pressure upon the mind of a people dwelling in a land of cataclysms must have been like an endless weight of nightmare."

In the time of Prince Shōtoku the Shintō dread of death and of the dead was so great that when the head clansman of all the clans died—that is, the Emperor—the place where he had dwelt was immediately abandoned, so that Japan had no settled capital, but its court was nomadic, moving about from one place to another. When Prince Shōtoku's own father fell ill and desired the consolations of the new gospel of Buddhism, the Shintō priestly order dared to oppose the imperial will with force of arms; whereupon young Shōtoku took the field as a champion at once of his father's wishes and of Buddhism. Affixing to his helmet the insignia of the four Buddhist Kings of Heaven, he vowed to build a temple in their honor should victory perch on his banner. This ensuing, he built the Temple of the Four Kings at Naniwa, now Ōsaka, one of the earliest of the nomadic capitals.

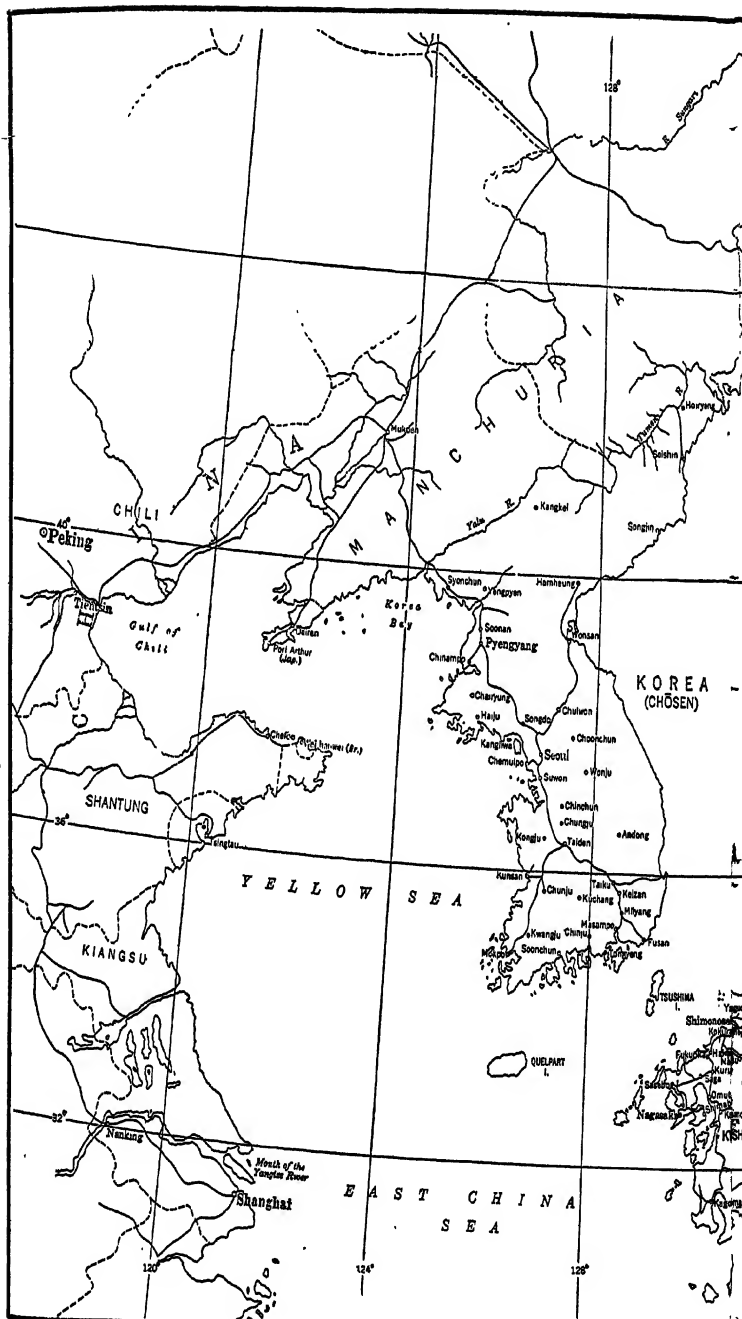
Becoming Prince Regent at twenty, Shōtoku at once used the power of the throne for the quickening and extension of Buddhism, which had lain almost dormant since its introduction from Korea some forty years before. He saw in its rich cultural heritage an ideal means for the enlightenment and civilization of his people, and sent to Korea and China for instructors in all the Buddhistic arts. Architects and sculptors, bronze-molders and tile-makers, masons and weavers, painters and gilders—of these he brought over great numbers, setting them to work near Nara on an amazingly ambitious dream. On the slopes of a beautiful valley, with mas-

sive green mountains for background, he began to build one of the great temple-palaces of Asia, which he designed not only as a source of spiritual enlightenment to his people, but also as a school of the arts.

It must not be forgotten that at this time China, and her satellite Korea, led the world's civilization. China, about to enter her brilliant Tang period, justly claims to have been at that time the most powerful, the most enlightened, the most progressive, and the best governed empire not only in Asia, but on the face of the globe; and Korea shared in her splendor. With the unstinted aid of Korean and Chinese exemplars Prince Shōtoku so tutored his pupils as to achieve the realization of his dream. He saw rise in beauty before him, terrace behind terrace on the green mountain-slopes of Yamato, the great monastery temples of Horyūji, built in arcades with tower-gates about enormous sanded courts, and centered with blue-tiled palaces. Japan's first architectural triumph was dedicated to Gautama the Buddha by his princely disciple, Shōtoku, in 616 A.D.; a millennium to the year before the year of Shakespeare's death; and the touch of one man had inaugurated an Elizabethan Age in Japan.¹ There is nothing quite like it in history.

These temples, twice as old as the oldest cathedrals in Europe, were perforce constructed of wood. Japan already had cause to dread earthquakes, so Shōtoku chose beautiful native woods for their resiliency, lightness, and strength, as best suited to earthquake resistance. Travelers from Korea to-day, when passing over into Japan, are almost sure to be struck by the complete change in building material. Stone is just as plentiful as in Korea,

¹ Suiko is the name of the Empress, Shōtoku's aunt, after whom this era is called.



earthquakes having determined the building material used by the Japanese; who, if we may believe a brilliant American architect, have accordingly made themselves masters of the most perfect mode in wood the world has known.

In spite of conflagrations, three of Shōtoku's structures still stand. Ralph Adams Cram, just cited, pays a high tribute to their quality.

This group of buildings—gate, temple, and pagoda—is the most precious architectural monument in all Asia. It not only marks the birth of Japan as a civilized power, but from it we can reconstruct the architecture of China, now swept out of existence and only a memory (as the Chinese seldom repair). In the entasis of the columns of the great gate and in the thin folds and studied calmness of the sculptured drapery of the statues are the lurking traces of Greek art. Japanese architecture is more nearly Greek than any other, for it is the perfecting of a single, simple, and primitive mass by almost infinite refinements of line and proportion. The result is, in plain words, final perfection. Beyond is no further possibility.

These superlative results were achieved by a people just sprung from barbarism. Lack of originality is a criticism frequently directed against the Japanese, but in view of such testimony even the severest of critics must confess that "unoriginate" Japan is an imitative genius of the very highest order, to say the least.

3

Before completing this brief study of the great personality that so enormously influenced the early Japanese, we ought perhaps to pay some attention to the influences of their island home.

These islands, several thousand in number, stretch bow-

shaped along the East coast of Asia, as if to ward off any westward approach to the continent except by Japan's leave. Averaging only seventy-five miles wide, and never wider than two hundred, they have a length of 2,500, cutting through thirty degrees of latitude, from frigid to sub-tropical climates. Their total area is somewhat greater than that of California, or half again as large as the British Isles. Most of them are mere islets, but about six hundred are inhabited. The four largest islands are Yezo, or the Hokkaidō; Honshū or Hondō, which alone comprises half the entire insular area; Shikoku, "the Four Provinces," and "the Nine Provinces" of Kyūshū.

The three islands last named, which constitute historic Japan, lie in the temperate zone, the home of the great civilizations of the globe. Owing to their mountainous character, only about a quarter of their soil is tillable, but this is exceedingly fertile, and watered with abundant rains. The deep surrounding seas abound in fish, which, with rice and the soy bean, furnish the staple Japanese diet. Contrary to a general impression, Japan is rich in minerals, with the important exception of iron. Coal abounds, especially in Kyūshū; copper ranks next in importance; gold and silver deposits are still to be found in almost every part of the Empire, and petroleum production has recently leaped to large figures. The actual mineral output has barely begun to tap the potential supply, while few countries on earth are more richly endowed with opportunities for hydro-electric development. Even in the dry season at least 8,000,000 horse power is available.

As Professor Nitobe says, there is always a strong temptation to exaggerate the effect of geographic environment. But he himself, cautious and wise scholar as he is,

cannot avoid being struck by the general resemblance of Japan to England, and by certain human results that seem to be common to these two insular dominions, lying off great continents. Japan, exactly like England, is a "Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in with rocks unscalable and roaring waters," and this isolation has tended to produce national solidarity and an intense patriotism. But Japan is after all five times as far from Asia as England is from Europe, and this fact accounts, at least in part, for her proud boast that she has never been successfully invaded. "The invasions that have succeeded have been those of ideas, not of peoples."

Like the English, the Japanese have become a great seafaring people. "Insularity need not spell narrowness of ideas. It ought to mean breadth of vision. Whether it does the one or the other will depend upon the attitude which the people take in regard to the sea. The Phœnicians and the Jews dwelt side by side on the same coast, but the Jews became exclusively a land folk, while the Phœnicians filled the farthest end of the then known sea with their ships of exploration and commerce." So also the early Japanese, unlike their neighbors the Koreans, adventured far abroad on the Pacific as traders, colonists, or pirates, while to-day the flag of the Rising Sun vies with that of Britannia herself.

This seafaring habit has intensified the native hardihood. Some geographers further believe that the cyclonic disturbances centering in the Japanese archipelago, alone of all Asia, have stimulated the national energies.

The natural surroundings may, moreover, partly account for the love of beauty which we so associate with the Japanese. The wooded hills, the infinite variety of mountain and valley, of lake and harbor and sea, could scarcely have failed to develop in the

people any latent sense of the artistic. The land is one of the most beautiful in the world, and the inhabitants have responded with a love for flowers, for trees, for birds, for moonlit lakes, for streams and waterfalls. Their politeness and regard for ordered ceremonial may also be partially the result of long ages spent in an attractive environment—so thinks Professor Latourette of Yale.

4

Directing a people of great inherent capacity, Prince Shōtoku wrought marvels of construction during the last five years of his life, including forty-six Buddhist temples in different parts of the Empire. His religious devotion led him to become the first Japanese sculptor, and his genius made him one of the greatest. At Horyūji one may still see what may be the tribute of his own hands to Buddhism, in a heroic figure of Kwannon, the god or goddess of mercy: unconventional, vital in every flowing line, the great benign face illumined with the most beautiful smile that has ever been carved upon wood.

But it is the bronzes preserved at Horyūji that show the supreme reach of the first aspiring efforts of the Japanese mind—when plastic art sprang at one bound to an apex it has never surpassed. As a proof for the most stubborn skeptics no exhibit could better demonstrate Japan's creative ability than two bronze Buddhist trinities, one a Korean group about four feet in height, the other a much smaller Japanese adaptation, made a generation or so later.

Both bronzes stand on the platform of the large temple-hall that Shōtoku himself constructed. In both, the general design is the same: Gautama, a seated meditative figure, attended by two Bodhisattvas, disciples just this side of sainthood. You look first at the noble Korean



PRINCE SHŌTOKU'S STATUE OF KWANNON

model, of an impressive and singular beauty—until you turn to the Japanese adaptation! Then you feel that strange thrill produced by the impact of pure beauty; whether in music such as the *Unfinished Symphony*, or in such paintings as some of Turner's landscapes, or poetry such as the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. Every detail of this Horyūji statuette seems a thing of beauty. Gautama's halo is peerless, without doubt the world's supreme aureole. A hinged screen that does service as background, chased with ethereal angels, is rich beyond all description. The two disciples, poised on lotus-buds supported by stems of the most exquisite grace, are in themselves a marvelous achievement. But in the grace of the Buddha himself—his delicately poised hands and head, the rhythmical flow of his garments, above all, in the supreme sweetness of his deeply human smile, almost melting into mirth—here some anonymous genius has wrought the utmost of which art is capable, and one stands lost in sheer wonder at the magic of the Japanese mind at its best.

5

Shōtoku was a man of multifold talents, versatile but always distinguished. A magnetic preacher, throngs filled his temples, and were converted wholesale to Buddhism by his powers of persuasion. The pioneer Japanese historian, he gave to his subjects their first national chronicle, now unhappily lost. As statesman and law-giver he excelled, providing the first written statutes, on which the later laws of the "Great Change" were based. Some of his precepts echo the Bible, of which he of course never heard: "Chastise that which is evil, encourage that

which is good." "Good faith," he observes, "is the foundation of right; in everything let there be good faith, for in it there surely consists the good and the bad, success and failure."

He knew how to be shrewd, even witty. "Let us not be resentful when others differ from us. All men have hearts, and each heart has its own leanings. Their right is our wrong, and our right is their wrong. We are not unquestionably sages, nor are they unquestionably fools. Both of us are simply ordinary men."

His pithy definition of statesmanship has perhaps never been bettered: "To turn away from that which is private and to set one's face toward that which is public—this is the path of a minister."

That he was a skilled diplomatist appears in his answer to his father, the Emperor Yōmei, when the latter still questioned confusedly among the conflicting claims of Shintō and Confucianism,—already introduced from China,—and Buddhism. "There is really no conflict among them," argued Shōtoku, in so many words. "Shintō is the rule of the dead. It deals with the past, and not with the present or future. Confucianism is concerned with the present, and is not in the least forward-looking. Only Buddhism teaches about the future; and as all men are anxious about the future, it is inevitable that many should embrace Buddhism"—which his dying father decided to do.

The ancient chronicles say that when Prince Shōtoku himself died, in the year 621, the farmer ceased from his plowing and the pounding-woman laid down her pestle; they all said, "The sun and moon have lost their brightness, heaven and earth have crumbled to ruin—henceforth in whom shall we trust?" Nobles and com-



*From Fenollosa's "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art"
Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company*

BRONZE TRINITY, WITH SCREEN

moners alike, the old as if they had lost a dear child, the young as if they had lost a loved parent, filled the ways with the sound of their lamenting.

Japanese historians do not overrate Shōtoku when they call him the father of their country's civilization. "He left behind him peace where he had found strife and anarchy, the light of civilization in the place of the darkness of semi-barbarism, the knowledge and practice of art and science where there had been none before, reverential observance of a religion which was destined to mold the character of his countrymen for more than a thousand years."¹

6

Even this brief survey of the first age of Japanese civilization gives a remunerative result. It shows that the young Yamato race, compounded perhaps of Tartar and Malaysian elements, was at the outset gifted with the genius that may characterize a happy fusion. The Japanese of Shōtoku's time were endowed with a talent for beauty no less than for exploits of valor; with an innate responsiveness to whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report.

This race had also from the beginning what William Elliott Griffis regards as the noblest trait in the character of a Japanese of to-day: his willingness and immediate ability to change for the better when he discovers a more excellent way.

A third trait was a sort of passionate energy that made Shōtoku's transformation possible as if by the touch of enchantment.

¹ For a contemporary portrait of Prince Shōtoku, see page 55.

The first of these traits, a talent for beauty, has developed a body of art that holds its own with the supreme art achievements of the world, and a popular taste that still touches Japan with charm, in spite of encroaching industrialism.

The second and third characteristics, a high species of adaptive power working with intense energy, account for the remarkable progress of the Japanese people since the overthrow of the Shōgunate (in 1868) carried down with it the Bastille of the Tokugawa tyranny.

Many other traits have been imposed on the Japanese from without, but these three inner characteristics have persisted from the beginning, in spite of every effort to erase them. They are grooved deep in the racial fiber, and will enable Japan, if she only succeeds in avoiding the numerous pitfalls that threaten her, to make a useful contribution to the universal civilization of the future.

II

BUDDHIST CULTURE

Key Cities: Nara and Kyōto

I

UNDER Prince Shōtoku Buddhism dispelled the ignorant night of Japan, and enlightenment thereafter spread like a sunrise. It is not too much to hold with Professor Chamberlain that Buddhism introduced art, introduced medicine, molded the folklore of the country, created its dramatic poetry and music, deeply influenced politics and every sphere of social and intellectual activity—"in a word, Buddhism was the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese nation grew up."

To grasp the original essence of Buddhism one must of course go back to Gautama.

To know him, even slightly, is to love him: not the Buddha of the subtle creeds, of that so-styled esoteric Buddhism which, according to authentic scholars, is but a cobweb of vain imaginations, scarcely related to the teachings of Gautama himself; not the ivory or golden or granite ascetic that one finds counterfeiting him a million times throughout Asia, from carved miniature to sculptured or molten colossus; but that very human and most winsome mortal who reflected profoundly, lived a long, natural life quite unselfishly—half a millennium before the Christian era—and who insisted that Love and Joy are the two greatest things in the world.

"As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects

her son, her only son," taught this gentle Gautama, "so let a man cultivate love, without measure, toward all beings. Let him cultivate toward the whole world—above, below, around—a heart of love unstinted, void of anger or malice. And gladness springs up within him, and joy arises to him thus gladdened, and so rejoicing all his frame becomes at ease, and being thus at ease, he is pervaded with a sense of peace, and in that peace his heart is stayed."

It was not all at once that Gautama attained to such wisdom. Until nearly thirty years of age he spent all his time in pursuit of less spiritual pleasures, hunting or love-making, dallying in flowery gardens much as the rajahs and maharajahs of India still do to-day. When less than twenty he had married a beautiful cousin, and when he was twenty-nine she bore him their first child, a son.

This happened just after his memorable awakening to the sadness and seriousness of life. Riding out with his charioteer, Channa,—so the legend runs,—he noticed a dotard, bent double with the burden of years.

"*Why must this be?*" Buddha suddenly asked Channa, startled.

His phlegmatic companion merely shrugged and replied:

"That, Master, is the way of all life."

Then it chanced that this rich young man whom Christ would have loved observed a wayfarer unclean with some loathsome disease; but Channa had only his same dull reply for the same acute question.

At last Gautama saw death, death in its most awful form, by the roadside, putrid and bloated; and his heart turned over within him as he asked, for the third time, his answerless question.

In consequence of thinking on such things he determined to turn away from the lightness and dullness of his pleasure-filled life and to give himself wholly to reflection, in the hope of discerning some cure for the sheer human misery to which his eyes had been opened.

Pious Orientals never tire of recounting what followed: how in the night he wrenched his heart free from its ties of affection and stole away from his wife and their child, and rode far with Channa on horseback, until at dawn they came to the end of his vast ancestral possessions.

He cut off his perfumed locks with his sword, the sword of his knighthood, and sent everything back, his tresses, his sword, and his charger, in token of complete renunciation.

Going on afoot and alone, he met presently a beggar, with whom he changed garments, giving all that he had to the poor; and thus entered fully that life of mortification which was then, as to-day, the East's familiar answer to those that try to find the way of truth.

Joining a band of learned hermits in the caves of the Vindhya mountains, by-and-by he outran their learning and outdid their penances, so that at the end of six years his fame was resounding through India "like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the skies." Yet he failed to find peace.

Swooning one day from the exhaustion of fasting, when he came to himself he suddenly resolved to do that which was so utterly foreign to his Eastern environment that not only did all his disciples forsake him and flee, but the East to-day shuts its eyes to the fact and flatly refuses to believe it.

Asserting the supremacy of plain common sense, he

championed the importance of the normal human life by denouncing all fasting as folly, and proclaiming to an outraged populace, cursed then as now with superstition, the modern and "western" doctrine that a sound mind can function only in a well-ordered body.

This made him a renegade outcast. For some time he wandered alone, pondering the riddle of existence with the aid of a rejuvenated brain; until, at last, as he rested one noonday under the shade of a pipal or bo-tree on the banks of the Nairanjara river, his mind became flooded with light. Shining straight and true as an arrow before him, he perceived what he called the Noble Aryan Path. As a result of long years of reflection he now discerned as in a flash the reign of universal law, nothing less. Moral law being the supreme object of his quest, it presently appeared to him that its negation is comprehended in what he thenceforth termed the three cardinal sins: sensuality, ill-will, and stupidity. Conversely, it may be said that his three cardinal virtues are self-control, kindness, and intelligence.

His simple and practical gospel the great Aryan teacher proclaimed throughout India for the next forty-five years, without distinction of class or rank or creed or even sex, until he died at the ripe age of eighty, leaving behind him a large body of disciples to promulgate his teaching—and, alas, slowly but surely to spin it out thin into the subtleties of vain metaphysics and the cobwebs of unclean superstition.

"Common men must have their cheap marvels and wonders," a modern student of Buddhism exclaims, with some bitterness. "It is nothing to them that this little planet should at last produce upon its surface a man thinking of the past and the future and the essential

nature of existence. And so we have this sort of thing by some worthy Pali scribe, making the most of it: 'When the conflict began between the Savior of the World and the Prince of Evil, a thousand appalling meteors fell! Rivers flowed back toward their sources! Peaks and lofty mountains rolled crumbling to the earth! The sun enveloped itself in awful darkness, and hosts of headless spirits filled the air!' Of which phenomena history has preserved no authentication—instead we have only the figure of a lonely man walking toward Benares."

Whoever visits the so-called holy Hindu city of Benares may visualize the foully decadent Brahminism out of which Gautama emerged; for Benares has dropped back to just what it was, morally, before the Enlightened One preached his first sermon in the Deer Park at Sarnath near by. It is profoundly appropriate that he is always associated in art with the lotus. The white flower of a blameless life and pure precept sprang up like a beautiful miracle from the mire of his "religious" surroundings.

The purity of his precept is now buried under masses of rubbish. Our poor race seems incorrigibly averse from the simplicity of its few supreme teachers, tending in the long run to subvert their precepts into dogmatic counterfeits or even into bald contradictions. To-day Buddha is deified by some of his namesakes as head-god in a pantheon of half-a-million deities, yet he himself seems to have been a clear-cut agnostic, holding that since we cannot be absolutely certain of anything about the nature of the Absolute, it is fruitless and even harmful to speculate. Schools of modern Buddhism concern themselves largely with fine-spun theories of the soul, yet Gautama discoursed to his disciples on "the absence of

any sign of soul in the constituent elements of a human being." Giving over this present world as hopeless, modern Buddhism sometimes stresses immortality as a corrective of mundane ills, yet Gautama reckoned belief in immortality a blunder, and the craving for it as a sin, distracting and diverting men and women from the immediate improvement of character. Nirvana is almost universally misunderstood as the Buddha's pet doctrine of extinction. Rhys Davids says that what he himself meant by it was merely the "snuffing-out"—as the word indeed denotes—of "the fell fire of the three cardinal sins." "There are two extremes," Gautama taught, "that ought not to be followed: habitual devotion on the one hand to the passions, to the pleasures of sensual things, a low and pagan way of seeking satisfaction, ignoble, unprofitable, fit only for the worldly-minded; and habitual devotion, on the other hand, to self-mortification, which is painful, ignoble, unprofitable. There is a Middle Path: a path which opens the eyes and bestows understanding, which leads to peace, to insight, to higher wisdom, to Nirvana—the dying out in the heart of the fell fire of the three cardinal sins, sensuality, ill-will, and stupidity."

2

Gautama's strangely simple and "modern" system of ethics underwent many vicissitudes during the thousand years intervening between its first enunciation and its entrance into Japan. After prolonged triumph in the land of its birth, it was verging toward extinction in India; throttled there by the deadly convention of caste, against which its democratizing tendencies had waged

silent but effective warfare. But its conquest of Burma and Ceylon remained supreme and secure, and it had also swept triumphantly through Siam and Malaya over into China and even as far east as Korea, then at its cultural zenith.

During the long course of these conquests Buddhism had organized itself into an imposing institution, with priests and high-priests, abbots and acolytes, and an exceedingly elaborate ritual. From Brahminism and other hoary theologies in the countries through which it traveled it had acquired an incrustation of those very dogmas against which its founder protested; such as immortalities in glittering heavens or lurid hells, with innumerable angels and demons, to say nothing of multifold paraphernalia for effective appeal to hope-of-reward and fear-of-punishment, instead of the clear light of reason.

But the main propulsive power of every successful religion is some great personality, great to the point of immortality, and no amount of superposed foreign matter could obscure the sweetness and strength of Gautama's character or his main tenets of culture, self-control, and kindness to all sentient beings.

'Adoring him as The Honored Elder Brother of Mankind, the East laid all the rich trophies of its art at his feet, and when his message came into Japan it brought, as we have already discovered, this priceless dower with it.

Much of this opulent Oriental art was strangely pervaded by the influences of that brilliant group of Greek artists whom Alexander the Great had left behind him on the northwestern borders of India. What the Macedonian's arms could not accomplish for Greek ambition was achieved by Greek art: the interpenetration of Asia.

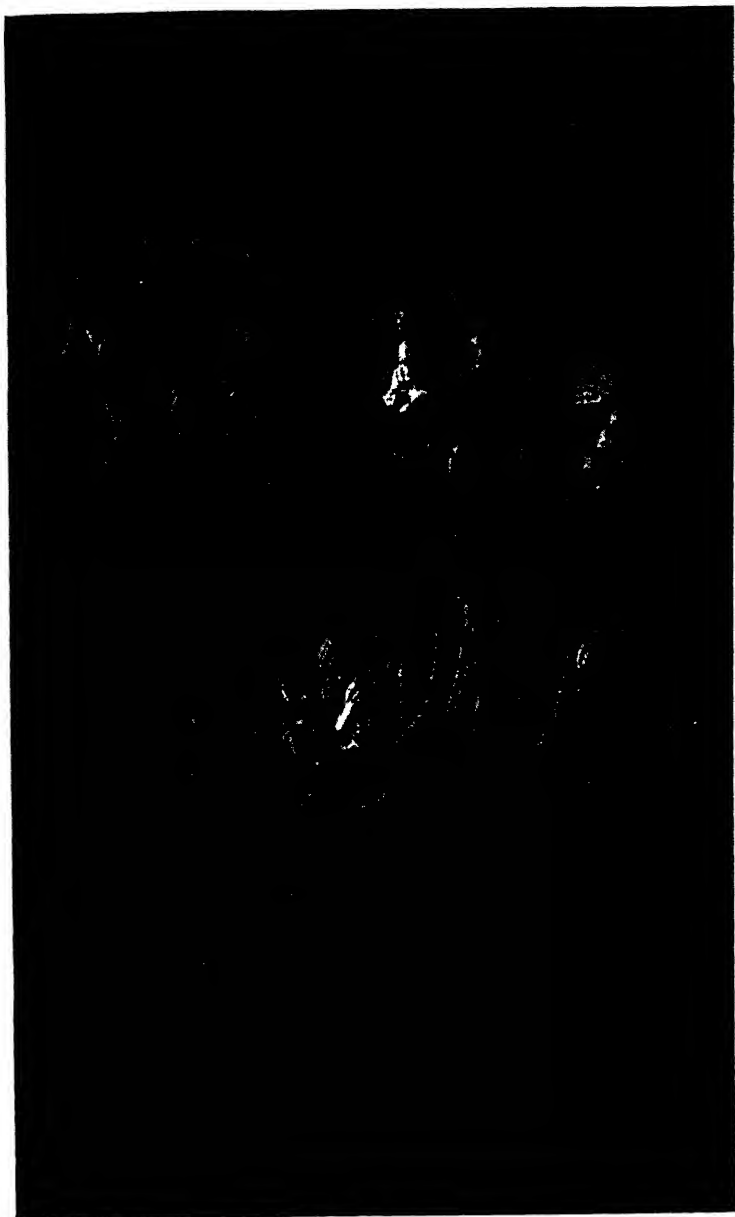
Across the vast Gobi desert to China, from China to Korea at the very acme of Korean culture, and at last into farthest Japan, this slow infiltration of Græco-Buddhistic art is as clearly definable as the course of the Gulf Stream in the sea. When this stream reached Japan it became a veritable fountain of life, quickening a hitherto arid people into rich cultural fruitfulness with a swiftness that almost suggests magic. In the old Hall of Dreams at Horyūji "the glory that was Greece" radiates from golden images of Buddhist saints, for the ancient East and West met at least in the wedlock of art. This suggests to some minds a thrilling fact about Japan,—as in the glowing pages of Laurence Binyon, for example. "In 323 B.C., Alexander died in Babylon. He had carried the arts and civilization of Hellas far into the East. He had brought Asia and Europe into contact, as they have never really been in contact since till Japan in our own day, filled with the passion for knowledge, absorbed the achievements and the civilization of the West."²

Japan has appropriated and assimilated and incarnated in herself the civilizations of both Orient and Occident. She holds the key to human solidarity, which seems the sole hope of the race.

3

Prince Shōtoku's death was the signal for the great Soga family to attempt to control the throne. This brings us at once face to face with the central principle of Japanese national politics from that day to this: the control of the throne by the family.

² "Painting in the Far East." A smaller volume of Binyon's, "The Flight of the Dragon," is perhaps the best English introduction to Far Eastern art. For a tribute to Alexander's influence, see B. I. Wheeler's "Life," pp. 419, 499.



*From Fenollosa's "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art"
Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company*

DETAIL OF SCREEN FROM THE BRONZE TRINITY AT HORYŪJI

In the West individualism rules supreme, but in the East the family is the social unit. And the word family has far larger meaning there than with us. Here it means father and mother, sons and daughters, and, occasionally, grandparents and grandchildren. Over there it includes all the kinfolk, that is to say, the whole clan; and an individual's conduct is strictly regulated by his kinsmen. The supreme duty of a Japanese is not self-development, but self-abnegation in the service of his family; and the Japanese nation is not an aggregation of individuals, as ours is, but of families. The Western nation has been compared to a pyramid of individual stones, and Japan to a pyramid of pyramids, with the imperial family as capstone, and the Emperor father over all, himself the true Son of Heaven.

There are many striking likenesses between Japan and China, but there are equally startling differences. From time immemorial the family has been the social unit in both countries, and filial piety the supreme obligation. The doctrine of the emperor as Son of Heaven was actually borrowed by Japan from China, as we shall see. On the other hand, these two peoples have treated their emperors in totally different fashions.

Nowhere in the world can one find a more impressive symbolism of the Oriental emperor as Son of Heaven and Father of his People than in the great Altar of Heaven at Peking. Once a year, under the canopy of the star-lit skies, with all China watching, the Father of his People was wont to ascend those beautiful white marble steps and make atonement with "Old Grandfather Heaven" for his millions of children. But, New Year's night past and forgotten—let him once dare overtax them, and his families of children arose as one man and overthrew him,

or perhaps even his dynasty, which having done, they calmly went back to their work, caring little who might succeed him. For two thousand years such was the history of China.

Meanwhile Japanese families dealt with their Heavenly Father in an equally inconsistent but far subtler fashion. In Japan, as in China, the families or clans have always been really supreme. But instead of failing in ostensible reverence to the throne, the great Japanese families have merely vied with one another for control of the imperial person, much as bees for control of the sovereign of the hive; and by virtue of such control, first one family or clan has ruled Japan, and then another.

Such, with brief intervals, is the history of Japan from the time of the Soga family, the first patrons of Buddhism, down to the Sat-Chō control of the very recent past.

4

The Sogas got their great chance in connection with the first coming of Buddhism, in 552 A.D.—twenty years before Prince Shōtoku was born. The very earliest statues of Buddha were sent over by one of the three squabbling kings of Korea, as a bait for the aid of the Japanese, already known as good fighters. “Imagine a treasure capable of satisfying all desires! Such a treasure is this wonderful religion,” declaimed the Korean envoys to the Japanese clans and their Emperor.

The clan entrusted with the special custody of native Shintō rites argued against any alien religion, as Shintōists do to this day; but the head of the enterprising Soga family sided with Buddhism. So the Emperor

steered a canny middle course. He entrusted the golden image of the Buddha to Soga, with the suggestion that he do homage to it "as an experiment."

Soga's experiment soon seemed disastrous, as a plague of smallpox broke out, provoking Shintō partisans to burn down Soga's house and dump the golden Buddha into a canal. But as the plague raged on unabated, it finally occurred to some wiseacre to suggest that the golden image itself had better be treated with some respect. Whereupon Buddha was fished up from the mud, the plague petered out, and pæans were accordingly raised to Gautama, greatly to the satisfaction of the Sogas.

As we have already learned, it remained for Prince Shōtoku to become the Constantine of Japanese Buddhism, but after his death the Soga family were quick to reclaim their advantage as the original patrons of the great cult that had transformed Japan,—even to the extent of setting themselves up as emperor-makers. In selecting an heir to the throne they rode rough-shod over the legitimate claims of Shōtoku's own son—Prince Yamashiro, whose last words were worthy of his sire. Being urged by his friends and supporters to raise an army against the Sogas, who, for purposes of their own, had vowed the extirpation of his house, Yamashiro flatly refused to plunge his country into civil war, even for the sake of the throne.

"I do not wish it to be said by posterity," he declared, "that, for my sake, one single soul has mourned the loss of father or mother. Is conquest on the battlefield the sole heroism? Is not he also heroic who maintains his country's peace by the sacrifice of his life?"

Withdrawing into one of the temples his great father had built, where he was soon besieged by the Sogas,

Prince Yamashiro committed suicide; an example immediately followed by all the other members of his household.

The unscrupulous Sogas plunged on in their headlong ambition. They even dared to style their family mansion the Mikado, or Sublime Porte, and their children princes and princesses. But they were at last undone by a member of the same Shintō clan that had wrangled with them over the introduction of Buddhism: a youth named Kamatari, who, in undoing the Sogas, was destined to found for himself the most famous family in Japanese history, by him renamed the Fujiwaras.

5

Kamatari, his patriotic indignation aroused by the high-handed Sogas, set himself to observe all the young princes of the line, in hopes of discovering a suitable heir to the throne. When his choice at last singled out young Prince Naka, he sought an opportunity of closer acquaintance. This came at a football game. Naka's sandal falling off, Kamatari rushed forward and rescued it. "Placing it on the palm of his hand," as the old chronicles say, "he knelt before the Prince and humbly offered it to him. Naka in his turn knelt down and respectfully received it. From this time the two became friends, telling each other all their thoughts; there was no longer any concealment between them. Fearing lest jealous suspicions be aroused by their frequent meetings, they took in their hands Chinese books and studied Chow and Confucius," under the priest Shōan, one of eight students that had been sent by Shōtoku to China to bring back

celestial learning to Japan. "Thus, walking shoulder to shoulder," David and Jonathan matured their plans.

These plans involved not only the total extinction of the Soga usurpers, but the wholesale introduction of Chinese learning and customs, including a bureaucratic system of government. It was certainly an ambitious program, but all its objects were ultimately achieved in a reform of such magnitude that it became known as the Great Change.

During one of the most critical of their discussions the young conspirators chanced to be seated under an aged wistaria tree, or fujiwara, heavy with blossoms. Kamatari, being sentimental as well as practical,—a true Japanese,—asked his princely friend Naka, should he really ascend the throne, to endow him with the family name "Fujiwara," in memory of the flower of their friendship; and Naka did not forget.

The Great Change inaugurated by Kamatari and Naka in 645 A.D. was based primarily on a codification of Prince Shōtoku's precepts, but after that it meant the complete permeation of Japan with Chinese influences.

Most important of these reforms was the application of Chinese imperialism to the unpretentious throne of Japan. The Japanese Emperor, no longer merely chief of the head clan, now found himself invested with divine rights as Son of Heaven, and also endowed with all the material wealth of his realm by the doctrine of eminent domain. An aristocracy of hereditary nobles was established, and a system of taxation enforced. All the functions of government were forthwith centralized in a powerful bureaucracy, and elaborate ceremonials became the vogue.

6

Although Naka, as the Emperor Tenchi ("Heavenly Intelligence"), saw the "Great Change" conceived by Kamatari fully accomplished, these two friends did not live to enjoy its final embodiment in magnificence and splendor at Nara. Here in 710 Japan's first permanent capital was built. Nara to-day is a little city of quite irresistible charm, centered with a Deer Park in honor of Gautama, who, it will be remembered, preached his first sermon in a deer park near Benares. From groves of towering cryptomerias herds of gentle fawns and timorous does and veteran stags come loping and cantering at the call of mercenary old women, anxious to exchange with the traveler a few lumps of deer-bread for pennies. Beyond the steep slope of this Deer Park is enthroned the hugest of Buddhas, whose casting almost bankrupted the empire. A Shintō temple on a neighboring hill divides honors with Gautama, while two unique museums contain priceless relics of Nara's prime. The little city of to-day is far different from the splendid metropolis inspired by Shōtoku's temples at near-by Horyūji, but chiefly by the far-away capital of China, the famous city of Si-an-fu, after which Nara was patterned. China's sacred number being nine, Nara was enclosed within nine walls, pierced by nine massive gates. It covered thirty-five square miles, and soon housed a population of a million, for whose cultural and religious benefit seven magnificent Buddhist temples were built.

It was under the Emperor Shōmu, a generation after Nara's founding, that Shintō was at last completely swallowed up by Buddhism. This Emperor, who was "master of great works like an Egyptian Pharaoh," spent

ten years in completing the mighty image of the Roshana Buddha, still existent, into which he poured nearly a million pounds of copper, which he then gilded over with 870 pounds of refined gold. Qualms presently besetting him as to what his Shintō ancestress, the Sun Goddess Ama-terasu, might think of all this, Shōmu sent his friend the Buddhist monk Gyōgi over to the Ise shrine to find out. Gyōgi came back with the news that Ama-terasu herself was but an avatar of Buddha, and indeed argued that this was true of all Shintō deities! Priest and Emperor between them accordingly arranged the pleasant doctrine of Ryōbu-Shintō, or "Two-Religion Shintō," which Shōmu proceeded to expound to the people in a ready-made parable. The copper body of his big Buddhist statue, he told them, represented Shintō, while its superficial gold denoted Buddhism. Thus the lion of Buddhism lay down with the lamb of Shintō—inside. Shōmu signalized the completion of this huge Buddha (in 750) by setting an imperial precedent that was soon seized on by the now ascendant Fujiwaras as a means of controlling the throne. He abdicated the throne for the monastery, thus becoming first in a long line of "cloistered emperors," meditating in Buddhist retreats while the Fujiwaras ruled court and country.

Buddhism ran the way of all state religions, constantly reminding Western readers of what happened to Christianity at Rome. Shōmu was succeeded by his daughter, the Empress Kōken, a Japanese Theodora. Her chief physician and spiritual adviser was the high-priest of the Buddhist church, who actually seems at one time to have cherished an ambition to supplant the line of the Sun-Goddess on the throne of Japan. That he did not succeed was scarcely the fault of his imperial mistress.

Although this remarkable woman followed her father's example by abdicating and taking the tonsure, she was so bent on advancing her ecclesiastical favorite that she actually deposed and exiled her successor and coolly resumed the throne so as to make a place in the palace for the priest.

Nara remained the capital of Japan for seventy-five years, and during this period four of the eight sovereigns were empresses. To the fact that this was preëminently "The Women's Era" has been attributed the overwhelming dominance of Buddhism, with its doctrines of gentleness and beauty and the imposing splendor of its ritual. Beauty-loving Japan so responded to it that the mints at last had to be shut down, the stores of precious metals having been exhausted in the casting of images and bells and in the decoration of temples and pagodas.

7

The Nara age was the golden age of poetry, which more than once has been called the most original product of the Japanese mind, and which still holds to its ancient methods and forms. It is peculiarly compact and allusive. Most poems contain only thirty-one syllables, but these may be packed with meaning. A classic instance is the miniature national anthem:

Kimi ga yo wa,
Chi-yo ni yachi-yo ni!—
Sayareishi no
Iwa wo to narite,
Koke no musu made!

This may be freely translated: "May the years of the Prince be ten-thousand-times-ten-thousand!—until the

pebbles grow into boulders, and until these become covered with moss!"

In later times it became fashionable to reduce this "tanka" form into the still shorter "hokku," or "haiku," containing only seventeen syllables. A classic instance is this lilliputian ode to a morning-glory:

Asagao ni
Tsurube torarete,
Morai-mizu!

Literal translation quite fails to convey the dainty poesy of the original: "The well-bucket having been seized by a morning-glory, gift-water!" The poetess, going one morning to the well, found that a morning-glory had twined itself about the rope; and, rather than disturb the clinging tendrils, she begged water of a neighbor.

During the Nara period the first national anthology was assembled, the Manyōshū, or Garner of a Myriad Leaves, a sheaf of several thousand gleanings. Many of these are from the early minstrels Hitomaro and Akahito, whose fame as poets has never been surpassed.⁸

In 712 the Kōjiki, or Record of Antiquities, was compiled, and in 720 the Nihon-gi, or Japanese Chronicles. These remain the two great source-books of earliest legend and history, Shōtoku's "Kujihongi" having been lost.

In the ancient Nara storehouse called the Shōsōin we can still see for ourselves—if we are so fortunate as to get in—how the inmates of Shōmu's palace lived. This zealous Buddhist Emperor not only bequeathed all the contents of his palace to Gautama, but ordered the construction of a warehouse to contain them. Captain F.

⁸ There is no better introduction to Japanese literature than "Japanese Poetry, an Historical Essay" by Curtis Hidden Page.

Brinkley, to whose various works on Japan this present volume is more than once indebted, studied the three thousand or more relics of Shōmu and then wrote about them as follows: ⁴

The story these relics tell is that the occupants of the Nara palace had their rice served in small covered cups of stone-ware, with *céladon* glaze—these from Chinese potteries, for as yet the manufacture of vitrifiable glazes was beyond the capacity of Japanese keramists;—ate fruit from deep dishes of white agate; poured water from golden ewers of Persian form, having bird-shaped spouts, narrow necks and bands of frond diaper; played the game of *go* on boards of rich lacquer, using discs of white jade and red coral for pieces; burned incense in censers of bronze inlaid with gems, and kept the incense in small boxes of *Paülownia* wood with gold lacquer decoration—these of Japanese make,—or in receptacles of Chinese *céladon*; wrote with camel's hair brushes having bamboo handles, and placed them upon rests of prettily carved coral; employed plates of nephrite to rub down sticks of Chinese ink; sat upon the cushioned floor to read or write, placing the book or paper on a low lectern of wood finely grained or ornamented with lacquer; set up flowers in slender, long-necked vases of bronze with a purple patina; used for pillow a silk-covered bolster stuffed with cotton and having designs embroidered in low relief; carried long, straight, two-edged swords attached to the girdle by strings (not thrust into it, as afterwards became the fashion); kept their writing materials in boxes of colored or gold lacquer; saw their faces reflected in mirrors of polished metal, having the back *repoussé* and chiseled in elaborate designs; kept their mirrors in cases lined with brocaded silk; girdled themselves with narrow leather belts, ornamented with plaques of silver or jade and fastened by means of buckles exactly similar to those used in Europe or America to-day; and played on flutes made of bamboo wood.

At this time our own forebears were also busily engaged in appropriating foreign refinements. Our own culture is not home-bred any more than that of Japan, but is simply the inherited and widened culture of Greece

⁴ "Japan, Its History, Arts, and Literature," i, 148-149.



From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

and Italy. "The Mongolian East was civilized and had its inimitable art and its aristocracy of letters when Saxons were tending swine in sheepskin clothing."

8

Two Buddhist priests of the Nara period cut their names deep into history: Shōmu's friend Gyōgi, famous as both architect and sculptor, and Kōbō Daishi, or "Great Teacher Spreading Abroad the Law," famous for almost everything.

Tradition has assigned more achievements to Kōbō Daishi than any one man could have compassed. However, he did travel all over Japan, spreading abroad the law of culture based on religion, which is a fair description of Japanese Buddhism. He also visited China and immersed himself in the Mantra school of Buddhism, founding, on his return, the first native Buddhist sect of Shingon, or "True Word," in his monastery on top of Mount Kōya. Always attentive to art, he brought back hundreds of paintings of the brilliant Tang period, some of which may still be seen in Japanese museums. A great painter and sculptor himself, he delighted in mystical themes, but had also a rare gift of humor. Among works attributed to him at Nara are ten imps of hell, carved in relief on wood, instinct with vitality, fiendishly grotesque but most humanly ironical, somehow suggesting to the sympathetic observer that even hell itself is not to be taken too seriously.

But Kōbō Daishi's chief claim to fame is undoubtedly the Japanese syllabary. Reading and writing were enormously facilitated by his invention of simplified spelling, substituting forty-seven easy characters for

thousands of complicated Chinese ideograms. Through this device he became Japan's first apostle of popular education. Nothing has had more to do with the immense difference between Chinese and Japanese progress during the last thousand years.

9

The Emperor Kwammu, who had a will and a mind of his own, actually moved the capital away from Nara in an effort to shake off Buddhist control. This had been carried to extremes. Shōmu having set the example of abdicating, the religious but highly practical Fujiwaras converted his example into precedent. Under their manipulation abdication became a regular custom of state, with many "puppet emperors" as the ultimate result. By using Buddhism as a tool of statecraft they held imperial power in their hands for four centuries.

Of course there were notable exceptions to puppet rule, and none more so than Kwammu. When he ascended the throne in 782 he at first moved the capital to Nagaoka, twenty miles away. Twelve years later he began to build Kyōto, which was to remain the capital of Japan until 1868.

Kwammu modeled Kyōto after the Chinese metropolis of Changan, in the form of a rectangle divided into nine districts. Down the center ran a very broad avenue. Against the middle of the immense northern wall stood the imperial citadel, 4,600 feet long and 3,840 feet wide. The people of Nara trooped after their ruler into his new city, which soon had a population of more than a million, while Nara relapsed to its original rice-fields.

But Kwammu could not free the imperial court from

the influence of Buddhism even by changing the capital. Mount Hiyeizan dominates Kyōto on the northeast, and as demons are supposed to attack from that quarter, a Buddhist hermitage already on the mountain quickly gained in importance. Under the fostering care of the devout and ever-watchful Fujiwaras, this monastery came to wield more power than the Kyōto citadel itself; so that the lord abbot of Hiyeizan looked down in more than one sense on the palace of the puppets. About the time Charlemagne was being crowned Emperor of Europe by the Pope at Rome, something not unlike the Holy Roman Empire was developing in Buddhistic Kyōto. Kwammu, like Charles the Great, exercised real power; but after him came emperors as flabby as Charles the Fat, emperors who, upon abdicating, promptly retired to Hiyeizan, while the passionately religious Fujiwaras lorded it over both church and state. They rather specialized in infants. Under their manipulation one Emperor acceded at the age of five, and several at the age of ten. One acceded when but two years old, and abdicated two years later.

For such emperors as did not abdicate they thoughtfully provided Fujiwara wives. They even succeeded, in time, in securing for their family the exclusive privilege of providing the imperial consorts, and thus became quasi-imperial—the Emperor being always a Fujiwara on his maternal side.

Since Buddhism has always worshiped beauty, this great family applied themselves devotedly to the cultivation of sculpture and music, painting and letters. Sculpture and music may be named first, and together, since "the perfect tribute" to the greatest of all Japanese families was that exquisite golden group, a product of their

time, that graced the Ōkura collection in Tōkyō as the Angelic Choir. Its figures were of gold-lacquered wood, heroic in size; figures of adorable smiling angels, standing in a triple tier, each angel performing so delicately on zither and dulcimer, viol and harp, and all manner of heavenly instruments, that as you stood fairly holding your breath in the enchanted silence of the wonderful museum you knew at last what Keats meant by his line, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

No one of the many art losses in the terrific earthquake of 1923 seems more woeful than this of the Angelic Choir.

In the Fujiwara epoch music was a veritable passion, "demanding a department with a Minister of State at its head, who also supervised the court dances, which were reckoned a part of music. These dances were dramatic, and composed on historical or romantic themes. Nobles and refined court ladies at first took part in the dancing. Later a chanted text was added, sung by aristocratic choruses. Fujiwara lords and ladies were all trained as poets, and among the court pastimes were minnesinger contests and the capping of verses. Men and women were almost equally educated, and stood on terms of perfect social equality. Throughout all their strange lives Fujiwara men and women worked on equal terms and indulged most romantic intercourse"—in marked contrast with the customs of later days.

It was the break-up of the Tang dynasty in 907 and the consequent exodus of Chinese scholars and painters

into Japan that ripened the Fujiwara epoch to its fullest fruitage.

This was notably true of painting. Kōse no Kanaoka, founder of the great Kōse school of Japanese art, brought the cultivated brush-stroke of Tang to the decoration of new Kyōto temples. Chief of his surviving masterpieces is a beautiful standing portrait of Prince Shōtoku, chosen by Fenollosa as the frontispiece to his "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art" on account of its nobility of fine line, color, and expression. If this portrait be compared with one made of Shōtoku by Prince Asa of Korea three centuries before, it shows greater richness and dignity, but corresponding loss in ease and simplicity. Precisely this change was now taking place in Japanese life as a whole. Society in various ways began to show traces of that Chinese conventionalism that had first been introduced by Kamatari, founder of the Fujiwara greatness.

Even in his time a university had been established, of course on the Chinese plan. Chinese classics were the main features of its curriculum, and by the middle of the ninth century the ability to read and write Chinese became requisite to aspirants for governmental service.

Chief of such aspirants at that time was one Michizane, a young professor famed for his personality and scholarship, whose lecture-hall was always overcrowded. Even the Emperor yielded to his magnetism, and the two became close friends. This roused the jealousy of the Fujiwaras, who could not brook distinction outside their own clan. They contrived at length to banish Michizane to the southern island of Kyūshū. But this made him a popular hero, and when he died the people looked out for omens. These always occur when looked for. Lightning struck the palace at Kyōto, and some of the dead scholar's

foes died. The old Shintō beliefs thereupon cropped out; plainly, Michizane's ghost must be appeased. So shrines were built in his honor, and he was finally deified as God of Education.

Michizane's temples at Kyōto and Tōkyō are still thronged with student-worshippers, and his birthday, the 25th of June, is a nation-wide festival. The twenty-fifth of every month is sacred to his memory in all the public schools, and school-children pray to him daily for help with their lessons. Captain Brinkley thinks that no other hero has received such an abundant share of national sympathy, as his unjust fate and devotion to his Sovereign appealed irresistibly to the popular imagination.

Yet the Fujiwaras read no warning in the excitement over Michizane, nor yet in the strange Masakado affair.

Masakado was a warrior of the Taira clan, who, with the Minamoto clan, now guarded the eastern provinces, in behalf of the Fujiwaras, from the stubbornly retreating Ainu. These eight provinces, known collectively as the Kwantō, form the "elbow" in the main island where Tōkyō now stands. They were then wild and rough, essentially a huge armed camp. The Fujiwaras had become so effeminate in their far-away Kyōto palaces that it occurred to Masakado in the Kwantō (about 930) to set up an eastern empire of his own. This he did, even to the extent of assuming the imperial title. But a warrior whom he chanced to offend snipped off his head and sent it to the Fujiwaras, who displayed it as a public warning without taking warning themselves. Their regent at this time was an absurd dilletante who had a painted cuckoo on his fan and who imitated the cry of that bird whenever he opened it. Lord Addleplate, open-



BUDDHIST ANGEL ON ANCIENT BRONZE LANTERN AT NARA

ing and shutting his fan, merely indulged in a carefully modulated laugh at the sheer absurdity of the Masakado fiasco.

The people took a different view of it. As in the case of Michizane, so they felt that here was a powerful ghost that ought to be propitiated—the spirit of a man bold enough even to seize on the sacred title of Emperor. Shrines were accordingly set up in his honor, arch-rebel as he was. One of the curious sights of Japan to-day is this arch-rebel's temple, not far from the Imperial Castle in Tōkyō, where he is worshiped with the honors of a god. To get even a shadowy understanding of such a puzzle requires a further look into Shintō.

II

As we have already seen, Shintō gods are chiefly the departed heads of families,—of those undying social units that make up the national pyramid. Ancestor-worship is still such a controlling force that Japanese emigrants to an alien land bring their ancestral tablets with them as a matter of course.⁵ In the home land the domestic cult merges into a communal cult, whose annual festival commemorates in spectacular fashion the visit of the clan-god to his former abode. All the clan-gods of a given community are supposed to come back together at one time, to be carried about pick-a-back, each in his closed wooden shrine, through the old familiar haunts.

The supreme national gods, that is to say, the Imperial Ancestors, are enshrined at Yamada, in the province of Ise. To visit that lovely spot is to be tempted to forget

⁵ Hearn's "Japan," p. 424.

that Shintō has an unlovely aspect. But it is compounded no less of fear than of love. For, while a good man lives on as beneficent, the bad man becomes a malevolent spirit, whose "ghost must be laid," as we ourselves used to say, with all manner of shrewd propitiation. The surest means of appeasing it is to lift it by apotheosis from the common herd of ghosts and worship it as a head god, on a level at least with clan-gods. In such extreme manner Michizane's outraged ghost had been placated. He was powerful, and had been wrongly entreated; even righteous ghosts are prone to revenge. But Masakado's equally powerful but wholly maleficent ghost had to be coaxed away from a course of continued wrong-doing; and that is so with evil-minded spirits to-day. For, as was pointed out in the opening pages, all the dead become gods, in the sense of acquiring supernatural power, but retain in heaven the traits they had on earth.

Shintō has never died out in the hearts of the masses of the people. The Fujiwaras forgot Shōmu's parable; forgot that the golden skin of Buddhism merely covers a body of Shintō beliefs. Now that these beliefs are formally reinstated and fostered by a twentieth-century government, we can the better understand some of the strange cable messages that come across the ocean bed from Japan. Suicide is still committed in order that revenge may wreak itself from the vantage-ground of the spiritual. When the American Congress enacts an immigration measure offensive to Yamato Damashii, or Japanese Spirit, a Japanese student may sacrifice his life and announce, in his last will and testament, that he does so in order to use his new supernatural powers for the embarrassment of inconsiderate congressmen. Japan transmits by radio news that would have been old in the

time of the Pharaohs, and honors modern martyrs for their attempt to deal with live issues by the wireless route of the dead.

12

Hand in hand with ghost-worship, Shintō also carries on as a nature cult of the most primitive order.⁶ Our own ancestors used to pray to Thor to avert his besoms from their wattled huts, and some Christians still pray for rain. But to see the propitiation of natural forces going on on the grand scale, one must visit such an altar as the hoary shrine of Inari, the Rice God, at Kyōto.

Inari is head-god of all nature deities because rice is the staff of life in Japan. Usually he is represented as a fox, according to the legend that in such guise he once made himself visible to the priest Kōbō Daishi. His Kyōto temple is of an age immemorial, far antedating the city. Famed for its lanes of red torii—simple, but strangely impressive and mysterious Shintō gateways—it draws multitudes of worshipers daily. Here, even more than at the imperial shrines of Ise, you come close to the soul of a people—close, for the matter of that, to the heart of our old mother earth. The gods of the soil, of the rain and the winds and the thunder, even the gods of the scarecrows; all the gods that make food or mar it are here besought and placated and worshiped. If you are lucky, a hospitable priest may invite you to take part in what seems to be a mass. Bells are rung, drums beaten, prayers chanted, and little white mystic squares of rice-paper waved above your head, together with green

⁶ That phallicism is still practiced under its auspices—in spite of governmental repression—is proved by Dr. Genchi Katō in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, 2d series, vol. i, Supplement.

boughs of laurel; while the fermented juice of the rice is poured out in communion cups, and you are offered wafers of rice. Everything is spotlessly clean, for cleanliness is of the essence of Shintō.

Unsought in prayer
The gods will guard
The pure of heart,

runs its most ancient apothegm.

The austere simplicity of Shintō ritual illustrates this essential idea. Almost the only temple furnishing is a mirror; typifying, as a Japanese writer puts it, the human heart, which, when perfectly placid and clear, reflects Deity.

It follows from all this that in Shintō belief there is no room for such doctrines as original sin or the fall. Man *was* the reflection of the divine image, Christianity teaches, but Shintō says that he *is*. Purity of heart has widely different meanings in these two religions. With Christians the phrase signifies virtue; a positive attainment through the conquest of sin. But with Shintōists it means innocence, something child-like and negative, sin being quite unknown. "Follow your natural impulses," Shintō advises its followers, recognizing no need of commandments. It cannot be classified with ethical religions, but is distinctly a nature religion. Some of its modern apologists go so far as to say that systems of morals are all very well—necessary, in fact—for people of other beliefs, but Shintōists have no need of them, being sure to go right if they simply follow their impulses.

This may seem a hard saying to Christians, yet it seems also clear that an ethical religion such as Christianity might learn something even from a nature religion like

Shintō. Is it such a light matter to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything? Shintō professes to see a god in every man's bosom. Without sacrificing their Christian morality, the followers of Jesus might well learn from Shintō to expand one of his own apothegms into that surpassingly beautiful paraphrase, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God—even the hidden god in their neighbor's breast."

13

Tsurayuki, the Addison of Japan, composed in the year 936 the supreme little classic of Japanese prose, the Tosa Diary. Under court orders he also assisted in editing a second great national anthology, the Kokinshū, or Garner of the Old and New, including a hundred poems of his own. Among the many prose tales, or monogatari, which now came into vogue, "Tales of Splendor" are noteworthy as depicting with minuteness the fortunes and follies of the Fujiwara family for two centuries.

Women wrote some of the best of these tales. "The Romance of Prince Genji," composed about the year 1000 by the Lady Murasaki, has been compared with the best work of Richardson and Fielding. The noble lady gives such sage advice to her sex that it might almost be mistaken for a heart-to-heart talk from a women's journal of to-day:

Some women are too self-confident and obtrusive. If they discover some slight inconsistency in a man they betray indignation and behave arrogantly. A man may show a little inconsistency now and then, but his affection remain unimpaired. Matters may

in time come right, and the twain live happy ever after. If a woman cannot exercise patience, it will go ill with her. And she should above all things not give way to excitement. When she suffers an unpleasantness she ought to speak of it candidly, but with moderation. Should there be anything worse than unpleasantness she should complain of it in such a way as not to irritate the man. Guiding her conduct on such principles as these, her very words and behavior will in due time increase his respect and sympathy.

It was an age of the most exquisite culture and elegance for the leisured class, served in their households by multitudes of well-mannered slaves, and supported by a huge agricultural peasantry that were little better than serfs.

III
CAMP GOVERNMENT
Key City: Kamakura

I

IN their absorption in Buddhism and Chinese culture, the Fujiwaras snubbed popular beliefs to the point of danger, and in building up the military strength of their Taira and Minamoto guardians over in the Kwantō they created the agency of their overthrow. Lovers of the court and not of the camp, they even let the monks on the mountain above Kyōto develop a more powerful military organization than they had in the city below. By the beginning of the twelfth century these sword-rattling monks so thronged down into the streets of the capital and made themselves such a nuisance that the Fujiwaras had to call in the Minamoto and Taira warriors to subdue them. One of the puppet emperors now achieved immortality in an epigram. Three things, he said, defied control: the freaks of the river Kamo, on whose banks Kyōto is built, the throw of the dice in play, and the monks on the mountain. His Imperial Majesty was wrong. The Taira and Minamoto clans succeeded in subduing the monks of Hiyeizan,—but, after doing so, they ousted the Fujiwaras from the seats of power they had held for four hundred years. The two military clans then struggled with each other in a civil war lasting nearly half a century. It has been called the War of

the Roses from the fact that the Taira standards were crimson, while those of the Minamoto clan were white. Both of these great families were sprung from base-born younger sons of the Mikados.

During the first half of this war the Tairas triumphed. Their leader, Kiyomori, held Japan in the hollow of his hand. All the chief posts of the Empire were filled with his partisans, of whom a native annalist says that their mansions were full of splendid garments and rich robes like flowers, and the spaces before their portals were so thronged with ox-carriages and horses that markets were held there. "Not to be a Taira was not to be a man."

When the ageing Kiyomori at last succeeded in wedding his daughter to the Emperor, and presently found himself grandfather to the little heir-apparent, Prince Antoku, his arrogance outgrew all bounds. He even moved the capital over to the present site of Kōbe, where it remained for six months, to the temporary ruination of Kyōto.

Meanwhile, Kiyomori's young enemy, Yoritomo, was organizing his Minamoto clansmen for a supreme effort against the Tairas.

The personal fortunes of the old man and the youth had been linked up in a most dramatic manner. When only a child of fourteen the orphaned Yoritomo fell into Kiyomori's hands, and would have been slain except for the intercession of a kind-hearted woman. The lad was merely banished to the Kwantō, whence he was to emerge in this revolt. When Kiyomori came to die, he bitterly repented of his leniency, as his last words show: "My only regret is that I die without having seen the head of Yoritomo of the Minamoto! After my death, make no offerings to the Buddha on my behalf! Do not read the

sacred books for me! Only cut off the head of Yoritomo of the Minamoto, and hang it on my tomb!"

Kiyomori had also spared the life of Yoritomo's little half-brother, Yoshitsune, who was to become the Bayard of Japan. Yoshitsune's beautiful mother escaped from the Tairas with him and her two other children during a snow-storm, but when she heard that her own mother had fallen into Kiyomori's hands, filial piety led her to seek audience with the tyrant, and even to consent to become his mistress if he would but spare her mother and children. Kiyomori's only condition was that the boys should become monks. In this way Yoshitsune survived, and it became a by-word of after ages that Kiyomori's blissful dream of one night ruined his house forever. On the other hand, Yoshitsune's mother is revered as immortal for having sacrificed her honor, as we of the West would say, on the altar of filial piety. Favorite pictures and poems show her trudging through the snow with her children.

Little Yoshitsune would not be a priest. The friars to whose care he was committed, outraged by his pranks, nicknamed him "The Young Ox." One day he managed by stratagem to give a terrific beating to a gigantic cut-purse named Benkei, who had attempted to rob him, and from that day Benkei became his slave. The friars were vastly relieved when the precious pair ran away with a peddler.

At the next turn of the wheel Yoshitsune is heard of up in the province of Mutsu, in the extreme north of the main island of Honshū, or Hondō. Here he entered the household of a nobleman under whose tutorship he developed military ability and extraordinary chivalry. After six years of training, and when he had just come

of age, he heard that Yoritomo was about to lead an army against the hated Tairas, so he and Benkei set off for the wars. Thereafter they had high adventures. It was exactly the time when Richard the Lion-Hearted and Robin Hood were reveling among the oaks of Sherwood, "and what the latter are in English history, Yoshitsune and Benkei are in that of Japan."

Yoshitsune had become so popular up in Mutsu that two thousand rustic volunteers now marched with him to the aid of his brother. Yoritomo's headquarters were at Kamakura, the ancestral home of the Minamotos, in the very heart of the Kwantō. The site is a natural fortress, a horseshoe-shaped valley walled in by mountains, with the sea at its base. At Kamakura Yoritomo set up his baku-fu, or camp government, out of which he developed the Shōgunate. Kamakura rapidly became a metropolis; marked at first by Spartan simplicity in contrast with luxurious Kyōto, and famed for all time by its colossal Dai-Butsu, or Great Buddha, undertaken at Yoritomo's suggestion.

The first task assigned to Yoshitsune by his elder brother was to go over to Kyōto, three hundred miles away, and punish a presumptuous Minamoto general, their cousin. This warrior had dealt a very heavy blow to the Tairas. He not only seized Kyōto, but compelled its defenders to flee, taking with them their little seven-year-old Antoku, old Kiyomori's grandson, and now titular Emperor. But the victory turned the head of the Minamoto general, so that he had aroused the suspicions of Yoritomo, who never brooked rivalry, even from a cousin—or a brother, as events were to prove. Yoshitsune whipped the presumptuous commander so severely that he took his own life.

Meanwhile the Tairas fled with their little Emperor from one place to another, and at last crossed the beautiful Inland Sea to the island of Shikoku, where they re-established the court. Thereafter the war revolved around Antoku. Yoshitsune followed across the Inland Sea in a raging typhoon, caught the Tairas entirely unprepared, and drove them into the ocean with terrible losses. A month later he won the decisive victory of this War of the Roses in the Straits of Shimonoseki (1185). This remained the greatest naval battle in Japanese annals until Tōgō sank the Russian fleet in 1905.

It was in the battle of Shimonoseki Straits that little Antoku ceased from his wanderings. When his grandmother saw that defeat was certain, she possessed herself of the sacred imperial sword, so that the Minamotos might never obtain it, and leaped with it into the sea. Antoku's nurse caught him up and followed her. A monogatari of the War of the Roses contains a pathetic and beautiful fantasy concerning this tragedy. Antoku's nurse croons to him with the words:

This world is the region of sorrow, a remote spot, as small as a grain of millet. But there is a city away below the waves called the Pure Land of Perfect Delight. Thither it is that I am taking you. . . . With such words she soothed him. The child then tied about his head the imperial robe, of the color of a mountain-dove, and tearfully joined together his lovely little hands. First he turned to the East and bade farewell to the great god of Ise and the shrine of Hachiman, god of war. Next he turned to the West and called on the name of the Buddha. When he had done this, his nurse made bold to take him into her arms; and, soothing him with the words, "There is a city away below the waves," sank down to the bottom one thousand fathoms deep.

The Tairas were so utterly crushed by Yoshitsune in this final battle that many of their women were driven to support themselves by becoming courtesans in Shimonoseki. There, at stated times, courtesans still march in ceremonial procession to the shrine of little Antoku, whom they revere as a patron saint. And the peasants on the shores of the Straits still imagine that they catch glimpses of "ghostly armies baling out the sea with bottomless dippers, condemned thus to cleanse the ocean of the stain of centuries ago," the stain of an Emperor's blood.

Professor Hara says of the Tairas: "As the rise of the family was very sudden, its downfall was equally abrupt. It was like a meteor traversing a corner of the long history of Japan, leaving, however, an indelible memory to posterity."

3

Yoritomo was an iron colossus—as adamant and dominant as the Kamakura Dai-Butsu itself, but without a trace of the gentleness that lights up those features of bronze. In the imperial museum at Kyōto one may still see a life-size portrait of him, painted, significantly enough, by an overthrown Fujiwara—Takanobu—who was compelled to earn his living by doing portraits of "the new brutal race" at Kamakura.¹ The heavy jaw and bull neck, thick lips and broad ears, round nose and straight, not slanting, eyes, all suggest Minamoto intermixture with the Ainu, on whose borders they dwelt so long. Indeed, the bearded people of Yezo still do rev-

¹ The Boston Art Museum contains this same Takanobu's elaborate series of paintings delineating the dramatic life of Prince Shōtoku.

erence to Yoshitsune as their own god of war, perpetuating a legend that he escaped from Yoritomo's jealousy and set up his rule in their island.

But Yoshitsune never got so far north. The true story of these two famous brothers is fascinating enough.

Instead of gratitude to Yoshitsune for his victorious generalship as well as for his constancy, Yoritomo harbored jealousy on account of his wide popularity. Refusing even to let him visit Kamakura, he harried him with spies and beset him at last with assassins, who brought him to a tragic end in that same northern province of Mutsu from which the young adventurer had set out with Benkei under gay white banners, but to which they stole back, at last, seeking sanctuary. Yoshitsune had vainly appealed to his elder brother in one of the most touching of letters, recounting the hardships he had undergone for Yoritomo in cruel campaigns when his "pillow was his harness, arms his trade." Yoritomo remained unmoved.

It was only with extreme difficulty that the fugitives succeeded in reaching their haven in the north. Yoritomo had stationed barrier-guards at frequent points along the way, with instructions to intercept his brother at any cost. One of the most popular of the Nō dramas describes a crafty escape contrived by the gigantic Benkei. Out of the two thousand volunteers that had gone out with him and his master, only eleven now remained; and these, with the two principals, were disguised as pilgrim friars. At the barrier-guard of Ataka, Benkei scented danger. Deeming it therefore wise to disguise his master still further, he clothed him as a coolie and loaded him with luggage. Then, attempting to strut through the barrier, Benkei found himself

challenged by Yoritomo's vigilant guards, who demanded proof of his pilgrimage.

"If you really are a pilgrim friar," said the head guardsman, "you undoubtedly have some sacred book about you. Out with it, then! Give us a reading!"

Not hesitating for the wink of an eyelash, Benkei, with a magnificent flourish, unrolled a manuscript that was really nothing more than the party's muster-roll and itinerary. Presuming on the illiteracy of the guards, as well as their superstition, he straightway extemporized, in thunderous tones, a long Buddhist rigmarole; so piously rolling his eyes and, at the last, so "causing his deep voice, growing louder and louder, to reverberate even unto the skies," as to impress his hearers profoundly.

"Pass on, Your Reverence!" murmured the head guardsman, humbly; and Benkei, followed by his eleven make-believe pilgrims, strutted through the barrier.

But Yoshitsune, bringing up the rear as baggage-coolie, was detained.

"What, ho!" shouted back the loud-voiced Benkei. "What now, guard? You've already kept us here too long! What have you got against that lazy coolie?"

"He resembles a man—" began the head guardsman, suspecting the coolie of being Yoshitsune himself; but Benkei stormily interrupted—

"Resembles a man!" Yes, he *resembles* a man, and that's all you can say for him, the dumb ass!—What are you lagging behind there for, coolie? If you hadn't dragged along so lazy-like, we'd all be well on the way!"

This he shouted gruffly to Yoshitsune, whom he actually began belaboring with his iron-shod pilgrim's staff. On seeing which the guards, convinced that no mere man-at-arms would so venture to maltreat his master,

especially one so famous and so mettlesome as Yoshitsune, abjectly apologized.

Once out of sight and hearing, Benkei knelt humbly at Yoshitsune's feet and offered to commit suicide then and there in atonement for his presumptuousness in belaboring his master's sacred person. But Yoshitsune would not hear of it, commending Benkei for his superhuman coolness and wit.

As men who have stepped on
The tail of a tiger,
As men who have fingered
The fangs of a viper,
They passed on their journey
To Mutsu, land of snows.

After many hairbreadth escapes the party reached their haven only to be betrayed into Yoritomo's hands by the elder son of the old nobleman who had fathered Yoshitsune's boyhood. The old man's dying injunction to his two sons had adjured them never to fail their adopted brother, and the younger did indeed now try to befriend Yoshitsune, with an incredibly heartless result. For the elder, in a desperate attempt to curry favor with Yoritomo down at Kamakura, sent him two gory heads instead of one: Yoshitsune's, and that of his would-be befrienders.

Yoshitsune's head had to be cut from his corpse. His little band having been overwhelmed and besieged, Benkei and the faithful eleven died to a man fighting for him; whereupon he first slew his wife and children, and then killed himself before the besiegers could break through the wall.

Yoritomo "rewarded" Yoshitsune's betrayer by leading an army of a quarter of a million men up into his

province and dispossessing him of his fief. Then he cut off the betrayer's head, as well as that of the servant who, in turn, had betrayed *him*. While he was about it, he seized all the territory of northern Japan.

Satisfied at last that there was no one strong enough to dispute him, he turned to the tasks of rule. His statecraft established that unique form of government known as the Shōgunate, which was to govern Japan almost continuously until 1868.

4

The name shōgun had long been in use; it meant generalissimo. But Yoritomo gave to this word a vastly enlarged significance, and made himself first of the military potentates of feudal Japan.

He based his new system on the dual form of government already existing. Ever since the introduction of Chinese bureaucracy by Kamatari, five centuries before, the Emperor had tended to become a mere puppet in the hands of a dominant family. Yoritomo developed this domination into a highly organized system. In doing so he revolutionized Japan.

The gist of Yoritomo's system lay in the sharp distinction he made between camp government and court government. He was not so foolish as to overlook,—like the rebel Masakado before him,—the bee-like sentiment of the Japanese toward their Sovereign. As Brinkley cleverly says, Yoritomo was always careful to envelop his own personality in a shadow of profound reverence toward the occupant of the throne at Kyōto, but he was equally careful to preserve for Kamakura the real substance of power. So Kamakura was subordinate to

Kyōto only in theory. The Emperor depended for his very throne on the military capital, and the Empire was now largely composed of vast fiefs acquired by the arms of the Minamotos. It was a case of might making right. The Shōgunate reconciled condition and theory much as Ryōbu-Shintō had reconciled Buddhism and Shintō. The theory was, of course, that the Emperor, Son of Heaven and Father of his People, held all the reins of power. The fact was that Yoritomo held them. And the reconciliation consisted in Kyōto's continuancy as a sentimental or spiritual capital, where the Emperor dwelt in mysterious and perfectly harmless seclusion, delegating—more or less under coercion—all the actual powers of rule to Yoritomo, in the highly practical capital at Kamakura, three hundred miles distant. "Wield power in fact, never in name," was the First Shōgun's primary maxim.

In setting up his system Yoritomo took four distinct steps. He obtained from the Emperor authority to control all the revenues. He also established, with imperial consent, his own judiciary. Having thus secured control of both finance and judiciary, he contrived the appointment of his own kinsmen as military governors throughout the Empire. By the levy of special taxes—always with imperial consent—he also provided for a large standing army, of which he himself was commander-in-chief. Japan thus became a huge camp, and the feudal era set in, with Yoritomo as baronial potentate.

His administration was marked by an impartial justice that contrasts strangely enough with the injustice marred his private career. His taxes were fair and equitable. He assisted the peasantry, and encouraged commerce and industry. To keep up the martial spirit of his troops in

times of peace, he patronized gigantic hunting parties on the slopes of Mount Fuji, being exceedingly zealous in the chase. But his principal object was always the grandeur of the family seat at Kamakura, and during the fourteen years of his rule he saw that city surpass even Kyōto in wealth and magnificence.

As an achievement in statecraft, the Shōgunate has warm admirers among Western scholars. One of them thinks that Yoritomo's perfecting of this dual system of rule, "by which the Shōgun acted as a shock-absorber to the Emperor, thus reconciling the great incompatibles, stability and progress, is one of the most signal achievements in the history of human government."²

Nature is seldom so partial to any one family as in the case of the Minamoto brothers. "In Yoshitsune," says Murdoch, "we see military, and in Yoritomo, political Japan at its very best,—and at its *very* best, neither military nor political Japan has any reason to bow the head to any nation."

5

As you stand in a museum and observe a complete suit of ancient Japanese armor, one among the many curious accoutrements may strike you with peculiar surprise. It is a little outfit for the wayside composition of verses. Far away from camp, perhaps on some lonely scouting expedition, the feudal bushi, or warrior, might be charmed by the beauty of a spray of wild flowers stretching across his path, or by the grace of a flight of water-fowl; and, his inspiration still glowing, he could sit down and indite a tanka, one of those elliptical little poems of thirty-one syllables that might afterward be

² H. H. Powers, "Japan."

garnered among the "Myriad Leaves" or "The Garner of the Old and the New." As a matter of fact, much that we know of Bushidō, "The Way of the Warrior," is culled from such ancient anthologies, for these garners of fugitive verses were largely the poems of fighting men. Bushidō was the second great distinctive national institution to reach its consummation under the patronage of the Minamoto clan, the Shōgunate being the other.

Love of poesy was part of the chivalrous code of all ancient Japanese warriors. This code, although unwritten, fairly sparkled with maxims, one of which taught: "Though they come stealing to your bedside in the silent watches of the night, drive not away, but rather cherish, these: the fragrance of flowers, the sound of distant bells, the insect hummings of a frosty night!"

Yoshitsune is looked upon as the Chevalier Bayard of Japan, in whom Bushidō found its highest expression. Its code was in some sense an outgrowth of the long experience of his hardy ancestors in the camp life of the Kwantō and northern Japan. Among these, Yoshiie, mightiest of bowmen, may be reckoned its first clear exemplar. Bushidō has influenced Japanese character more than the Shōgunate itself.

Most beautiful of all the bushi poems that have come down to us is one found in the helmet of a soldier beheaded in one of Yoshitsune's battles. He had evidently composed it during a lonely march through the forest. It is as dainty and fresh as a spray of wild cherry-blossoms.

Twilight upon my path,
And for mine inn to-night
The shadow of a tree,
And for mine host, a flower.

Yoshiiye, the first full-grown exemplar of Bushidō, converted his wandering camps in the mountains and moors of northern Japan into a high type of military school, where his young knights were trained not only in music and poetry, archery and wrestling, fencing and jūjutsu, horsemanship and the use of the spear, but in Frugality, Self-control, Magnanimity, and Modesty.

Modest he himself was, although surnamed Hachiman Taro, after the God of War. Once while in Kyōto a courtier sniffed contemptuously at his ignorance of the Chinese military classics. Instead of running him through with his sword, as a less perfect knight might have done, Yoshiiye begged him for instruction. Flattered, the nobleman chose Sonshi as a text; and in the ninth chapter Yoshiiye learned, among other maxims, that "the rising of birds shows an ambush." Later, in the field, this saved him from ruin; but when congratulations showered upon him he took refuge under the modest disclaimer, "Had not Ōye Masafusa taught me strategy, many brave men had been killed to-night!"

The Japanese are fond of using other incidents from Yoshiiye's life to illustrate Bushidō. For example, self-control and magnanimity are both exemplified in the favorite of all the stories, as well as the bushi's peculiar propensity for capping verses. During the battle of the Koromo river, Yoshiiye got the commander of the dismantled fort quite at his mercy. To understand the poetic pun which, apparently, he could not help making, one must know that "koromo" also means "a surcoat," such as Yoshiiye's enemy had on,—probably a torn and tattered one,—while "fort" and "warp" sound the same.

So Yoshiiye, his bow stretched taut, shouted, before loosing his arrow:

"Your surcoat's warp (Koromo's fort) at last is torn!"

—which his helpless foe instantly capped with a rejoinder attributing the disaster to decrepitude rather than to Yoshiiye's valor:

"Since age at last its strength hath worn!"

Yoshiiye lowered his bow, and saluted: "leaving his prospective victim to do as he pleased. When asked the reason of this strange behavior, he replied that he could not bear to put to shame one who had kept his presence of mind" in the very face of death.

Yoshiiye kept separate camp-stools for brave men and shirkers, and after every engagement assigned his soldiers to their seats in an order of precedence determined by their proficiency in "The Ways of the Warrior," Bushidō.

The warrior's most trusty weapon was his sword. So much art was lavished on it that the swordsmith signed his weapons as a painter his masterpieces, being regarded not as a mere artisan but as an inspired artist, whose workshop was a veritable sanctuary, as an eloquent Japanese writer declares.³

Daily he commenced his craft with prayer and purification, or, as the phrase was, "He committed his soul and spirit into the forging and tempering of the steel." Every swing of the sledge, every plunge into water, every friction on the grindstone, was a religious act of no slight import. Was it the spirit of the master or of his tutelary god that cast a formidable spell over our sword? Perfect as a work of art, setting at defiance its Toledo and Damascus rivals, there was more than art could impart. Its

³ See Nitobe's "Bushidō."

cold blade, collecting on its surface the moment it is drawn the vapor of the atmosphere; its immaculate texture, flashing light of bluish hue; its matchless edge, upon which histories and possibilities hang; the curve of its back, uniting exquisite grace with utmost strength;—all these thrill us with mixed feelings of power and beauty, of awe and terror.

7

So much artistic skill was spent on the making of the sword and all its appurtenances that Captain Brinkley, writing on Sword-Furniture, goes so far as to say of the three fields in which Japanese art may justly claim to show original genius, namely, the art of *genre* painting with its correlated achievements in chromo-xylography, the field of netsuke-carving, and the field of sculpture as employed for the decoration of weapons of war, the most remarkable work is probably found in the last.

The sword was the soul of the samurai, and the departed glory of Bushidō still flashes from its imperishable blade and smiles in the poetic delicacy of its furnishings.

It is Captain Brinkley himself, probably the most appreciative friend that Japan has ever had among Westerners, who performs the ungracious but perhaps necessary task of pointing out the shortcomings of Bushidō as a basis of national character. He thinks that its most prominent defect was indifference to the rights of the individual.

Bushidō taught a vassal to sacrifice his own interest and his own life on the altar of loyalty, but it did not teach a ruler to recognize and respect the rights of the ruled. It taught a wife to efface herself for her husband's sake, but it did not teach a husband any corresponding obligation towards a wife. A correlated fault was excessive reverence for rank and rigid exclusiveness of class. There was practically no ladder for the commoner

—the farmer, the artisan, and the merchant—to ascend into the circle of the samurai. It resulted that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, gifted men of the despised grades sought in the cloister an arena for the exercise of their talents, and thus, while the bushi received no recruits, the commoners lost their better elements, and Buddhism became a stage for secular ambition. It cannot be doubted that by closing the door of rank in the face of merit, Bushidō checked the development of the nation.

These are the cold words of scientific Western criticism, and they use the past tense. Bushidō sprang warm from the loins of the mystical East, and it is not yet dead—its soul goes marching on. To subject it to criticism, whether just or unjust, is to criticize Yamato Damashii, the spirit of the Japanese nation itself, for out of that it was born. Some of its attributes have just been suggested, but its real substance was racial fidelity, the basis of ancestor-worship. The bushi endured as seeing the invisible ones; in the breath of their life he lived. Ghostly hands unsheathed the sword of Yoshitsune; he fought for the souls of his dead, who also inspired him. To them, with his sword, at last, he surrendered his own spirit and those of his wife and children.

It is this root-ideal of Bushidō that persists, lives on in Japan to-day. When Admiral Tōgō fought the great defensive battle of Tsushima Straits against the Russians in 1905 he chose the exact spot where the defensive battle against the hordes of Kublai Khan had been fought seven centuries earlier⁴—"in firm belief that the souls of those defenders who died in the earlier campaign would be able effectually to assist the living in the latter." And a present-day expounder of Bushidō—cultivated in modern Western schools of philosophy, one of the most eminent of Japanese Christians—closes his eloquent exposition

⁴ See page 99.

of Japanese thought with the emphatic declaration that the spirits of the dead won the Russo-Japanese War. "What won the battles on the Yalu, in Korea and Manchuria," says Professor Nitobe, "were the ghosts of our fathers, guiding our hands and beating in our hearts. They are not dead, those ghosts, the spirits of our warlike ancestors."

The glory of Bushidō may have departed, but it is still a force to be reckoned with.

8

A traveler landing at Yokohama finds himself immediately tempted to visit Kamakura. The city itself, once Yoritomo's pride, has indeed vanished—swept away ages ago by a tidal wave—but everybody has heard of the Kamakura Buddha, one of the immortal creations of man. A musty old note-book proves that it can even impress a callow youth fresh from college:

First Journey: by rail from Yokohama to Kamakura, to see Dai-Butsu.—We got into a little railway car quite different from those we have at home, for it was built on the European model. A pygmy locomotive let out a shrill shriek, and pulled us through picturesque villages, their houses thatched with straw; across green paddy-fields, laid out with perfect orderliness, the peasants wading knee-deep, transplanting rice; through groves of giant trees, under the bluest of skies, in sight of purple mountains, on to the ancient capital of Kamakura. Once it was a city of a million souls, but now it is only a village, with one soul remnant of the ancient grandeur—Dai-Butsu! The approach is through an avenue of stately trees, from whose lowermost branches countless crows caw down at you, as if well aware that all life is safe in the sacred groves of Buddha. Gautama sits upon a lotus flower, his hands folded placidly before him. The eyes, which are of pure gold, are cast down in modest contemplation. The entire expression is profoundly sweet and thoughtful. Idol though it is, one cannot but feel a sense of awe on looking up into the vast

placid countenance of this noble Buddha, who has seen the changes of centuries, and before whose eternal calm millions have bent in humble adoration. Not without meaning are the sonorous words over the gateway: "O Stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence."

So much for that first visit. Just a few days before the great earthquake of 1923 I saw Dai-Butsu again, after the lapse of a quarter of a century.⁵ His stately inscription had vanished. By contrast a Japanese friend laughingly quoted a "hokku" recently indited to the handsome colossus by a popular poetess:

"O Buddha of Kamakura! Buddha thou may'st be, but of a certain thou art a very handsome man!"

Japan had changed in many ways in twenty-five years, and, for the matter of that, so had I—as I was soon to discover.

The earthquake caught us at Nikkō, where rumor had it that Dai-Butsu himself had been swept away by a tidal wave that poured into his little horseshoe-shaped valley. We left Japan for India, sorrowful over his loss, for the great bronze Friend of Man has a strange way of getting at your heart and holding on to it. In India, needing a thread with which to tie all the lands of the farther East together into some sort of unity, we seized on the Buddha clew; and then traced it all the way back again from the old Deer Park near Benares through Burma and Siam, Malaya and Cambodia, China and Korea, to its esthetic limit at Kamakura. For we had heard that Dai-Butsu still lived! It was wonderful to stand at his feet again, after having thought we had lost

⁵ See illustration facing page 293.

him. The tidal wave had rushed wildly up to him, laved his feet, and then suddenly receded. For a single fleeting moment he gave the overwhelming impression that here at last was something human and yet changeless—untouched by time, unmoved even by the most awful convulsions of nature. Then I knew how I myself had changed. It may be illustrated by the contrast in two Western snatches of verse about Gautama, one of which in earlier days used to haunt me and hold me with its condensed epigrammatic criticism—

So, Buddha beautiful! I pardon thee
That all the All thou hadst for needy man
Was Nothing, and thy Best of being was
But not to be!

That would be striking, if true. Even a poet of the crystalline sincerity and high scholarship of Sidney Lanier is liable to stumble when he undertakes to make out a case for his own Hero at the expense of all other heroes—which is exactly what Lanier undertook in his remarkable poem of "The Crystal." I had just been to India, had sensed the very soul of the East, had learned something about the real Buddha, and, of course, read my Kim again. So two verses out of Kim came rushing to mind and swept criticism away with a tribute, a tribute which is also a warning. When Rudyard Kipling visited Kamakura he came knowing the East as no other white man ever has known it, and when he stood with bared head before Dai-Butsu he was inspired to warn the West against narrowness and judgment and harshness and pride and contempt in verses that are quite as condensed and epigrammatic as Lanier's, and far more wholesome—

Oh, ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the heathen pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

For whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither man nor beast,
May hear the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

9

The Dai-Butsu is so eloquent of the very soul of the East that it may be used to exemplify one of the fundamental differences between Oriental and Occidental art. The Greeks, who without question touched the summit of Western sculpture, delighted in the portrayal of physical beauty. Nude statues were the natural result of their immemorial passion for athletics, a passion which developed the most symmetrical bodies our white race has known. The superlatively graceful wrestlers and discus-throwers and runners whom this intensely active and yet esthetic people worshiped in their Olympic games inevitably became the inspiration of their sculptors. On the other hand, Oriental character is traditionally contemplative. Athletics in the Orient in any real sense is a modern and wholly exotic importation. The things of the spirit—that is to say, religion, if we use the word broadly—this was of old the only beauty deemed worthy of an Eastern sculptor's hand. It is not by accident that the great spiritual leaders of modern men, such as Abraham, Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Lao Tzu, Christ, and Mahomet, every one sprang from Asian soil. They were the apostles of ideals, that is to say, of glorified ideas.

The Oriental artist, when true to his race habit, deals with ideas. Even when he depicts flowers and animals, mountains and sea, he is not concerned with showing how they look, but with what they spiritually say. Often he deliberately flouts anatomy, for example, but never the underlying idea. That he seizes and expresses, when at his best, better than any other artist in the world. His chief concern is by no means for physical fidelity, but for the expression of a spiritual message. He never permits the mere beauty of the perishable to become an end in itself, as with the art of the West.

Dai-Butsu brings this out perfectly. What a statue of the Buddha should suggest is majestic serenity and eternal, passionless repose. Something of that idea may perhaps be contributed by the posture of the limbs, but certainly nothing by a display of nude symmetry.

It is not possible to tell how Phidias would have sculptured a Buddha had the task been assigned to him, but neither his chryselephantine Zeus nor the Jupiter of the Vatican suggests that any Grecian or Roman artist could have produced a figure expressing more perfectly the attributes of Buddha than they are expressed by the Dai-Butsu of Kamakura.

And yet, as this same able art critic (Captain Brinkley) discerns, if the great figure be examined minutely, a combination of Egyptian and Grecian elements appears in certain of its accessories, heightening the general effect.

It has the colossal size of Egyptian statues, and it exhibits also plain evidences of attention to the perpendicular and horizontal lines suggestive of eternal stability. On the other hand, the graceful beauty of the contours and the harmonious flow of the drapery belong to the domain of Greek art.

In other words, the Dai-Butsu is characteristically Oriental, but perhaps even more is it characteristic of the

Japanese, who are essentially eclectic and adaptive. As already noted, one sees at Horyūji relics of those precious gifts which the Greeks came bearing to Asia under Alexander the Great, three hundred years before Christ. We know how thoroughly the Japanese appropriated them. More than any other artist in history the Japanese artist can claim to exemplify that great saying of the Roman poet, Terence, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is alien to me." The undeniable dower of Greek beauty he zealously cherished for ages, and then made it pay tribute to a divine idea embodied in bronze at Kamakura.

10

Not only Dai-Butsu himself, but all the important art works of this brief but brilliant Kamakura period sprang from the influence of the Zen sect of Buddhism: a doctrinal importation from India, by way of China, where it was influenced by the idealism of Lao Tzu.

Zen is Japanese for Chang, which in turn is Chinese for the Hindu word Dhyāna. It means contemplation. Daruma, the Hindu founder of this contemplative sect, is alleged to have spent nine years of his life sitting perfectly still in concentrated reflection. His career has become the subject of innumerable Japanese paintings, ranging from reverential portrayals of his majestic walking on the waters, all the way down to modern caricatures of his somewhat supernormal solemnity. Tobacco being conducive to contemplation, Daruma now enjoys immense vogue as the patron saint of smokers. His gloomy eyes and bearded jowl stare at you from all the Japanese tobacco shops; he has become the wooden Indian of Japan!

Tea, also, stands to Daruma's credit; the tea leaf, like that of tobacco, tending to stimulate the subliminal consciousness, as one must suppose. "The Book of Tea" says that the plant of cheer came permanently into Japan in 1191, having been brought back from China by a theological student who had gone there to study Zen. "The new seeds were successfully planted in three places, one of which, the Uji district near Kyōto, bears still the name of producing the best tea in the world." And it was a ritual instituted by Zen monks—of successively drinking tea out of a bowl before the solemn image of Daruma—that laid the foundations of the famous Chano-yu, or Tea Ceremony, of which more must be said when we get back to Kyōto.

More important than such facts as these, however, is the profound influence wrought by Zen on the character and art of the Japanese people, and especially in the development of Bushidō. Emphasizing as it did the inner life, Zen encouraged forgetfulness of physical surroundings; that is to say, it imbued its followers with stoicism. It also fell in with their tendency to see eternal beauty in ethereal objects, such as flowers, in a world where the only eternal thing is change. We have already heard how a wandering warrior might find in a blossom thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and become a Japanese Wordsworth in armor. Zen encouraged this trait in the devout bushi, as well as to turn his eyes fixedly inwards by way of ignoring pain. Thus Daruma became the Zeno of Spartan Japan. His doctrine of stoicism appealed with extraordinary force to the bushi, who made self-control his ideal, and so schooled himself to suffering that he could, without flinching, inflict on his body the most acute pain.

Metaphysical pain was another matter. No drollery could illustrate this better than that of an ancient Zen homily describing the extrication of a bushi from his vain speculations about Heaven and Hell by the sharp-witted aid of his priest.

The story goes that this bushi, bluff man of action as he was, had worked himself deeper and deeper into his intricate metaphysical web, so that he comes to his spiritual adviser buzzing like an entangled bluebottle. The priest's clean-cut deliverance takes us back to Gautama himself, who taught, like Christ, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

Once upon a time—so runs this racy sermon—there came a bushi from a certain province to see Ikkyū, the famous priest, and said to him:

"I've always been something of a student, and feel as if I'd settled pretty much everything under the sun. But there's one thing I don't quite understand—the Buddhist doctrine of Heaven and Hell. Of course I know very well there are some Scriptural passages which teach that they really exist, but then on the other hand there are some that seem to me to deny their existence. On the whole, now, which of these views would *you* say should be accepted as correct?"

Priest Ikkyū looked the bushi in the eye.

"What!" he shouted. "*Is there a hell? Is there a heaven?* You trotting round asking that sort of thing! What sort of a fellow are you, anyhow?"

The bushi got very red.

"I'm a bushi, of course, and I just want to find out whether there's a Heaven and Hell or not! What's the matter with that?"

The priest only laughed at him.

"What! You call yourself a bushi? *You* belong to the bushi family? What a joke! But supposing you are a bushi—are you a bushwhacker, or a bush beggar?⁶ Are you a land bush, or water bush? If you're a real true-true bushi you ought at least to know the meaning of Bushidō. But you don't yet even know

⁶ All the puns defy translation.

the meaning of Bushidō! See here! A bushi, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes—no, even to life itself—belongs to his master, doesn't he? In no sense whatever is he his own. Since that's the case, every bushi, firstly, in times of peace, gives strict attention night and day to his duties, and thus sees to it that his master's affairs don't suffer. And then, when the danger alarm is sounded, he must stand in front of his master's horse, making his own life a target—rush into the very midst of the enemy, and behead as many of 'em as he can. But you! Although you hold an important post like that, you come here with your foolish, idle questions, 'Tell me, is there a Hell! Tell me, is there a Heaven!' *Bah!* what a piece of foolishness! Supposing they do exist, what are you going to do about it? Folks call a fellow like you a bushy stick, bushy trash, bushy scattergrain! Yah! Ugh! You bushi not worth your feed!"—and, *rap!* He struck him with his fan on the head!

At this the bushi lost control of himself.

"You miserable chatterbox of a monk, you! I've let you chatter away and abuse me to your heart's content! But don't think you're to get off scot-free, even if you do wear the cloth! Come, now, say your prayers!"

With that he seized the sword that hung by his side and drew it from its sheath with a single smooth *swish*. Ikkyū the priest stood aghast.

"Look out!" he yelled. "He's *drawn!* Let me run!"

Jumping down into the yard, he *ran!*

Close behind him chased the panting bushi, brandishing his icy sword and shouting:

"You think you can get away, do you?"

On a sudden Ikkyū wheeled about and coolly faced him, pointing an accusing finger at his rage.

"Oh, horrible! Why, *that* is hell!"

A startled exclamation burst from the bushi, who flung his sword clattering to the ground as he confessed:

"Right you are, Your Reverence! This indeed is hell!—And so your honorable raillery just now was but a noble device by which you condescended to instruct me! Ah! The hell that had no existence until a few minutes ago came into existence the instant I heard your Reverence's passing raillery! So, then—it is not fixed as to its existence, and it is not fixed as to its non-existence! And, for that very reason, I now perceive that it is a

thing to be truly dreaded! Wonderful! Wonderful! I thank you a thousand times!"

With tears streaming down his face the bushi made his obeisance, while Ikkyū smiled blandly and rejoined:

"How quickly you have understood! How happy you make me! Glory! *Glory!* Oh, this is heaven! This, truly, is heaven! . . ."

So runs the story; and was not that a very happy way of putting it?

It is the Zen philosophy in a nutshell.

II

The earthquake of 1923, although it spared Dai-Butsu, played havoc elsewhere in Kamakura. Most impressive of all its pranks was a demoniacal trick played on the very God of Hell. In the thirteenth century this monstrous deity, Emma-Ō, was wrought into a great seated figure, in wood, by that paragon of Japanese sculptors, Unkei, and then set up for propitiatory worship in the modest little hillside temple of Ennō-ji. Before the earthquake, this King of Hell looked his part well. You had only to go into Ennō-ji and put yourself in the proper frame of mind, when the gaping mouth of this prince of all devils; his ferocious scowl; above all, his fiercely staring eyes, seeming to leap at you out of their sockets—no human artistry could have portrayed more vividly or powerfully the essential idea of *menace*. But the earthquake added to Emma-Ō a touch of fairly superhuman art. Without in the least marring his hideous face, it smashed his great hollow body to bits, and then dropped his head straight down into his lap!

This touch of superhuman monstrosity, of undreamed-of deformity, so far from detracting from Unkei's master-

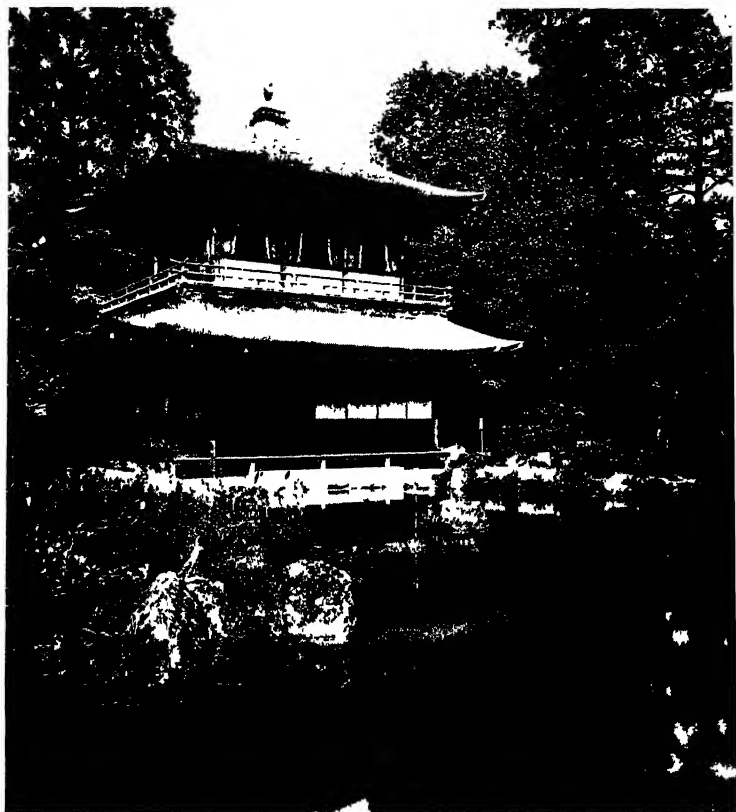
piece, added the final stroke of perfection; turning the already horrific Emma-Ō into a grotesque squatting hunchback, the most eloquently devilish object on earth.

Zen simplicity and the new martial type of the bushi combined to produce at ancient Kamakura a rugged, wholly native school of sculpture, divorced from Chinese influences, whose leader, this same Unkei, chiseled not one, but many of the most striking statues in the whole repertory of Japanese art. Every stroke of Unkei's chisel bites deep and direct. His greatest surviving masterpieces, in addition to Emma-Ō, are now usually kept at Nara. Most famous among these are two colossal Deva kings guarding the gates of the temple Tō-daiji; but students of art as the reflection of life find the Unkei specimens in the museum at Nara even more admirable. Perhaps those of chief interest are the sculptor's portrait-statue of himself as a Zen priest; six other seated figures of priests, intensely vital; and an idealized likeness of the Indian sage, Vimala-Kirtsi, one of Gautama's contemporaries.

All of these glyptic creations of "the Kamakura interlude" reflect the immense changes wrought on the Japanese people with the advent of feudalism. Instead of the sleek, smooth faces and figures of the preceding epoch, sinewy martial types suddenly emerge. One of the most signal differences between China and Japan inheres in the fact that in old China the soldier was always despised; if not quite as a pariah, at all events as "an exceptional barbarian, whom policy makes it advisable to treat with a certain amount of gracious, albeit semi-contemptuous, condescension." In consequence of the wholesale introduction of Chinese ideas during the Fujiwara régime, this contemptuous view of the soldier crept



PORTRAIT STATUE OF A PRIEST, KAMAKURA PERIOD



THE SILVER PAVILION AT KYŌTO

over even into Japan, notwithstanding the naturally martial character of the Japanese people. Fortunately for them, the military clans of the Kwantō—Tairas and Minamotos—developed a healthy reaction against this insidious pervasion of pacifism, just in the nick of time. Bushidō rescued Japan, it would seem, from such degeneration and futility as one now finds in Korea.

To this important transformation the Kamakura statuary bears eloquent testimony. The great wood-sculptors of Yoritomo's new martial capital, having come to believe that nobody is more worthy of imitation than the bushi, or warrior, went to him for their inspiration; so, instead of the round, sleek shapes of the past, they produced nervous, energetic figures instinct with vitality. China to this day cherishes its time-worn axiom, "Good iron is not for nails, nor good men for soldiers," but a favorite Japanese proverb of comparatively modern origin suggests the exact opposite: "Among flowers, the cherry-blossom, among men, the warrior."

12

The change in the Japanese character that took place at Kamakura is reflected in painting no less than in sculpture. Portrayal of action now attracts the artist's brush. For the first time he turns away from contemplation, or religion, and becomes perceptibly active and therefore secular. Toba Sōjō's well-known "Battle of the Bulls" will serve as an illustration. Influenced by the stark simplicity of Zen, this Toba, a Minamoto priest, scorned color, and painted only in India ink. And the amazing Minamoto energy vitalized his brush-stroke. With a few bold dashes he produces in his "Battle of the Bulls" the

utmost impression of action of which art is capable. The great picture is lightly touched with humor. Toba must have been a jolly Friar Tuck of a priest, a good liver, and a lover of human life. All his works throb with human interest, and his influence passes over unmistakably into the wood-print art of a much later age, the Tokugawa.

Among other great leaders of the so-styled Tosa school at least two must be mentioned: Nobuzane and Keion. Makimono first came into vogue at Kamakura: "rolled" pictures, as the word denotes, in contradistinction to kake-mono, which are designed to be hung. Laurence Binyon thinks that the makimono pictures evolved a new form of narrative painting without parallel in all the history of art. "As we unroll them we seem to be journeying easily and without effort through wonderful country. No other form of landscape gives us so much movement and abundance, varied and melting in its moods like music."

Nobuzane seized on the amplitude of these panorama-like scrolls to depict with dramatic completeness the career of the great Michizane: that scholar whom the Fujiwaras sent into exile and the populace deified. Fenollosa confers on this same achievement his superlative praise. "I have sat before these stupendous rolls again and again," he says, "with the flesh of my back creeping as during a Wagner opera, and tears standing in my eyes. The physical and spiritual excitement of it is greater than of any work I know. Of all impressionistic work in the line of story-telling, this is the world's greatest." But Binyon names Keion as the chief of all makimono painters. The third roll of his great war panorama may now be examined in the Fenollosa-Weld collection in Boston. As a battle painter Keion has probably never been excelled. He knew both Yoritomo and Yoshitsune

personally, and was undoubtedly an eye-witness of some of the martial scenes to which he applied his brush.

In poetry, this brief period (1189-1333 A.D.) is now best remembered by an anthology, "The Songs of the Hundred Poets" (*Hyakunin-Isshū*),⁷ widely used in a domestic card-game.

The glory of Kamakura was destined to be but short-lived. Yoritomo's two sons followed him as Shōguns, but they were not strong enough to engineer the vast and intricate machine his brain had created. So his wife's family, the Hōjōs, seized the machinery of government and turned the Minamotos into mere "puppet shōguns," corresponding to the "puppet emperors" at Kyōto. But these Hōjōs so abused their power that the military capital of Kamakura, after only a century and a half of domination, was to fall forever in the year 1333.

If tradition may be credited, Yoritomo paid with his life for his cruelty to his younger brother. While returning on horseback from the dedication of a bridge across the Sagami river, the first Shōgun became so terrified by the sudden apparition of Yoshitsune's wraith, rising from the mists of the stream, that he fell in a swoon from his horse, which plunged into the flood and perished with its master.

This legend at least proves the popular belief that his treatment of his brother lay heavy on the tyrant's soul.

Yoritomo's tomb, small almost to insignificance, attracts few visitors in the Kamakura of to-day. His more appropriate monument is the temple he built and dedicated to his tutelary deity, Hachiman, god of war. No other Japanese has so personified war in its more terrible

⁷ The Oxford Press publishes a delightful translation entitled: "A Hundred Verses from Old Japan."

aspects. Ruthless cruelty so tarnished his sword that even his brilliant record in statecraft cannot brighten it.

13

Yoritomo's wife's family, the Hōjōs, refuse to be lightly dismissed. They get their place in the story of Japan through having been Yoritomo's wardens during the years of his youthful banishment, and they certainly make the most of it. Yoritomo was a very gallant youth, and the eldest daughter of his warden's family made up her mind to marry him in spite of his obvious preference for her younger sister, and of her own betrothal to one of the young chiefs of the neighborhood. What this Lady Masa set out to do she almost invariably did, and her wooing of Yoritomo proved no exception to rule. A loud outcry was raised by her father and her fiancé's family on their discovery that the Lady Masa and Yoritomo were living together as man and wife; but on the whole it seems likely that the strong-minded Masa contrived an understanding with her father. At any rate, the old gentleman led his neighbors on false trails when they went out scouting for Yoritomo's head. On the affair blowing over, Masa duly married Yoritomo. This astonishing woman—perhaps the most remarkable in Japanese history⁸—contributed greatly to her husband's success, but as his widow she displayed even more remarkable qualities in behalf of her own family, the Hōjōs.

It is the family, always the family, that guides through the mazes of intrigue and ambition so characteristic of rulership in Japan, as in other lands. Elsewhere, however, the clew may be hard to find, but here it is always

⁸ The possible exception is the legendary Empress Jingō, reputed to have invaded and conquered Korea about 200 A.D.

the same. Masa not only brought about the retirement of her elder son from the Shōgunate for being too much of a Minamoto and too little a Hōjō, but when his successor, her younger son, was actually done to death in order that the Hōjōs might rule supreme, Masa's maternal grief seems to have been swallowed up in her family pride.

At Kamakura they still show you the old tree under which this younger son, Sanetomo, was treacherously slain by the Hōjōs, in front of the Hachiman temple. The doomed Shōgun, a talented poet, seems to have foreseen his end. Just before starting out on the triumphal procession that had been craftily planned to entrap him, he gave a lock of his hair to a friend, and composed a verse about the budding plum-tree beneath the snow-covered eaves of his house:

Though I be forth and gone,
And tenantless my home,
Forget not thou the Spring—
O plum-tree by the eaves!

14

This was in 1219. Until her own death, six years afterward, the Lady Masa, coöperating with her brother as vicegerent, dictated the destinies of the Empire, including the dethronement and banishment of an Emperor that dared to oppose her will:

Masa's father, the first of the Hōjō vicegerents, had died in 1215, the very year of Magna Charta in England. At the exact time when King John was signing away the divine right of kings at Runnymede, the Hōjō family were inventing a strange method for still further ham-

pering the imperial court at Kyōto. Two masters were set over the Mikado instead of one, so that the government became triple-headed. For the Minamoto line of Shōguns was not abolished by the Hōjōs; they merely turned it into a line of "shadow shōguns," as already suggested. The substance of power was held fast in the hands of the Hōjōs, men of immense energy and ability. "By them the Emperor or Shōgun could be deposed and banished without scruple; and the helplessness of the Minamoto Shōgunate can be inferred from the fact that the seventh Hōjō vicegerent, before deposing the seventh Shōgun, sent him home in a palanquin, head downwards and heels upwards."

Although the Japanese themselves still execrate the Hōjōs as usurpers, foreign students find much in their rule to commend. "Between 1221 and 1281," says Murdoch, "Japan was blessed with one of the justest, the most honest, the most economical, the strongest, and, at the same time, the least tyrannical and repressive, administrations that have ever been known in Asia."

15

It was in this last mentioned year, 1281, that the Hōjōs—with the timely aid of the elements—thwarted the only attempt ever made to invade Japan until the Russians tried it again in 1905. A tribute to the Hōjō rule inheres in the fact that had the same attempt been made either a hundred years earlier or a few years later it would almost certainly have been successful. At Kamakura, as we have seen, Japan first became truly martial; and it was during the Hōjō control of Kama-

kura that the feuds of the bickering clans were for the first time welded into a puissant nationalism.

Nichiren, the Savonarola of Japan, had much to do with this new nationalism. A fisherman's son, educated among the Tendai monks of Hiyeizan, he selected Kamakura as the place to carry on his chosen career as street-preacher and patriot. He used drums and other Salvation Army methods to attract crowds. Like other successful reformers, he was dogmatic to the point of fanaticism. He, alone—Nichiren, "Lotus of the Sun," as he styled himself—possessed the True Doctrine; all other Buddhist sects were anathema. Kōbō Daishi he denounced as a first-rate liar. "Incantations are phantasms, Zen is a demon, Shingon is national ruin!"—this was a favorite formula.

National ruin became the burden of his preaching as he warned of the wrath to come. With a commanding intellect and broad education, he probably knew of the Mongolian conquests then sweeping through Asia, and inferred that Japan could not escape attack. At any rate, he predicted a foreign invasion, and stirred up the people to confront it. By voice and pen he wielded immense influence in arousing the national consciousness. Condemned to be beheaded as a disturber of the peace, even this did not silence him. In deference to his immense popularity the death penalty was commuted to banishment, but the commutation itself was revoked, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that when two formidable invasions actually occurred, Nichiren was hailed as an inspired prophet, and his new sect widely accepted. As a means of defense he had urged nation-wide prayers for typhoons, and when the Mongolian invaders sailed into

Japanese waters, lo!—the gods indeed blew with their winds, and scattered them.

16

Kublai Khan, who had conquered all the rest of Asia, sent over these luckless invaders. Marco Polo reached Peking in 1275, the year after the first invasion failed, and was still there when the much larger one occurred, in 1281. "Zipangu is an island in the eastern ocean," he wrote when he got back to Europe, "situated at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles from the mainland. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their own kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible. Of so great celebrity was the wealth of this island, that a desire was excited in the breast of the Grand Khan Kublai, now reigning, to make the conquest of it, and to annex it to his dominions."

This was Europe's very first news of Japan, and it had weighty consequences. Long after Polo was dead his book fell into the hands of Columbus, who set sail to find the inexhaustible treasure of Japan, but in the wrong direction, and so found America.

There were forty-eight thousand troops in Kublai's first expedition, which landed on the coast of Kyūshū only after his envoys had been rebuffed at Kamakura. His troops fought in mass formation, using at long range powerful cross-bows far superior to Japanese weapons, and at closer range light arms dipped in poison. They

even employed explosives, to the amazement of the islanders. But the bushi were fighting for their altars and their fires; Yamato Damashii inspired them. They inflicted heavy losses on the Mongolians, who reëmbarked and put out to sea, where a heavy gale caught them, so that they finally reached China minus fully a third of their forces.

Before despatching his second expedition, Kublai sent other envoys to Kamakura, with drastic threats. The Hōjōs not only beheaded these envoys, but exposed their heads to public disgrace on the pillories.

Now thoroughly roused, the Grand Khan assailed Japan with an armada of two hundred thousand troops. The fighting lasted fifty-three days, its crisis being reached in a naval engagement in the Straits of Tsushima, which lie between Japan and Korea. This battle was terminated by a terrific typhoon that practically wiped the Chinese armada off the face of the sea.

The beautiful temple of Enkaku-ji, still an adornment of Kamakura, was erected by the reigning Hōjō in gratitude for this windy visitation, which he attributed to the prayers of Buddhist priests. And so did they! For many months, from one end of Japan to the other, had been heard "the tapping and roll of temple drums, the tinkling of sacred bells, the rustle of the sleeves of vestal dancers, and the litanies of priests; while in thousands of temples the wood fire used in the *goma* rite was kept burning, and the smoke of incense had ascended perpetually." Now that Lord Hōjō himself confessed these myriad prayers had been answered, they had to be paid for. But the first payments depleted the treasury; there were no lands left for rewarding the soldiery, to accord with an example set by Yoritomo; heavy taxes therefore

had to be levied, whence discontent arose, and spread broadcast. When the Emperor Go-Daigo himself led a revolt, the Hōjōs indeed dethroned and banished him, but the revolt went on. Under the leadership of a crafty Minamoto chieftain it finally triumphed, and wiped out the power of Kamakura. Thus, by a queer turn of fate, the supreme achievement of the Hōjōs cost them their rule.

IV
ESTHETICISM AND DECAY

Key City: Kyōto

I

THE crafty Minamoto chieftain who laid low the power of the Hōjōs built the Ashikaga Shōgunate on its ruins. Shōguns of this new name were now to dominate Kyōto for two hundred and thirty-eight years (1335-1573). Japanese statecraft has always been adept in applying the Roman principle, "Divide and rule," and seldom more so than in the case of the first Ashikaga. To establish his own power he even divided the national allegiance. As three deposed Emperors, besides the "reigning" Emperor, were all dwelling at one time in Kyōto, he contrived to bring about a war of succession, the only one in Japanese history. For fifty-five years of almost incessant fighting this "War of the Chrysanthemums" raged among followers of rival imperial lines, while the Ashikagas craftily consolidated their power. The third of their line, Yoshimitsu, at last healed the breach and set up a new Emperor at Kyōto, although he himself was virtually the king of Japan, as the Emperor of China styled him.

Over in the Middle Kingdom stirring events had occurred. Kublai Khan was succeeded by degenerates, in accordance with the Japanese proverb, "A great general

leaves no seed." So in South China a young Zen priest, a true son of the people, led a revolt against the oppressive rule of the Mongols, whom the Chinese always hated. He destroyed their dynasty, and became first Emperor in one of his own. This he named the Ming, or Brilliant dynasty, and lived up to the name. Reestablishing the southern capital at Nanking, he not only gave China a truly brilliant administration, but resuscitated and zealously fostered the resplendent culture of the Sung dynasty, which the loathed Mongols had crushed. Hatred of a common foe, the Mongols, now served to restore friendly intercourse between China and Japan, an intercourse that had been suspended throughout the Kama-kura interval. It was a Ming emperor that addressed the Ashikaga Shōgun, Yoshimitsu, as "king of Japan," and it was a restored intercourse between Japan and China during this resuscitated Sung epoch that enables Fenollosa to say, so beautifully: "To be pure as a plum-blossom, free as a bird, strong as a pine, yet pliant as a willow, was the lovely ideal of the Chinese Sung gentleman, as of the later Ashikaga Japanese."

This scholar is not alone in his enthusiasm. Emile Hovelague declares, in his eloquent study of China, that life was probably never anywhere gentler, fairer, more exquisite, richer in human perfections, than in the smiling peaceful China of Sung days.

"The works of this period which have come down to us reveal a new China," he continues. "For Japan they were an inspiration equal to that of the great Buddhist influences, and their spirit has passed into the landscape art of Sesshū, his contemporaries and his disciples. It is this spirit of Sung which in Japan gave birth to those tea ceremonies whose influence on the whole æsthetic development of the country is well known."

Yoshimitsu and his grandson, the seventh Ashikaga Shōgun, Yoshimasa, have been called the Medici of Japan. Oddly enough, these widely sundered pairs of esthetes are exactly contemporary, Yoshimitsu with Cosmo di Medici, and Yoshimasa with Lorenzo the Magnificent.

2

To carry out the suggested analogy, Sesshū may perhaps be called the Raphael of the Golden Age of Japanese painting. Going over to China as a distinguished Zen priest, this gave him Open Sesame to all the Buddhist monasteries, depositories of some of the richest treasures of Chinese art. Letters from his personal friend "the King of Japan" secured the Ming Emperor's favor, so that Sesshū finally came back to Japan with his towering genius so thoroughly imbued with the highest artistic culture of the continent that without him Chinese art itself would have lacked its supreme interpreter. "Through him—his knowledge, his criticism, his art—not only Japan, but the whole world, shall know it forever, and even some reconstructed China of another century will have to peer back upon its own dim past through Sesshū's eyes."

When he returned, it is said that Chinese artists and nobles accompanied him to his ship, showering upon him such masses of white silk and paper, to be returned at his leisure as finished paintings, that they there gave him the pen-name, Sesshū, or "Ship of Snow."

Sesshū's return to Japan was celebrated as a great national event. However, he refused all preferment, and retired to his plain country parish. There, for years be-

fore his death (when upwards of eighty), he became an object of pious pilgrimage, the great and the poor alike seeking for a token from his brush. An enormous amount of his work still remains, although it is so jealously guarded that few, even of Japanese scholars, have ever seen his great masterpieces. Fenollosa regards his style as central in the whole range of Asiatic art, and calls him the greatest artist genius of Japan.

Fortunately, he was gifted as a teacher; passing on the torch of his genius to the two Kanōs, Masanobu and Motonobu, father and son, both of whom he personally taught. They founded, in the so-styled Kanō school, the chief academy of Japanese painting.

In the Fenollosa-Weld collection, at Boston, America possesses two characteristic masterpieces of this great Kanō pair. One is Tanyu's superb copy of Masanobu's "Confucius," which has been compared for powerful individuality with Leonardo da Vinci's famous portrait of himself. The other is Motonobu's original portrait of "The Three Founders," Gautama, Confucius, and Lao Tzu.

3

Symbolism permeates Japanese art from this time forward.

Lord of all symbols is the dragon. Drawn down from the writhing and ever-shifting clouds, he denotes the spiritual and eternal, change being the only eternal thing we seem to know.

Brute force, "of the earth, earthy," on the other hand is represented by the tiger. A frequently recurring motive in Japanese art is the conflict between tiger and

dragon, flesh warring against spirit, material power against spiritual.

As with the Greeks, so also in Japan, the butterfly, born from a chrysalis, represents immortality; whereas a cock, usually perched on a drum, brings us back to earth again, denoting as he does good government.

^ Patriotism itself is symbolized by a spray of cherry-blossoms, "which fall before they wither rather than cling rotting to the stalk."

The almond, a flower of the early spring, typifies beauty; but the plum-blossom, which is sometimes so early that it bursts through the snow, represents virtue triumphant, or valor breaking through icy obstacle. Victory flames in the iris, which blooms when spring has wholly conquered winter; gentleness is suggested by the willow, strength by the bamboo, long life by the evergreen pine, and so on throughout the Flower Calendar. This has been beautifully described by Dr. Nitobe in his book on "The Japanese Nation:"

January has its pine, the symbol of evergreen old age, which, with the bamboo and the plum, form in our language of flowers a triad used on all propitious occasions. February has its plum, the *ume*—botanically different from your plum—which is the first tree to bloom in the spring, unfolding its pink, white, or yellow buds while the snow still continues to fall. The plum is succeeded in March by the peach, a flower that typifies beauty, and, like beauty, quickly fades—to give place to another no less ephemeral, but the most exquisite of all, the cherry. April is sacred to the *sakura*, the cherry, the most popular child of all our floral world. It is cultivated not for its fruit, nor for its wood, but for its flowers, that bloom for half a week, and if a more material motive for its cultivation is looked for, it lies in the use of the flower as a dainty beverage when pickled in salt and steeped in hot water. Thus we quaff this vernal essence of our clime in as literal a sense as we inhale its breath. No won-

der we look upon it as the national flower, embodying the spirit of the race (Yamato Damashii), as an old poet has sung,—

“Should strangers ask what the spirit of Yamato is,
Point to the cherry blowing fragrant in the morning sun.”

But the short-lived cherry is succeeded in May by the wistaria. This is followed in June by the iris, and as the heat of summer rises in July, the morning-glory refreshes our eyes with its many tints, and while it is still at the height of its glory, the lotus, dear to the religion of Buddha as lilies are to Christians, takes up its turn in August. The lotus, of various dainty hues, grows in water; and many a lover of flowers leaves his bed before dawn to hasten to a pond that he may hear the bursting of its buds. The lotus adds to its spiritual meaning a tangible quality; for its seeds are edible and its long rhizomes are used as a vegetable. When the summer heat is gone, and with September the thermometer begins to take a downward course, the so-called “seven plants of autumn” (including the graceful Eulalia, the chaste Campanella, the rough-leaved Patrinia, which we call the maiden-flower, etc.) gladden the hearts which are saddened by the fall of leaves and mellowed by the saddening moon. When these rather delicate and tender plants begin to fade one by one in quick succession, robbing the wayside of its glowing tints, then in the month of October bloom in luxuriance chrysanthemums of every imaginable hue. Amateurs and professionals then vie with each other in exhibiting their best plants, and the Emperor opens his garden to his invited guests to show the chrysanthemum—this flower, painted with sixteen petals, being the crest of his family. When November comes with its bright sunshine, it is time for every lover of nature to sally forth among the hills “a-maple-hunting,” as we call it. As in the spring multitudes wend their way to certain localities famed for the *sakura* (cherry), so now they make their excursion to feast their eyes upon the brocade of foliage. Japan is rich in varieties of maple, but when the branches are shorn of their gorgeous drapery by the chilly breeze of December, this month makes compensation by bringing among the deep verdure of the *Camellia Japonica* a profuse display of colors—white, scarlet, pink, and red (appropriate to the death of the year, because the red blossoms fall off in a way to remind Japanese of decapitated heads, as Professor Chamberlain gruesomely adds).

All Japan becomes alive with symbolism in the wistaria month of May, during the Boys' Festival, when huge paper carp swim in the ocean of the sky above every roof-tree that shelters a man-child. The carp is chosen for this purpose because—at least in the popular belief—he swims up-stream against obstacles, delighting to breast the currents of opposition; so that tough, fibrous paper is duly patterned and painted to depict him, a hoop is thrust into his mouth, the wind blows in through this hoop and distends his body to life-like proportions at the tip of his tall bamboo tether,—and as thousands of these lively fish squirm and wriggle in the overhead ocean, Japan becomes picturesque beyond words.

Symbolism having been ever dear to the Zen heart, Zen artists such as Sesshū and his Kanō pupils always attacked their work as transcendentalists, seeking to pierce through the shell of things to their kernel. Of one of the greatest masters of this school it is said that before commencing a picture he would always call for wine, then play a few notes on the shaku-hachi, a kind of mouth-organ, and recite a poem; thus reaching a state of meditation favorable to the creative impulse; and then, "like a dragon rejoicing in the water," fall to work. Others are reported to have achieved their very best work under the influence of alcohol.

4

One is carried bodily back into this golden age of estheticism on visiting the Golden Pavilion of Yoshimitsu and the Silver Pavilion of Yoshimasa, in opposite suburbs of Kyōto. The Golden Pavilion was built in imitation of the one that Kublai Khan erected as part of his

garden villa at Xanadu, that imperial capital near Peking described by Marco Polo himself, and immortalized by Coleridge in the lines:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree. . . .
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Emfoling sunny spots of greenery.

There are no more beautiful gardens anywhere in the world than those surrounding the Golden and Silver Pavilions in Kyōto, even to a Western observer; but these perfect specimens of Oriental landscape art naturally mean vastly more to the Japanese. They will quote to you with enthusiasm a Chinese poet who avows that such gardens "induce serenity of temper, fill the heart with love, make a cheerful countenance, dispel drowsiness, banish all evil passions, and show the procession of ages without decay."

The garden of the Silver Pavilion was laid out by Sōami himself, a Zen priest usually regarded as the father of Japanese landscape gardening. Into the fabric of his landscapes he wove many of the precepts of Zen. There were landscapes of "the law of the waters, the sound of the stream, the essence of incense, the gate of the dragon, the bridge of the mountain genii, the vale of the golden sands, the hill that faces the moon," and so on, several of these titles alluding to mystical Buddhist doctrines.

Reference has already been made to the tea plant as an importation of Zen. Yoshimitsu and Yoshimasa—both Zen priests, by the way—developed the cha-no-yu, or tea ceremony, to its acme. Indeed, the Silver Pavilion was planned with express relation to it.

5

As the "Book of Tea" says, the suki-ya, or tea-pavilion, like the garden surrounding it, still reflects characteristic Zen doctrines. The original ideograms for suki-ya meant "Abode of Fancy," and such a pavilion is a true abode of fancy inasmuch as it is an ethereal structure, built to house a poetic impulse. Zennism, with its emphasis on evanescence and its demand for the mastery of spirit over matter, views a man's body as but a house in the wilderness, a flimsy shelter made by tying grasses together. So in the true tea-pavilion fugitiveness is suggested by the thatched roof, frailty in the slender pillars, lightness in the bamboo support, apparent carelessness by the use of the most commonplace materials. But we are cautioned to remember that all this is the result of painstaking foresight; that the details of a true tea-pavilion have been worked out with care perhaps even greater than that expended on temples and palaces. A good tea-pavilion is invariably more costly than the average mansion, for the selection of its materials, as well as its meticulous workmanship, requires great care and precision. The carpenters employed by the tea-masters form a distinct and highly honored class among artisans, their work being no less delicate than that of the makers of choice lacquer cabinets.

Prepared by an elaborate subjective ritual, the guests of old would silently approach the sanctuary, or tea-room proper, by way of a garden path designed to denote the path to self-illumination. If samurai, they left their swords behind them on a rack beneath the eaves, a tea-room being preëminently the house of peace. Then they bowed low and crept into the room through a small door

not more than three feet in height. This was incumbent on all guests, proud or humble, being indeed designed to teach humility. The host would not enter until all his guests were seated, when quiet reigned, with nothing to break the silence save the song of the boiling water in the iron tea-kettle. "The kettle sings well," the Book of Tea says, "for pieces of iron are so arranged in the bottom as to produce a peculiar melody in which one may hear the echoes of a cataract muffled by clouds, of a distant sea breaking among the rocks, a rainstorm sweeping through a bamboo forest, or of the sighing of pines on some far-away hill."

The tea is made and drunk in a preternaturally slow and formal manner, each action, each gesture, being fixed by an elaborate code of rules. Every article connected with the ceremony, such as the tea-canister, the incense-burner, the hanging scroll, and the bouquet of flowers in the alcove is either handled, or else admired at a distance, in ways and with phrases which unalterable usage prescribes. Even the hands are washed, the room is swept, a little bell is rung, and the guests walk from the house into the garden and from the garden back into the house, at stated times and in a manner which never varies, except in so far as certain schools obey slightly varying rules of their own, handed down from their ancestors.

Foreign students of things Japanese differ widely in their estimates of these tea ceremonies. One calls them "perhaps the most stilted and preposterous bit of social ritual that humanity ever devised." Another, more sympathetic, says: "The whole of this art, as to detail, signifies no more than the making and serving of a cup of tea. However, it is a real art—a most exquisite art. The actual making of the infusion is a matter of no consequence in itself: the supremely important matter is that the act be performed in the most perfect, most polite,

most graceful manner possible. Everything done—from the kindling of the charcoal fire to the presentation of the tea—must be done according to rules of supreme etiquette; rules requiring natural grace as well as great patience to fully master. Therefore a training in the tea ceremonies is still held to be a training in politeness, in self-control, in delicacy,—a discipline in deportment.”

Captain Brinkley, after pointing out that the artistic keynote of the Ashikaga tea-cult was a combination of esthetic eclecticism of the most fastidious nature with the severest canons of simplicity and austerity, says that in all her arts Japan was thenceforth guided by the ideals of the tea clubs. This is really why the cha-no-yu is so important.

6

It should be sufficiently apparent by this time that the Ashikaga Shōguns were nothing if not esthetic. This in the end proved to be their undoing. A sharper contrast with the Kamakura of Yoritomo's first conquests can hardly be imagined than the Kyōto in which the Ashikaga branch of his great family now housed the Shōgunate. A Japanese annalist says of the Kyōto palaces that their roofs seemed to pierce the sky and their balconies to touch the clouds, while in describing the temples he declares of one that it was bathed in blossoms as a mountain is in clouds, and that in the rays of the setting sun the roof glowed like gold, while every zephyr wafted the perfume of flowers. Of another he fancies that its fifty pagodas stood like a row of stars. Of a third, built by Yoshimitsu, he declares that one of the pagodas alone cost “a hundred times as much as thirteen pagodas of a century later.”

Yoshimitsu's Golden Pavilion—so called because its interior was heavily gilt, the gold foil being thickly superposed on lacquer—was but one edifice in a palace of such huge dimensions that sixteen superintendents and twenty assistant superintendents were employed to oversee its construction. In another part of Kyōto he maintained a palatial establishment so spacious and brilliant at all seasons that it went by the name of the Palace of Flowers. On one occasion he entertained the Emperor there during a fête lasting twenty days, and costing the ransom of kings.

In order to raise money to satisfy such sybaritic tastes Yoshimitsu not only taxed the people oppressively, but even asked the Ming Emperor of China for large supplies of Chinese coin. Worst of all, he permitted himself to be addressed by that monarch not only as the King of Japan, but as king of a mere dependency. In one despatch to the Chinese Emperor he described himself as "a subject of Ming." Yet he wielded such power, even posthumously, that when he died he was accorded the rank of ex-Emperor.

7

Yoshimasa emulated his grandfather in the patronage of the arts and outdid him in extravagance. His Silver Pavilion rivaled the Golden Pavilion, and of his own Palace of Flowers the native annalist says that it cost six hundred thousand pieces of gold (about five million dollars), and the tiles of its roof shone like jewels or precious metals; "it defies description." Yoshimasa taxed the people even more heavily than Yoshimitsu had done, and when famine afflicted them, begged large gifts from

the Ming Emperor under guise of relieving them; "but there is no evidence that any of the presents were devoted to that purpose."

Just after this Palace of Flowers was finished, famine reached its height in Kyōto. During two months of the year 1462 a devout Buddhist priest relieved eighty-two thousand sufferers from starvation, while another erected a monument to twelve hundred corpses found in the river bed. Even the Emperors were woefully neglected. The body of one of them was left unburied forty days, while another eked out a bare living by selling autographs. Yet the guests of Yoshimasa's famous Bathing Pavilion, one of the wonders of Kyōto, were expected to come robed in the most magnificent costumes, while "all persons of lowly degree were required to kneel with their hands on the ground and their heads resting on them as a nobleman and his retinue passed."

The hardy bushi themselves forgot the Spartan traditions of Kamakura and succumbed to Kyōto estheticism. So multifold were the attractions of this Japanese Babylon that even the summons to battle fell on deaf ears. Armor and swords were staked on a throw of the dice. Wine, women, and gambling undermined not only martial valor, but even the spirit of loyalty, the very soul of the samurai. Yamato Damashii no longer inspired Japanese soldiers; it became every man's business to fight for his own hand in a distracted country from which every vestige of rule seemed to have vanished, and where property rights and the right to life itself lay in the hands of brigands. By the time when Christopher Columbus, enkindled by Marco Polo's glowing accounts of the wealth of Japan, found his path blocked by America, the Empire that had defied Kublai Khan was in anarchy.

V

INDIVIDUALISM AND REFORM

Key Cities: Ōsaka, Nagasaki

I

SIX years after Columbus failed to find the Orient, a Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama, succeeded. The consequent development of new trade-routes revolutionized the world, and raised Portugal to the first rank among European powers. She was the first country to explore and exploit the Far East. In 1511 a Portuguese trader, Raphael Perestrello, reached China; anchoring his small fleet off the mouth of the Pearl river, which connects the South China sea with Canton, largest of all Chinese cities. In the same year a great Portuguese filibuster, Alfonso Dalboquerque, seized Malacca. Spain now undertook the navigation of the globe, and it was Fernando Magellan who in 1521 discovered the islands subsequently named the Philippines in honor of King Philip II.

The next countries discovered were Japan and Hawaii, both by Portugal, in 1542—the same year in which the Spaniard, Cabrillo, discovered California. Japan was found accidentally. A Chinese junk with three Portuguese passengers in it was blown off its course to Macao (the settlement already established by Portugal near the mouth of the Pearl river for the purpose of trade with Canton) and beached on a Japanese islet.

These three stranded Portuguese traders were befriended by the islanders, who took especial interest in their arquebuses. Kublai Khan's soldiers had amazed the Japanese by "firing off explosives from metal tubes," but this was their first opportunity to learn the manufacture of firearms. With characteristic energy they began this manufacture at once on the little southern island where the Portuguese traders had stranded, which for a long time thereafter gave its own name of Tane-ga-shima to Japanese guns.

Unfortunately, this incident symbolizes all too eloquently the first Occidental contacts with the Far East. China welcomed the Portuguese with wide-open arms, but her friendship turned into enmity after the Western strangers committed acts of piratical violence all along her coasts from Ningpo to Foochow. "It was in a spirit of frank brigandage that the Portuguese, from the highest to the lowest, swarmed into Asia," and Spain was no better. On finding Chinese colonists in control of Filipino trade, the Spaniards got rid of competition by the simple expedient of massacre, "hunting down the Chinese colonists as if they were wild beasts, and slaughtering them in immense numbers."

As soon as the Portuguese settlements in the Orient learned of the discovery of Japan, trading expeditions embarked from every one of them to exploit the new quarry. All the ships steered for southern Japan, where the Portuguese traders had stranded. In 1549 the first Jesuit missionary landed: Francis Xavier, who was to launch an astounding adventure. As Nagasaki was the main port of the chief southern island of Kyūshū, and the gateway to Europe, its name became identified with European contacts and with the early Christian conquests.

Lafcadio Hearn regards the second half of the sixteenth century as the most interesting period in Japanese history, for three reasons. It ushered in the career of those mighty captains, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Ieyasu, types of men that a race seems to evolve for supreme emergencies only,—types requiring for their production not merely the highest aptitudes of numberless generations, but likewise an extraordinary combination of circumstances. This period is further important because it saw the complete integration of the ancient social system,—the definitive union of all the clan lordships under a central military government, after anarchy had been done away. And lastly, the period is of special interest because the first attempt to Christianize Japan—the story of the rise and fall of the Jesuit power—belongs to it.

2

Hearn, a frank foe of “the Jesuit peril,” as he calls it, is much puzzled to account for its conquests. He is the more puzzled because of the Christian antagonism to ancestor-worship.

This antagonism is perhaps the chief cause of Chinese opposition to Christian missions to-day. The family is the social unit in China: one of the sources of that social solidarity that has enabled this hoary nation to outlive all its early contemporaries,—Egypt, Babylonia, Chaldaea, Greece, Rome,—in spite of shifting dynasties and ceaseless dissensions. The supreme moral obligation of the Chinese individual being devotion to his family, when Christianity comes along and summons him to forsake father and mother and cleave only to Christ, the Chinaman is liable to regard it as subversive of all moral order.

The first Jesuit missionaries to China made liberal concessions to the native point of view, and were notably successful—until a ukase from Rome prohibited converts from all forms of ancestor-worship, whereupon Christianity declined. Scholars quite generally agree that but for this prohibition China might have been christianized four centuries ago.

Hearn infers, from what is definitely known of the Jesuit missions in China, that a similar tolerance of ancestor-worship may have characterized the early missions in Japan. But this would merely have removed a negative obstacle from their path, and would scarcely account for the positive successes that crowned them.

The Jesuits worked from the top down: first laboring with the lords of the land, the daimyōs, or “great names”—those despots of the petty principalities of which Japan was made up during this anarchic period—and then, in at least some cases, securing the conversion of large numbers of feudal dependents through command or coercion.

It is also known that certain daimyōs were influenced by mercenary motives. In one instance an entire city was christianized by its daimyō's decree so as to speed up trade relations with the Portuguese, who had just brought a great ship into port; “and the people burned their idols and destroyed forty Buddhist temples, reserving some material to build churches.” In another instance a christianized daimyō recanted, at the same time compelling all his people to do likewise, because a Portuguese ship failed to come into port as promised! Daimyōs seem to have been particularly eager to buy the latest thing in Portuguese firearms, and no wonder; these gave them a decided advantage over old-fashioned bow-and-arrow foes.

One more of these coldly rationalized explanations of the Jesuit successes in Japan is the apparent fact that Christianity once in a while masqueraded as a new form of Buddhism. For example, in 1552 the daimyō of Yamaguchi deeded a Buddhist temple "to the priests who have come to this country from the Western regions, in accordance with their request and desire, that they may found and erect a monastery and house in order to develop the Law of Buddha."

Instead of developing the Law of Buddha, Catholic Christianity persecuted Buddhism and Buddhists. Instead of adopting the lion-and-lamb policy by which Buddhism had swallowed up Shintō, one finds Jesuit annalists extolling converted daimyōs for "burning thousands of Buddhist temples, destroying countless works of art, and slaughtering Buddhist priests. At first the foreign faith was persuasive; afterwards it became coercive and ferocious."

By fair means or foul, it is an unquestioned fact that within thirty years after Xavier's arrival no fewer than 125,000 converts had been won to the church in Kyūshū, with about twenty-five thousand more in Yamaguchi and the neighborhood of Kyōto. Their influence in the great southern island became so powerful that in 1552 Nagasaki was actually ceded to the Portuguese as Christian territory, to be governed by the Catholic church. Within this territory Buddhism was promptly suppressed, eighty temples being burnt to the ground. When at last Nobunaga, the newly arisen military dictator of Japan, became alarmed by the power of these Christians, whom at first he befriended, he assembled his counselors to discuss the advisability of repression. One counselor said: "It is now too late to demolish the church of the barbarians.

Nobles, both great and small, have become its adherents. To endeavor to arrest the power of this religion now is like trying to arrest the current of the ocean."

Fifty years after Xavier's arrival there were 600,000 Christians in Japan, and it took all the power of Nobunaga's successors to repress them. While each of the explanations already suggested doubtless had something to do with the spread of the new faith, still others are needed to express the sum of its power. For it is not enough to dismiss those myriads of medieval Japanese converts as so many "rice Christians." When repressive measures were finally applied to them, as severe as those employed by Diocletian and Galerius at Rome, they evinced a sacrificial devotion unsurpassed in all the annals of martyrdom.

3

The Portuguese priests had "personality." They were cultivated, tactful, brave. Their convictions were no doubt distorted (even Xavier once invoked the Inquisition, in Goa), but they had the courage of these convictions, and intense earnestness is always impressive. When Xavier made up his mind to go up to Kyōto—just as Paul before him had felt that he "must see Rome"—he hired himself out as a baggage-coolie to mounted merchants, "who kept him mercilessly on the trot, tearing his feet and the calves of his legs to ribbons with briars and bamboo-grass, while he was frequently denied admission to hotels and had to pass the freezing nights in outhouses or under the open sky," as Murdoch says.

Such incidents proved his moral earnestness, while his knowledge of astronomy impressed cultivated Japanese

with his intellectual ability. It was such knowledge as this that led them to listen to him on the subject of religion. They reasoned that a scholar of high scientific attainments would not be likely to be seriously at fault in the sphere of religion.

Xavier liked the people among whom he labored, and appreciated their good points. His letters are not only valuable commentaries on the Japanese of his time, but they make pleasant reading; showing him to be kindly, generous, enthusiastic, and not without humor.

"This people is the delight of my soul," he once wrote. "They are extraordinarily inclined to see all that is good and honest, and have an eagerness to learn. They are of a charming disposition, opposed to chicanery, very covetous of honor, which they set above everything else. Poverty is frequent in their homes, without being in any sense disgraceful, although they support it with difficulty. Their spirit of curiosity is such that they become importunate; they ask questions and argue without knowing how to make an end of it; eager to have an answer, and to communicate what they have learned to others."

To Ignatius Loyola, the head of his order, Xavier once wrote asking him to send out to Japanese universities "none but men tried and approved by your Holy Charity. They will be much more 'persecuted' than they believe; at all hours of the day and a part of the night they will be importuned by visits and questions; they will be summoned to the more considerable houses, and no excuse taken for their not going there; they will have no time either to pray or for meditation, or to recollect themselves; at the beginning especially, no time to say a daily mass; replying to questions will occupy them so much, that they will scarcely find time to recite the office, to eat, to sleep."

Every teacher with Japanese experience knows how humorously true all this is.

While Xavier himself remained in the country only twenty-seven months, some of his successors were also men of marked personality, impressing even Nobunaga, as will appear.

Xavier's letters scarcely do justice to the "frequent poverty" that afflicted Japan in his time. It was so extreme that the selling of children into slavery was common, and cannibalism a matter of daily occurrence.

Of all peoples it is no doubt true that widespread adversity affords fertile fields for sowing the seed of religion—just as the converse is true. A modern Japanese school-boy states the converse naïvely, if quaintly, thus: "One who says that he does not forget God, though the danger is past, is a liar. It is quite proper to forget God when the danger is past. It is impossible to demand to shiver with cold in the midsummer day as well as in winter. It is also unreasonable request to demand that he must not take a bit of beef in his whole life, since he did not take even a bit when he was suffering from disease. The danger is past and God is forgotten."

The danger was *not* past when Portuguese priests came preaching their new religion; Japan was still in the throes of adversity. Bits of beef were woefully scarce, and tens of thousands of people were shivering.

4

To such stricken folk the Portuguese priests came with unwonted kindness. They gave alms profusely. Moreover, they came proclaiming a new Goddess of Mercy: Mary, with a child in her arms,—Kwannon and Jizō

Japan, too, would have succumbed before the White Peril, instead of remaining the sole empire of the East to preserve its nationality intact.

Of the old fighting Taira stock, Nobunaga as a youth had received from his father considerable baronial possessions won from other barons at the point of the sword, in an epoch when tenure of lands was determined by force of arms. But Nobunaga was such an unpromising youth—gawky, careless, rough, undignified—that his desperate but devoted tutor at last committed suicide, leaving a letter in which he explained that he hoped thus to bring his pupil to his senses and lead him to mend his ways.

The tutor's martyrdom accomplished its purpose. Visitors to Nagoya to-day may still see the temple erected in his memory by Nobunaga when at the height of his career, in which the faithful teacher's sacrificial act had been the turning-point. The young sluggard clothed himself in resolution; built up a strong army; doubled and redoubled his possessions until he controlled a power greater than the Shōgun's; and then deliberately set about the rehabilitation of Japan. At this time it was indeed the ambition of almost every daimyō to fight his way to the capital with a sufficient show of strength to obtain an imperial commission authorizing him to pacify the turbulent realm and govern it as viceregent.

After a prolonged struggle Nobunaga achieved his ambition. One Shōgun having been murdered, another one—the last of the Ashikaga line, as it turned out—had been wandering about the country begging the barons for aid. Nobunaga, on reaching Kyōto, espoused this wandering Shōgun's cause, installed him in office, and undertook to build him a palace which still remains as one of

the chief landmarks of Kyōto, especially remarkable for its collection of choice Kanō paintings.

6

Nobunaga was engaged in his task of castle-building when Froës first met him in 1568; standing on the draw-bridge, his towering shoulders clad in a cuirass made from a tiger's skin, a magnificent savage of a man, directing the labor of seven thousand of his soldiers.

The Jesuit priest prostrated himself, Japanese fashion, at Nobunaga's feet; but Nobunaga bade him rise, and plied him with questions. Then and thereafter Froës answered so wisely that Nobunaga was mightily pleased, both with him and with his fellows.

"*These* are the men I like!" he exclaimed one day to his courtiers; "upright, sincere men, who tell me solid things—unlike the Buddhist bonzes, who regale me with fables!"

The missionaries were equally pleased with Nobunaga, whom they hoped to convert to their faith. Had they succeeded, the whole character of Japan would have been altered; her people to-day would perhaps resemble the Filipinos. The Jesuits describe Nobunaga as "a prince of large stature, but with a weak constitution, whose heart and soul supplied all deficiencies; ambitious above all mankind; brave, generous, bold, and not without many excellent moral virtues; inclined to justice, and an enemy to treason."

In this first meeting with Froës, Nobunaga found out the Jesuit hatred of Buddhists. There seems to be little doubt that henceforward one of his aims in cultivating

the Christians was to use them as a counterweight against Buddhism. In the days of Japan's anarchy its great ecclesiastical institution survived as the sole organized power; militant, intrenched in innumerable monasteries, and at length defiant of Nobunaga's rising star. When the priests on Mount Hiyeizan gave shelter and aid to his enemies, Nobunaga seized on this pretext to make open war on them; burning the three thousand monasteries on the famous mountain, and butchering or banishing the monks. Later, he besieged and destroyed the huge monastic castle of Hongwanji, in Ōsaka, with a slaughter of its twenty thousand inmates. These two immense properties still belong to the Japanese government, and Buddhism has never been able quite to recover its ancient strength.

While hatred of a common foe was a bond between Nobunaga and the Jesuits, it seems equally clear that the dictator was for a time genuinely interested in Catholicism. In a report to Rome the padres once wrote: "In proportion to his enmity to the Buddhist priests and their sects is his good will toward our Fathers who preach the Law of God, whence he has shown them so many favors that his subjects are amazed."

To assist the padres in erecting a fine church in Kyōto, Nobunaga gave them a site that he had refused to the importunities of his most intimate dependents. His wife began to hear discourses, and her parents were baptized. "His elder brother was also minded to espouse the foreign faith," Murdoch says, "and would have done so if there had been no seventh commandment."

As already noted, the growing power of Christianity eventually alarmed Nobunaga, who at last may have felt that in building up the Christian church into a bat-

tering-ram against Buddhism he was only robbing Peter to pay Paul. And he quite discouraged and disgusted the padres, at length, when his overweening vanity led him to build and dedicate a pagan temple to *himself*, inscribed with the words, among others:

Every month a solemn festival shall be held in memory of the day on which I was born, which shall be celebrated by a visit to this temple. The rewards reaped by all such as shall worship here are as follows: In the first place, such as are already rich shall become richer; the poor, the low, and the wretched shall become wealthy. Those who have no sons or successors to propagate their generation shall at once have descendants, and shall enjoy long life in great peace and repose. They shall reach a hundred years. They will be cured of sickness in a twinkling, and shall have the fulfilment of their desires in safety and tranquillity.

7

On a certain occasion when Nobunaga was diverting himself by listening to a padre outwit a bonze in a theological argument, the vanquished Buddhist became so infuriated that he brandished a sword over the padre and threatened to cut off his head so as to see whether a soul really does live on after the body is dead, as the padre had contended. The bonze was restrained from his religious experiment only by the agile intervention of one of Nobunaga's attendants, Hideyoshi: three years younger than his master, and graphically described by Murdoch as scarcely sixty inches in height, with a face as wizened as a sapless apple or a septuagenarian ape, but with a supple and sinewy frame of the wiriest, that never seemed to know what fatigue meant. He is the most interesting of all Japanese heroes.

This monkey-faced peasant entered Nobunaga's service as a groom—quite deliberately, because he had decided that Nobunaga was the coming man of Japan—and became not only his lord's main dependence, but the greatest general and perhaps the most astute ruler in the entire history of Japan.

Just as Yoshitsune won the decisive battles in Yoritomo's wars, so Hideyoshi had the lion's share in Nobunaga's victories, in both camp and cabinet. When at length in 1573 the last of the Ashikaga Shōguns became so obstreperous that Nobunaga deposed him and virtually became Shōgun himself, Hideyoshi became in turn the second most powerful man of the Empire.

Nobunaga was undoubtedly ambitious, but he was also a genuine patriot: bringing comparative order out of absolute chaos, some semblance of law out of anarchy, and mitigating the economic distress with which Japan had long been afflicted.

A third and still younger general associated with Hideyoshi in Nobunaga's campaigns was the aristocrat Iyeyasu, destined to become one of Japan's greatest master-builders, his influence—whether for good or evil—rivaling or even surpassing that of his illustrious Minamoto ancestor, Yoritomo.

So it was that a Taira and a Minamoto, with a monkey-faced peasant between them, formed that triumvirate of brilliant generals that came to Japan's aid when her institutions collapsed, to set her once more on her feet. Brinkley pronounces them three of the greatest men the world has ever seen. They are beacon-lights on Japan's pathway, and their personalities therefore merit attention.

8

Three famous stanzas have been applied by some wag to these three famous generals to express their outstanding traits. Each is supposed to be listening for the first song of the cuckoo, a harbinger of spring, when Nobunaga blurts out:

"The cuckoo—if it doesn't sing, put an end to it!"

He was characterized by resolution, but equally by a prickly impatience.

Hideyoshi slyly observes: "The cuckoo—if it doesn't sing, I'll show it how!"

Stratagem was one of his many marks of genius.

Iyeyasu affects to suppress a yawn as he gently murmurs: "The cuckoo—if he sing not, I shall wait until he does!"

No ruler anywhere ever possessed greater patience than Iyeyasu, exercised a more painstaking caution, prepared more skillfully his secret plans and intrigues so as to make it appear that matters turned out thus and so by mere chance, or through the natural course of events, rather than by his own efforts. He exemplifies perfectly the French saying, "All things come to him that knoweth how to wait." And while he also illustrates the American parody on this proverb, "All things come to him who 'hustles' while he waits," he took extreme care to conceal every trace of his hustling until he got exactly what he had set out to get. The Japanese still say, "Nobunaga pounded the rice-cake, Hideyoshi cooked it, and Iyeyasu sat on a cushion and ate it!"

Even Nobunaga concealed sentiment beneath his harsh prickles; otherwise he could scarcely have been a true

Japanese. He not only patronized the highly esthetic tea-ceremonies, but is credited with having originated the use of decorative wood-carving in religious edifices, afterward employed with such opulence in the Iyeyasu temple at Nikkō.

Nobunaga's carvings were wrought on the columns of a pagoda in the grounds of his Europeanized castle at Azuchi, the very first of its kind, although Hideyoshi's at Ōsaka was to be the mightiest. And there is a pleasant story told of Nobunaga in connection with the painter Motonobu. On setting up his rule at Kyōto the dictator rudely burst into the Kanō studios one day, expecting as a matter of course the profound deference everywhere paid to his person. But Motonobu, although aware of the intrusion, went quietly on with his work, paying not the slightest attention to his lordship's presence. Nobunaga so respected this sturdy independence that he commissioned the Kanō school to execute the mural decorations that still constitute one of the chief glories of the Nijō palace.

Usually, Nobunaga treated his subjects quite otherwise. Often, indeed, he seemed to delight in humiliating men of high station, and it was such rudeness that cost him his life. When in his cups he once tucked a captain's head under his arm and beat on it with his fan as a drumstick. The sensitive captain never forgot the indignity, and patiently schemed for revenge. At last he had his plot ready. Nobunaga, then at the very height of his power, but with all his troops away on the battlefield, suddenly found himself entrapped in a temple he had confiscated from the Buddhists, and completely surrounded by assassins in the pay of his outraged subordinate. Wounded presently by an arrow, the dictator

realized his predicament, and took swift measures to protect his doomed body from insult. Setting fire to the temple, he plunged his sword into his vitals, and his body was cremated before it could be shamed by a treacherous hand.

He died thus as though to illustrate a poem that had been always on his lips:

Life is short; the world is a mere dream to the idle.
 Only the fool fears death, for what is there of life that does
 Not die once, sooner or later?
 Man has to die once and once only;
 He should make his death glorious.

Nobunaga died as he lived, "a magnificent savage." After his death, unconverted, the Jesuits revised their good opinion of him. Froës spurned him with the epitaph, "His memory perisheth as a sound, and in a twinkling he descendeth into hell."

9

As soon as Nobunaga's assassin had achieved his revenge, he hurried to court and actually got himself appointed Shōgun. But he overlooked Hideyoshi. With the quick foresight that always characterized him, that rough-and-ready genius snatched at his chance to fill Nobunaga's shoes—if only he could act in time!

The first thing, of course, was to avenge his lord's death, and so fulfill the law of martial loyalty. Galloping toward Kyōto in impetuous advance of his troops, he suddenly found himself surrounded by the same band of hired assassins that had forced Nobunaga to commit suicide.

Instantly Hideyoshi swerved his horse off the highway into a narrow path between rice-fields, and spurred him he knew not where. On finding himself presently entrapped in the walled approach to a temple, he leaped to the ground, wheeled his horse round, stabbed him in the flank, and sent him thundering back on the pursuers with such force that they were tossed right and left into the muddy rice-fields.

Meanwhile Hideyoshi bolted into the temple, where he found the Buddhist monks rollicking together in their common daily bath. Flinging off his armor and adjuring them to secrecy, he dove in among them. When the discomfited pursuers arrived, Hideyoshi was nowhere to be seen, but only a vat full of naked, roistering priests. But when his own anxious troops reached the temple later on, they found their lord complacently awaiting them, sitting upon the clean, cool mats, fanning himself, refreshed by a bath from the exertion of his unexpected adventure.

Within thirteen days of Nobunaga's death Hideyoshi utterly routed the traitors, compelling their leader, the new Shōgun, to resort to self-destruction, as Nobunaga had been forced to do. This is why the list of Japanese rulers contains one "Thirteen-Day Shōgun."

10

After presenting the head of the short-lived Shōgun as an offering on Nobunaga's tomb, Hideyoshi hastened to get hold of Nobunaga's infant grandson. Japanese society is so wholly based on the family that no matter how powerful an individual may be, he can get into a line of succession only by a proper proxy—so, doubtless, rea-

soned Hideyoshi. He arranged for elaborate memorial services in Nobunaga's honor, at the Daitoku temple in Kyōto; and, when the appointed day arrived, filled the temple grounds with his ambushed troops, having quartered his entire army in the city.

He knew well enough the established custom of determining a succession by the order of precedence in offering up incense to the deceased lord.

Nobunaga's two sons, each of them supported, for political reasons, by Hideyoshi's rivals and foes, wrangled for precedence until their supporters at length agreed upon a compromise. Hereupon the two sons prepared to march ceremoniously up to the altar, side by side.

At this juncture the voice of Hideyoshi broke the silence, loud and stern:

"Defer your offerings of incense! Major-General Hideyoshi, of the Second Grade of the Fourth Rank, is coming!"

Garbed as a court noble, and holding the baby grandson of Nobunaga in his arms as proxy, the peasant-general pushed his way through the startled throngs to the altar, followed closely by sixteen of his stoutest warriors, armed to the teeth.

Reaching the altar, Hideyoshi, who had a rare gift of eloquence, launched into bitter invective against Nobunaga's sons as unworthy of him. His speech ended, he suddenly gave the signal for assembling his troops. The men hidden in the temple grounds all sprang out, ready for action. And in every part of Kyōto, in answer to the beating of drums and the sounding of horns, the various detachments of Hideyoshi's immense army, now paraded the streets, equipped for war.

Hideyoshi meanwhile offered the first incense in the temple, with the infant grandson of Nobunaga in his arms. He never thereafter relinquished the supremacy so dramatically proclaimed, although he had to foil many a plot and counterplot, besides subduing half of Japan.

Nobunaga had been struck down at the age of forty-nine, with his work half accomplished after three decades of struggle. By the end of one more decade Hideyoshi wholly completed the task of bringing all Japan into subjection to one central authority—his own—and was looking around for other worlds to conquer. In consequence of victorious campaigns in Kyūshū and the Kwantō he made himself the “undisputed master of the Empire from Tane-ga-shima in the South on to snowy Yezo in the North. The work of mere territorial centralization was complete.” Professor Hara goes so far as to say that the honor of creating modern Japan must be assigned to him.

II

Meanwhile Hideyoshi erected three of the most famous structures ever seen in Japan: one, for security, his castle at Ōsaka; another, for luxury, his vast “Palace of Pleasure” on the top of Peachtree Hill, near Kyōto; and, for sheer vanity, a huge Dai-Butsu in the heart of the capital itself, so as to outdo, if he could, those of the Emperor Shōmu at Nara and of the first Shōgun, Yoritomo, at Kamakura.

Ōsaka, the site of Hideyoshi’s castle, dominated all the main approaches to Kyōto, and also its food supply. It was therefore suited to both defense and offense. And by being outside the capital, it gave Hideyoshi the same

sort of free and independent standing that Yoritomo had enjoyed at Kamakura.

Hideyoshi longed to be Shōgun himself, but by this time tradition had firmly established the Minamoto clan in exclusive succession to that honor. It is well for Hideyoshi's fame that this was so, for instead of being remembered to-day only as one among many Shōguns, he bears the unique designation of the Taikō, or Great Prince. Thus this man without a family stands out in Japan's story as a supreme individual, the greatest of the great three who redeemed their country from destruction when her institutional safeguards collapsed.

Ōsaka is Hideyoshi's chief landmark. Its castle was the leading example of an entirely new type of architecture that sprang up in feudal Japan in consequence of the introduction of firearms and of European methods of building. No greater contrast can well be imagined than that between Hideyoshi's new stronghold and the so-called castles of previous epochs, when the only stone employed was in foundations, and the only protective device was a thin wall of plaster defenseless against bullets.

Hideyoshi not only planned his vast stronghold with perfect assurance, comments Brinkley, but, by requiring each of the great nobles to undertake the construction of a part of it, he succeeded in having the whole completed within the short space of a year. Some of his contemporaries erected castles scarcely less remarkable in proportion to their resources, several still standing intact, notably those at Nagoya and Kumamoto.

They form not only grand but also picturesque features in the landscape, for while the diminishing stories of their keeps soften the impressive effect of their massiveness, the graceful curves of

their salient roofs crowned with terminals of gold or copper in the shape of huge carp, or rampant dragons, present a sky-line at once bold and interesting.

12

Although Hideyoshi's own castle was destroyed by his successor, Iyeyasu, its remains richly repay a visit. The immense granite blocks of its walls, some of them forty feet long, and ten or twelve feet through, have no counterpart in the world except in Egypt and Syria. A roving Elizabethan Englishman, Captain John Saris, saw the castle in its prime, and quaintly described it. Ōsaka he found to be "a very great towne, as great as London within the walls, with many faire timber bridges of a great height, serving to passe over a river there as wide as the *Thames* in *London*. It is one of the chief sea-ports of *Jipan*: hauing a castle in it, marvellous large and strong, with very deepe trenches about it, and many drawbridges, with gates plated with yron. The castle is built all of free stone, with bulwark and battlements, with loope holes for smal shot and arrowes, and diuers passages for to cast stones upon the assaylants."

In derision of the blue-blooded lords who despised him, Hideyoshi now adopted his burlesque coat-of-arms. This was a mere string of gourds, chosen, perhaps, because he regarded a gourdful of water as his best friend on a hot and dusty campaign. On winning a new battle, up would go another calabash on his ensign, so that a gilded cluster of gourds formed the symbol of his ever-victorious legions. A campaign ended, the peasant-potentate retired for his pleasures to his palace on Peachtree Hill, which, for sheer ostentation, threw the Golden and Silver Pavilions of the two aristocratic Medici of Japan into

the shade. The "Annals of the Taikō" speak of "high towers which shone like stars in the sky, of roof-tiles which roared in the wind, and of golden dragons which sang songs among the clouds."

Here for five days the little monkey-faced groom once entertained the Emperor himself in a fête of surpassing magnificence, when business, moreover, was cannily combined with pleasure, since it was on this occasion that the Taikō constrained his jealous rivals to sign, seal, and deliver a binding recognition of his permanent supremacy.

On another occasion Hideyoshi's love of ostentation combined with his canny business sense was strikingly illustrated by a colossal distribution of gold and silver.

One morning in June, 1589, the space within the main gate of the palace was seen to be occupied throughout a length of nearly three hundred yards with gold and silver coins heaped up on trays each containing one hundred and fifty pieces. Immediately within the gate sat Hideyoshi, and beside him the Emperor's brother. The mass of glittering treasure was guarded by officials, and presently the names of the personages who were to be recipients of Hideyoshi's largesse were read aloud, whereupon each of those indicated advanced and received a varying number of the precious trays. Perhaps the deepest impression produced by this grand display was a sense of the vast treasure amassed by Hideyoshi; and possibly he contemplated something of this kind.

If the Palace of Pleasure outshone the Golden and Silver Pavilions, by how much more did the Taikō's mammoth tea-festival on the plains of Kitano outdo the austere tea-ceremonials of Yoshimitsu and Yoshimasa! Booths and pavilions were set up over an area of six square miles. The affair was advertised for a month beforehand, like a Barnum circus, and all the intimidated guests—peasants, artisans, and nobles alike—had to bring

with them carefully treasured bowls and kettles in which to brew the infusion. In his new rôle as high-priest of esthetics, Hideyoshi passed grandly from one booth to another, drinking tea and inspecting the articles of vertu, obviously exulting in the fact that he, a man without a family, should set the fashion for the greatest aristocrats in the Empire. In three pavilions filled wholly with his own art-objects he himself served tea to such blue-bloods as Iyeyasu and Nobunaga's vanquished son, Nobukatsu—representatives respectively of Minamoto and Taira stock.

13

Although the Palace of Pleasure was demolished within a few years of its construction—some authorities think, by Hideyoshi's own hand—the portable character of Japanese architecture has preserved some of its most precious artistic treasures. Many of its paintings, screens, and wood-carvings were bodily removed to the Nijō palace and the Nishi Hongwanji temple in Kyōto, where they may be studied at leisure. Inside the temple are preserved complete rooms once devoted to the personal use of the Taikō: one—its ceiling magnificently decorated with war-drums—that he used exclusively for the purpose of personally inspecting the heads of his slaughtered foes, so as to be sure he had got the right ones! Outside, in the temple gardens, stands his famous "Day-Long Gate," brought likewise from the palace on Peach-tree Hill, and deriving its name from the theory that a whole day is needful to appreciate its intricate carvings.

Hideyoshi's third famous structure, a big wooden Dai-

Butsu, was destroyed by an earthquake during the later years of his life. On this occasion the Taikō showed that his real attitude toward idols had remained unaltered since youth. When only twelve years old he was cast out from his apprenticeship as a Buddhist acolyte, and for excellent reasons. Having been sent by the monks one day with food for the Deity of Boundless Light, which was made out of gilded wood, the rationalistic imp that was his mind constrained him to address the image as follows:

"You are supposed to be a god that aids men! On this account you receive great honor from all who visit this temple! Food is brought to you daily, but you don't seem to eat! How can an idol who takes no food get strength enough to give strength to others? If you really wish to help human beings, fortify yourself by eating this food! If you haven't got sense enough to do that, you're no god, and I'll smash you to bits!"

For a time he stood waiting for action, then seized one of the big bronze candlesticks from off the altar, and kept his word.

So, in like manner, after the great earthquake shook Kyōto in the later years of his life, Hideyoshi went out to inspect his pretentious wooden Dai-Butsu, and, on finding it shattered, contemptuously shot an arrow at it, and passed on.

The present wooden figure dates only from the year 1801. Previous to that time several restorations were made of Hideyoshi's original, one of which must be mentioned later.

Near the present Dai-Butsu still stands the famous "Ear Mound," piled above and around some forty thou-

sand pickled ears and noses that were clipped from the heads of Korean and Chinese warriors during Japan's sixteenth-century invasion of Korea.

This invasion failed of its purpose, probably on account of Hideyoshi's inability to superintend it in person. His aged mother being ill, filial piety detained him at home. Vats full of the pickled souvenirs were brought back by his devoted troops, who also brought with them potteries and potters that had made Korean ceramics famous.

From such wholesale spoliation Korean art never recovered. Printing with movable types was also brought over, greatly to the benefit of Japanese culture, printing having hitherto been rudimentary.

14

When returning to Ōsaka from his victorious campaign in the Kwantō, in 1590, Hideyoshi stopped long enough at Kamakura to visit the Hachiman temple, which contained a statuette of its founder, Yoritomo. Patting the effigy patronizingly on the head, Hideyoshi addressed the ghost of the First Shōgun as follows:

"You and I understand each other! You subdued the whole Empire, and I'm the only other man that's ever been able to do that! But you came of famous stock, while I'm sprung from mere peasants, and I intend to conquer China too—now what do you think of *that*?"

When he set about the attainment of this vast ambition, Hideyoshi chose Korea as his stepping-stone, and easily found a pretext for invading the unhappy peninsula. During the enfeebled rule of the Ashikagas, Korean kings had stopped paying the annual tribute long

claimed by Japan on the grounds of ancient peninsular rights. Hideyoshi now sent an envoy and demanded the overdue tribute, but without avail. Then he sent another, who returned with a Korean embassy seeking to argue the matter. These ambassadors he subjected to such peculiar contempt that his provocative insolence could hardly be mistaken, and the letter he gave them to take back to their king made it as plain as a pikestaff.

This Empire (he wrote) has of late years been brought almost to ruin by internal dissensions, which allowed no opportunity of laying aside armor. I restored peace to the country. I am the only remaining scion of a humble stock, but my mother once had a dream in which she saw the sun enter her bosom, after which she gave birth to me. And there was a soothsayer who said: "Wherever the sun shines, all places shall be subject to him." It has therefore been my boast to lose no favorable opportunity, and, taking wings like a dragon, I have subdued the East, chastised the West, punished the South, and smitten the North. Speedy and great success has attended my career, which has been like the rising sun illuminating the whole earth. When I reflect that the life of man is less than a hundred years, why should I spend my days in sorrow for one thing only? I will assemble a mighty host, and, invading the country of the great Ming (China), I will fill with the hoar-frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces. When I carry out this purpose, I hope that Korea will be my vanguard. Let her not fail to do so, for my friendship with your honorable country depends solely on your conduct when I lead my army against China.

Hideyoshi further reminded Korea that Japan was now only demanding a reciprocity of the favor China had enjoyed three centuries before, when Kublai Khan made Korea the base of his operations against Japan.

Replying to Hideyoshi, the Korean king likened Japan's proposed conquest of China to an attempt to bail out the ocean with a cockle-shell, and declined to become a party to any such absurd undertaking.

But Hideyoshi was in earnest. When his 300,000 troops were embarking, and a cautious adviser suggested that he should send some Chinese interpreters along, he retorted: "We shall teach those Chinese to use our literature!"

This ill-starred invasion of Korea, which began in 1592 and dragged out a weary length of six years, caused the Taikō his only recorded heart-burnings. During the illness from which he died in 1598, before the return of his troops, he implored Iyeyasu not to leave any of them in Korea "to become ghosts haunting a foreign land"—that is, without domestic ministrants to their needs.

His only religion was this of the ancestral cult, yet he knew well enough how to cater to popular superstition when that served his purpose. On setting out on his Kwantō campaign he even sent a letter to the God of the Sea. This was occasioned by the reluctance of the boatmen to ship his horses across the Bay of Enshū.

"Ryūgū, the God of the Sea, is a hater of horses," the boatmen told him. "He wrecks every boatload of horses he gets a chance at. When crossing that bay we don't even dare talk about horses!"

"That's all right," Hideyoshi rejoined, "but this is a special occasion. He'll raise no objections when he knows we're setting out on an expedition to subdue a rebel, a rebel against the Emperor himself, so just get me a pen and some paper!"

"My dear Lord Ryūgū," Hideyoshi wrote, "it is quite necessary to send some horses to Odawara to subdue an impious rebel, so please see that they reach there in safety."

This letter, properly signed and addressed, was thrown

into the sea. The boatmen, no longer worried and nervous, conveyed the horses to their destination safe and sound.

15

Like almost all self-made men who attain to great power, Hideyoshi was often arbitrary, and sometimes unjust. Once he gravely embarrassed a courtier by suddenly asking him whether it was really true that he, the great Taikō, looked like a monkey—a point on which he always remained sensitive. The courtier instantly perceived that if he told the truth, Hideyoshi would probably cut off his head, and that if he did not, his countenance would no doubt betray him, and he would be beheaded for lying. So he asked for time to consider, vainly hoping that his master would forget.

"How about that question I asked you?" demanded Hideyoshi next day.

"May it please Your Excellency," ventured the trembling courtier, "you do not resemble a monkey, but the monkey resembles you!"

This reply was rewarded as it deserved, for the Taikō was not lacking in humor.

But he could be both unjust and grim. Returning one fine spring day from viewing the cherry-blossoms near Kyōto, he was smitten by the beauty of a young widowed daughter of Rikyū, the most famous tea-master of the age, and at once demanded her as his mistress. Rikyū, in due time, explained—with the most perfect courtesy—that as his daughter was still in mourning for her husband, to whom she had been quite devoted, she begged to be excused from indulging such a request. This irri-

tated Hideyoshi, who thereafter harbored a grudge against Rikyū. One of the tea-master's enemies having at last persuaded Hideyoshi that Rikyū had sought to kill him with a poisoned cup of tea, the Taikō embraced the opportunity to get rid of a man that had dared to oppose his will. Rikyū was ordered to commit suicide, and the manner in which he did so is described in *The Book of Tea* as "the acme of tragic grandeur."

On the day destined for his self-immolation, Rikyū invites his chief disciples to a last tea-ceremony. Mournfully the guests meet at the portico. As they look into the garden path the trees seem to shudder, and in the rustling of their leaves are heard the whispers of homeless ghosts. Like solemn sentinels before the gates of Hades stand the gray stone lanterns. A wave of rare incense is wafted from the tea-room; it is the summons which bids the guests to enter. One by one they advance and take their places. In the alcove hangs a kakemono,—a wonderful writing by an ancient monk dealing with the evanescence of all earthly things. The singing kettle, as it boils on the brazier, sounds like some cicada pouring forth his woes to departing summer. Soon the host enters the room. Each in turn is served with tea, and each in turn silently drains his cup, the host last of all. According to established etiquette, the chief guest now asks permission to examine the tea-equipage. Rikyū places the various articles before them, with the kakemono. After all have expressed admiration of their beauty, Rikyū presents one of them to each of the assembled company as a souvenir. The bowl alone he keeps. "Never again shall this cup, polluted by the lips of misfortune, be used by man." He speaks, and breaks the vessel into fragments.

The ceremony is over; the guests, with difficulty restraining their tears, take their last farewell and leave the room. One only, the nearest and dearest, is requested to remain and witness the end. Rikyū then removes his tea-gown and carefully folds it upon the mat, thereby disclosing the immaculate white death-robe which it had hitherto concealed. Tenderly he gazes on the shining blade of the fatal dagger, and in exquisite verse thus addresses it:

Welcome to thee,
O sword of eternity!
Through Buddha
And through Daruma alike
Thou hast cleft thy way!

With a smile upon his face Rikyū then obeys the command of Hideyoshi.

16

The year 1592 was notable not only for the despatch of a Japanese army to Korea, but for the arrival of Spanish missionaries from Manila. For half a century the Portuguese had enjoyed exclusive control of Japan's foreign trade, as well as of Christian propaganda. They made such headway that it became the fashion to ape them. European dress became so common that on casually meeting a crowd of courtiers it was at first difficult to tell whether they were Portuguese or Japanese. Some of the more ardent votaries of fashion went so far as to memorize the Paternoster and the Ave Maria, without knowing or caring what they meant. Reliquaries and rosaries were eagerly bought, while all the lords, Hideyoshi and his nephew the Regent included, went about with crucifixes and reliquaries hanging from their necks—a tribute not to piety but to fashion, as Murdoch says.

Just before despatching his armies to Korea for the ultimate conquest of China, Hideyoshi sent a letter to the Spanish governor at Manila demanding tribute. His program of conquest unquestionably included the Philippines.

What reply, if any, was returned to this demand is unknown. But it was only a short time thereafter when the first Spanish missionary came into Japan from Ma-

nila, a Dominican, who was soon followed by several Franciscans calling themselves "ambassadors." Spanish traders, moreover, now began to anchor in Japanese ports. The enterprise of these Spanish merchants and priests led at once to bitter rivalry with the Portuguese, a rivalry both commercial and religious.

Once already Hideyoshi had objected to the presence of the Portuguese, on account of their persecution of Buddhists. As "the cries of dying priests and the crash of falling temples reached his ears from Kyūshū," he could probably foresee a long and devastating religious war as the result. He knew the tenacious hold of Buddhism on Japan, a hold which Nobunaga had been able to loosen only for a moment, even with fire and sword. He knew Buddhism as a church militant, with powerful military resources at its command. On the other hand, he perceived that the Jesuits, as Captain Brinkley says, spurned all compromise, that the disciple of every other faith was to them as an infidel, a pagan, a child of the devil; that their fierce zeal drove them from the outset to excesses of intolerance presaging a national catastrophe as soon as Buddhism found itself forced to fight for its life.

For such reasons, probably, he issued in 1587 an edict against further Jesuit propaganda by the Portuguese—five years before the coming of the Dominicans and Franciscans from Manila. This edict opened with a denunciation of the introduction of a foreign religion into a country that had a special religion of its own, Shintō, and was therefore in a peculiar sense The Country of the Gods. It then accused Jesuits of breaking the laws of the land by tearing down Buddhist temples and shrines.

These Christian fathers (wrote Hideyoshi) have shown great intelligence in explaining their religion, but their attack on Buddhism is a serious misdemeanor. They cannot be allowed to remain. They are to leave these shores within twenty days. However, foreign vessels will still be allowed to come here for trade. And foreigners who do nothing to offend Buddhists will be at liberty to come and go in the country as they please.

17

Hideyoshi was not only willing, he was anxious that foreign vessels should continue "to come here for trade." Perceiving which, the Jesuits managed to persuade him to let his edict become a dead letter, on the ground that the merchants on Portuguese vessels fell out and quarreled among themselves unless they had their priests to keep the peace.

But after the coming of the Spaniards, the foreign priests proved unable to keep the peace among themselves. Had not a papal bull conferred on Portugal the exclusive prerogative of both secular and religious intercourse with the Orient? It was doubtless to circumvent this bull that the first Franciscan missionaries from Manila came in under the guise of "ambassadors." At any rate, charges of bad faith and unfairness were hurled back and forth with great vehemence. Both factions—Portuguese Jesuits on the one hand, Spanish Dominicans and Franciscans on the other—intrigued to catch the ear of the Taikō, defaming one another, and he seems to have believed both sides.

But he constrained himself to patience. It was not until 1597 that the decisive event occurred: an event of which a Catholic historian long afterward declared that "it inflicted a wound on religion which is bleeding still, after the lapse of a century and a half."

A big Spanish galleon, bound from Macao to Mexico, was stranded off the coast of Shikoku, just across the Inland Sea from Ōsaka. As the Spaniards had been openly flouting Japanese laws, Hideyoshi promptly sent a boarding party to confiscate this vessel's rich cargo. Her commander, seeking to thwart these officials, bragged about the punitive power of Spain. He even showed them a world-map on which he traced with his finger the vast extent of Spanish dominions, hoping thus to intimidate them. Being asked "on what meat doth this our Cæsar feed"—by what measures Spanish strength had grown so great—the commander incautiously replied:

"Our Kings begin by sending into the countries they wish to conquer missionaries, who induce the people to embrace our religion; and, when considerable progress has been made, troops are sent who combine with the new Christians, and then our Kings have not much trouble in accomplishing the rest!"

18

When the Spanish captain's words were reported, to Hideyoshi, he flew into a rage.

"What!" he exclaimed. "So my states are filled with traitors, whose numbers increase every day! Although I once proscribed the foreign teachers, I let them remain here, because some of them are old and infirm. To the presence of certain others I shut my eyes, because I imagined them quiet, and incapable of evil designs. But I have been cherishing serpents in my bosom! These traitors are taken up in making enemies for me among my own subjects, perhaps even among my own kinsmen. They shall learn what it is to play with me! I am not

anxious for myself—so long as a breath of life remains, I defy all the powers on earth to attack me. But I am perhaps to leave the Empire to a child (Hideyori). How can he maintain himself against so many foes, domestic and foreign, if I do not look out for everything incessantly?"

The "swift-flying dragon" that had known how to subdue the East, chastise the West, punish the South, and smite the North, now pounced on the Christians. Froës, who seems to have been an eye-witness of the events that rapidly followed, has left a vivid account of them. When Hideyoshi ordered a census to be made of all Japanese that were in close relation with the foreigners in Ōsaka and Kyōto, the numbers proved to be so huge that the inquest for suspects had to be suspended; it was an impracticable task. Not only so, but Christian converts felt that their opportunity of martyrdom had come, and seemed eager to embrace it. Several great lords turned in their names as Christians, and proud of it,—including one of Hideyoshi's own kinsmen, as he had craftily guessed. Christianity had indeed crept into his very household. His tea-master and one of his favorite physicians confessed the faith of the cross, while his consort's secretary and his second wife's sister were also both Christians.

The alarmed but ever resolute Taikō determined to make an example of two dozen Christians by crucifixion: six Spanish Franciscans, three Japanese Jesuits, and fifteen Japanese laymen, as it turned out. The fifteen laymen included three boys, aged between eleven and fourteen, who had been taught to serve mass by the Franciscans.

Before the arrival of this party at Nagasaki, where the

crucifixion was to take place as an example to Christians in their very stronghold, two other converts insisted so zealously on being admitted to the ranks of martyrdom that the guards accepted them. Twenty-six, therefore, were crucified.

Froës, in his lengthy and detailed account of this crucifixion, says that the ardor of the Christians who looked on "had free course, for they ran up to the crosses through the ranks of the guards heedless of their blows, some to steep their kerchiefs in the blood of the martyrs, others trying to tear off something from the hem of their garments. Such was the happy passing away of the soldiery of Christ, who, contending boldly, gained a glorious victory over the enemy."

The padres naturally regarded Hideyoshi as *the* enemy, "whose soul," they inform us, "is in hell to all eternity."

He died in the following year, leaving the issue between Church and State unsettled. It was only settled in the end by barring the national gates, and by placing Christianity under such a ban as was worthy of the Inquisition itself.

This was one of the problems passed on by Hideyoshi to Iyeyasu, into whose care he committed the custody even of his darling little son, Hideyori.

There is a touch of pathos in the constant and profound anxiety of this man without a family to found one, and in the fact that he never succeeded. Like Napoleon, whom in so many ways he resembles, he remains alone—"wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

In originality no other Japanese leader has approached him. His contemporaries emphasized this quality in the very nickname they gave him. Two other of Nobunaga's ablest captains were dubbed "Attack" and "Retreat,"

the former being at his best when at the head of a charge, the latter when conducting his troops out of difficulties. But Hideyoshi was nicknamed "Cotton," because he could adapt himself to such a multitude of unexpected uses. Murdoch thinks that in this respect Hideyoshi was not a representative Japanese; "for, pitted against even an Alexander, or a Hannibal, or a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, he might well have come off on equal terms, chiefly on the ground of his incontestable originality."

He left to posterity "Thirteen Canons of Instruction" that are strikingly original, as such things go, in simplicity and terse common sense:—

1. Shake off passion.
2. Don't drink too much.
3. Don't yield your heart up to women.
4. Don't dispute.
5. Don't oversleep.
6. Don't carry a joke too far.
7. Consider your future.
8. Don't let your work bore you.
9. Beware of the stupid.
10. Beware of fire.
11. Beware of the law.
12. Set up fences in your heart. (Control your thoughts).
13. Don't despise anybody.

VI

ISOLATION

Key Cities: Tōkyō and Nikkō

I

“**A**LAS! Like the falling and vanishing dew, am I. Even my Ōsaka castle is but a dream within a dream!”

So ran the sad little poem composed by Hideyoshi as he lay on his deathbed in 1598. Although only sixty-two years old, he knew that his time had come. Sending for his old comrade-in-arms, six years his junior, he said to Iyeyasu:

“It seems most unlucky that before foreign countries have been subjected to us I should be overtaken by this illness! I foresee great battles after my decease, and know that no one but you can pacify the country.”

Abruptly breaking off from subjects of state, the Taikō exclaimed:

“My son Hideyori is still young—I beg that you will look after him!”

Iyeyasu is said to have demurred to this suggestion, but Hideyoshi insisted on it even when two of his trustiest friends warned him. “You need not be anxious about Iyeyasu,” he rejoined, “he will not rebel against my house.”

Accordingly the Taikō not only appointed Iyeyasu

guardian of little five-year-old Hideyori, but named him as chairman of a board of seven regents to govern Japan during Hideyori's minority.

Two years after Hideyoshi's death Iyeyasu made himself sole master of Japan by winning the terrific battle of Seki-ga-hara against all his confederated rivals. He then proceeded, until his own death sixteen years later, to rule Japan as no other man ever has ruled it, founding his own line of Tokugawa Shōguns so securely that it took the Imperial Restoration of 1868 to unseat them. As steps toward the exaltation of his family he got himself appointed First Shōgun of the new line in 1603; brought about a ratification of the succession two years later through the designation of his son Hidetada as Second Shōgun, although he himself never once relinquished the real reins of rule; and contrived before he died to rid the new Tokugawa line of all dangerous rivalry by exterminating Hideyoshi's seed, root and branch,—after having reduced the Ōsaka castle to “the baseless fabric of a dream.”

Hideyoshi had not only given all the vast territory of the Kwantō to Iyeyasu, but is responsible for the selection of the site of Tōkyō as the new eastern capital. During a campaign in the Kwantō, to which reference has already been made (page 142), Hideyoshi one day said to Iyeyasu:

“I see by this map there is a village over yonder called Yedo (the Door of the Bay). It has all the advantages required for a strong castle-town—situated in the midst of a wide and fertile plain, with the sea in front and the hills behind. There you had better settle down.”

Iyeyasu expressed his approval of this suggestion at the time, and remembered it after the decisive battle of

Seki-ga-hara made him the master of Japan. Had not his great ancestor Yoritomo founded the Shōgunate at Kamakura, only a few miles away? Had not Yoritomo been eminently wise in separating his military capital from imperial Kyōto by a distance of some three hundred miles? Had not the Ashikaga Shōguns gone back to Kyōto to their ruin? "Never make mistakes" was the professed rule of Iyeyasu's career, and he avoided at the outset the fundamental mistake of the Ashikagas. He had proved that he could manage soldiers in battle with the wisdom of a god, as Japanese writers declare, and he now exercised consummate wisdom in setting 300,000 of his soldiers to work leveling the hills of Yedo, reclaiming its swamps, grading streets, digging canals; and building innumerable houses. This new city he centered with a castle of unheard-of dimensions, for which he compelled his vanquished rivals to furnish labor and materials in a measure that impoverished them. Next he established easy communication between Yedo and Kyōto by constructing a grand trunk road—which is still in excellent condition—having fifty-two well-equipped rest-houses along the way. People thronged up this highway from Kyōto and Ōsaka and the populous South, so that Yedo grew as by magic. His new capital reasonably complete, Iyeyasu with his son Hidetada marched in triumphal procession along the grand new thoroughfare all the way from Yedo to Kyōto, escorted by 170,000 soldiers. On reaching Kyōto he encamped these troops outside the city, and then marched them in on the installment plan, 10,000 troops daily for seventeen consecutive days. The ostensible object of his visit to Kyōto was to pay homage to the throne, but it was the profound effect produced by this spectacular display of

force of which Iyeyasu took immediate advantage to secure the appointment of his son to succeed him.

2

The sixteen years of Iyeyasu's rule were marked above all things by craft, of which an instance has just been cited. He succeeded so well in dissembling the real character of his policies that even Japanese scholars sometimes give him a credit he does not deserve. Rai Sanyō, the greatest historian of them all, says, for example, that Iyeyasu's allegiance to the Emperor was all that could be desired. On the other hand, Okakura-Kakuzō exposes the heart of the matter in a brilliantly penetrating statement, as follows:

The great genius of Iyeyasu is apparent in his full recognition of the Mikado in the national scheme. In strong contrast to the arrogance and utter neglect which the preceding Shōguns displayed toward the court, he spared no effort to show his respect. He augmented the imperial revenues, invited the daimyōs (feudal lords) to participate in rebuilding the imperial palace, restored the court ceremonial and etiquette, and was unceasing in his ministrations to the welfare of the imperial household. He even started the unprecedented ceremony of the Shōgun paying personal homage to the throne, and a brilliant pageant yearly passed from his castle of Yedo (now known as Tōkyō), dazzling the delighted eyes of the populace as it wended its way slowly toward Kyōto. All this was flattering to the national love of tradition. It was considered as heralding the advent of the millennium.

But behind this appearance of loyalty to the throne lay hidden the subtlest snares of the Tokugawas. If they recognized the necessity of the imperial cult, they determined that they alone should be its high-priests, and that others should worship at a respectful distance. In the name of sanctity, the Kyōto court was deprived of those last remnants of political authority which former regencies had suffered it to retain. A strong garrison was stationed in Kyōto, ostensibly for the protection of the palace, but its mem-

bers were chosen from the tried bodyguard of the Tokugawas themselves. They continued to *invite* one of the imperial princes to take the monastic vows and reside in Yedo as lord abbot of the Uyeno temple, by which means they always virtually held at their capital a hostage from the Kyôto court. No daimyô was allowed to seek audience of the Mikado without their consent.

Under the cover of hospitality, Iyeyasu even took hostages of the daimyôs. They, too, were "invited" to make their city homes in the outer precincts of his colossal citadel, of which the castle proper dominated a secondary enclosure large enough to house a small city. All daimyôs had to spend half their time within the walls of his Yedo citadel, and to leave their wives and families there when they were going back to or returning from their fiefs,—in itself a time-consuming task that kept them fairly busy, and therefore comparatively harmless. But Iyeyasu also created a new line of daimyôs, bound to him by clanship and endowed with his bounty, and their new fiefs he drove like wedges between any two of the older line that seemed to him dangerously powerful. The Roman axiom, "Divide and rule," was with him an intuitive policy. Wary of the power wielded by the Fujiwaras through their monopoly of the supply of the imperial consorts,¹ he divided even that ancient house against itself by an act of specious generosity. *Two* branches of this now enormous family were recognized as entitled to the imperial honors, which had the practical effect of splitting the Fujiwaras into rival factions, who thereafter spent their strength in intriguing against each other.

Subtlest of all Iyeyasu's stratagems was this knack of setting causes to work so as to produce effects favorable to his designs without the showing of his hand. He has

¹ See page 53.

been praised for his kindness to the commoners, including merchants and peasants, who comprised more than ninety per cent of the Japanese people, and he did indeed grant them many privileges hitherto unknown; but this had the practical effect of ranging this immense body on his side as against the intriguing daimyōs. And he was careful not to overload commoners with privilege! Industry and commerce flourished under his rule and that of his successors; agriculture was especially encouraged, as rice was the medium in which the revenues of the government were taken; but on the other hand all commoners were not only disarmed, they were subjected to a rigid caste system and watched by a vast network of spies designed to hold them forever in serfdom,—mere producers and barterers of the necessities of life for the unsubmerged tenth, forbidden to intermarry with their betters or even to bear surnames, the victims of a treadmill existence that had as its principal object *the prevention of change*.

Iyeyasu conceived, planned, and executed the amazing ambition of perfecting an autocracy that should not only work like a well-oiled machine during his own lifetime, but remain fool-proof after his death, and thus secure to his family prolonged hereditary rule in spite of mediocre representatives, now and then, whom he foresaw in the due course of nature.

He provided Japan with a system of general education, under which every child had to learn to read and write; but Okakura, among others, points out that this system of instruction formed as much a part of his scheme for preserving absolutism as any of the military precautions he took against the power of the Kyōto court or that of the daimiates. Confucianism, with its emphasis on conservatism in general and its exaltation of filial

piety and loyalty in particular, was at the core of his scheme of instruction. By means of Confucianism, universally inculcated, Iyeyasu welded Japan into an amazing cohesiveness. Over every group of five families was placed a group-chief to whom each member of the various families was bound by filial piety. These headsmen were then in turn made strictly responsible to the daimyōs, and the daimyōs directly to the Shōgun; who, instead of submitting himself in final allegiance to the Emperor as Son of Heaven and the father over all, buried the native religion of Shintō under the tenets of Confucianism, made dazzlingly impressive, in turn, by the revived splendor of the Buddhistic ritual. For religion, like education, was subordinated to statecraft.

Through its schools Japan was now thoroughly conventionalized. For instance, every girl had to learn familiarly and precisely the minutiae of the elaborate tea-ceremonies, which lay ready to Iyeyasu's hand as an instrument of discipline in the most rigid formalism. In addition, the daughters of the samurai, or soldiery of the daimiates, had further to learn minutely the death-drill known as jigai, or "throat-piercing," corresponding to a drill in hara-kiri for their brothers.

3

It is doubtful whether even ancient Sparta went so far in military discipline as these schools of the Tokugawa Shōguns. Building on the groundwork of Bushidō, Iyeyasu carried the compulsory training of the boys of Japan farther than his great ancestor, Yoshiie, had ever dreamed of doing in the schools of his mountain

camp. Think of crowning a curriculum of archery and fencing, swordsmanship and stratagem, wrestling and jūjutsu, with a daily suicide-drill! Boys in all the samurai schools were disciplined so constantly and rigidly in every tragic detail of this "bowel-cutting," and had it so impressed on their imaginations as the noblest of all noble deaths, that when the time for its actual enactment came "they were able to meet the bloody reality without a tremor and with perfect composure," at the mere word of their superior. The last tea of Rikyū had been an exceptional example of calm bravery so lately as the time of Hideyoshi, but under his immediate successor such instances became almost commonplace; readiness to pay the last sacrifice of obedience being drilled into the very marrow of the nation, and hara-kiri, or seppuku, becoming universally recognized as the honorable mode of death beyond every other.

Two youths, who once conspired against Iyeyasu to avenge the death of their father at his hands, were granted this mode as a favor; Iyeyasu especially commending their obedience to the maxim of Confucius, "Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth with the enemy of thy father or lord." But in accordance with a stern law of his own, the death-sentence had to be suffered by all the male members of the offending family, so that the guilty youths, Sakon and Naiki, went to their tragic ceremonial accompanied by the third son, a mere child of eight. A physician witnessing what followed left an account of it.

When they were all seated in a row for final despatch, Sakon turned to the youngest and said,

"Go thou first, for I wish to be sure that thou doest it aright!"

Upon the little one's replying that, as he had never seen hara-

kiri performed, he would like to see his brothers do it first, so so that he could learn from their example, the older brothers smiled through their tears and exclaimed:

"Well said, Little One! So canst thou well boast of being our father's child!"

When they had placed him between them, Sakon thrust the dagger into the left side of his abdomen and said:

"Look, Little Brother! Dost understand now? Only, don't push the dagger too far, lest thou fall backward. Lean forward, rather, and keep thy knees well composed!"

Naiki did likewise, and said to the boy:

"Keep thine eyes open, lest thou look like a dying woman. If thy dagger feels anything within and thy strength fails, take courage, and double thine effort to cut across!"

The child looked from one to the other, and, when both had expired, he calmly opened his clothing and followed their example.

Significantly enough, Iyeyasu, while thus fostering hara-kiri as the supreme test of courage, as of obedience and loyalty, discouraged junshi; evidently because it served no useful end.

Junshi, "the follow-death," is the shadowy persistence of a very ancient custom that required the retainers and slaves of a deceased lord to follow him into his grave. Of old they were buried willy-nilly, with their heads protruding above the ground, so that the air was long filled with lamentations. This evil was immensely mitigated ages ago by the substitution of those proxy images of clay that now make such interesting exhibits in all Japanese museums. But Iyeyasu aspired to abolish the persistence of junshi even in the guise of voluntary suicide—not death for the dead, but a life devoted to the living lord, seeming to express his position—and a still later Shōgun severely interdicted this kind of suicide with the threatened visitation of the most terrific penalties on all surviving members of the family. "Not until

the exaction of these terrible penalties did the custom receive its death-blow," wrote Brinkley, about the year 1900.

But junshi had not even then received its death-blow; it came to life impressively a dozen years after Captain Brinkley penned its obituary. For when the great Emperor Meiji died, in 1912, General Nogi, one of the two chief heroes in the war against Russia—Admiral Tōgō being the other—committed the follow-death, together with his wife, so that they might continue to serve their Imperial Master among the shades. So far from being disgraced for this sacrificial act, General Nogi and his wife were honored in an extraordinary way. Foreign visitors to Peachtree Hill, in the suburbs of Kyōto, not only marvel to-day at the immense Meiji mausoleum standing where Hideyoshi's Palace of Pleasure once stood, but pause at its base to marvel even more before the shrines of General and Mrs. Nogi, entombed near their Emperor and Empress, and worshiped as divine because of their self-immolation.

4

Iyeyasu institutionalized Japan. Himself the ablest of the three powerful individualities that rescued the country from the anarchy of the later Ashikagas, he now used his vast abilities to impose on the entire body of the people a rigid formalism and institutionalism that kept his family in power for two and a half centuries, and left a lasting imprint on Japanese character. Society he divided into compartments as tight as the bulkheads of caste could make them. On the one hand were the two million sword-bearing samurai, ruled by

some three hundred daimyō, above whom was a handful of sacrosanct and secluded and comparatively futile court nobles, or kuge. On the other hand were twenty-five or thirty million "common folk," over whom the samurai had the power of life and death, and who were divided into the three ranks of farmers, artisans, and merchants.

The farmer ranked first among commoners as being the creator of the necessities of life from the soil. Artists and artisans came next, as they also were producers of either the beautiful or the useful, and Japan, be it said to her credit, has never subordinated the one to the other. Bankers and brokers and merchants trailed along together in the third and lowest class of recognized society, since they made a living by merely manipulating, and that at a profit, the laborious products of others. Still below these were a good many thousand unrecognized and in fact untouchable outcasts, the "eta": people of obscure origin; banished to segregated settlements, like lepers; subsisting by such degraded means of livelihood—in Buddhist eyes—as tanning or butchering or grave-digging, all of which are concerned with the unholy destruction of life; and constituting even at the present day one of the gravest social problems of a new and "democratized" Japan.

Although the so-called Legacy of Iyeyasu may belong to a later Tokugawa administration instead of being the master's actual handiwork, its sumptuary laws for the regulation of society in the minutest details are at any rate the logical outcome of causes that he set in motion. It is not too much to say, in fact, that the entire Tokugawa régime is but the lengthened shadow of its founder. This is to get the astounding measure of the

man, for Iyeyasu died in the same year as Shakespeare, 1616, but projected himself institutionally down to the mid-Victorian year 1868.

Some idea of Tokugawa devices for keeping things exactly as they were may be gathered from sumptuary laws regulating the lives of the farmers. These laws were based on income. If a farmer were so prosperous as to command an annual income of five hundred dollars, he might build a house sixty feet long, but no longer; and, on becoming a grandfather, he could give the child four presents, and no more, including one cotton baby-dress. The average farmer, with an income of only fifty dollars a year, was limited to a house thirty feet long, and to one present on the birth of a child—namely, one toy spear in the case of a boy, or one paper-doll or one mud-doll in the case of a girl! As Hearn says, it is difficult for the Western mind to understand how human beings could patiently submit to laws regulating not only the size of one's dwelling, and the cost of its furniture, but even the substance and character of clothing—not only the expense of a wedding outfit, but the quality of the marriage-feast, and the quality of the vessels in which the food was to be served,—not only the kind of ornaments to be worn in a woman's hair, but the material of the thongs of her sandals,—not only the price of presents to be made to friends, but the character and the cost of the cheapest toy to be given to a child!

The most significant of all the strange Tokugawa laws was one emanating without doubt directly from Iyeyasu himself, prescribing the punishment for rudeness, and defining the offense. It was Iyeyasu himself who defined a rude person as "an other-than-expected-fellow."

Rudeness he then penalized with death, authorizing any samurai to cut down "a fellow who has behaved to him in a manner other than expected."

Such laws were obviously designed to stamp out initiative, to nip the bud of aspiration, to prevent progress, to set up an adamant barrier against all possible change; providing, as effectually as any human foresight could, that Iyeyasu's system should continue in force as he had arranged it, for the benefit of his heirs and assigns forever, even though they be imbecile or corrupt.

To ensure the enforcement of the Tokugawa laws, every member of each five-family group throughout Japan was adjured to "watch carefully the conduct of his fellow members," and required to report faithfully thereon, on pain of condign punishment.

We arrive therefore at the conclusion that a fundamental principle of the Tokugawa policies was suspicion,—the whole Japanese Empire, so long as this Shōgunate lasted, being a huge nest of spies. Hearn thinks that Iyeyasu had at his disposal the most perfect system of espionage ever established. Can it be that he learned it from the Jesuits? Okakura indicts the Tokugawa Shōgunate with the charge that "from the highest to the lowest, all were entangled in a subtle web of mutual espionage, and every element of individuality was crushed under the weight of unbending formalism."

Captain Brinkley blames the tea-ceremonies for that formalism which he regards as a distinct blemish in Japanese character. This is like calling a strait-jacket an asylum. The tea-ceremonies were only one element of rigidity in the Procrustean bed to which Japanese character was bound as with thongs of steel for more than two centuries. The wonder is that resilience and recovery

have been so swift. Only a people of peculiar vitality and flexibility could have achieved such a rapid rebound. If their critics still find them on occasion unduly suspicious, and therefore now and then super-sensitive, the explanation is not far to seek. The Japanese people will some day entirely outgrow the inevitable results of a bygone system of government which, with all its faults, preserved the life of their nation.

5

Had it not been for a shipwrecked English pilot, we might be tempted to regard Iyeyasu as a soulless, inhuman, or perhaps almost superhuman, machine. His relations with Will Adams reveal him as a real human being. It is an amazing and fascinating romance, that of the bluff Elizabethan sailor hobnobbing with the proud Shōgun, teaching him "jeometry" and "mathematickes,"—for Will carried off his spelling in the grand manner,—receiving from Iyeyasu the grant of a fief and the rank of a samurai, to say nothing of a Japanese wife; and then writing back to Mrs. William Adams in England long, homely letters that serve to temper history's judgment of the icy Iyeyasu with the touch of a warm human interest.

England had followed Portugal and Spain and Holland in adventures upon the high seas, and Adams was one of that school of hardy pilots developed under such great sea-masters as Drake and Cavendish, Frobisher and Cabot and Hawkins. Englishmen tended to stress adventure in their early voyaging, while the Dutch laid the emphasis on trade. Adventure produces excellent pilots, so when the shrewd Rotterdam Company at last des-

patched their fleet of five sail (in 1598) to wage deliberate commercial warfare with the Portuguese and Spanish for control of the Far Eastern trade, the Dutch employed Will Adams as pilot-major. Two years after the departure from Rotterdam, and in the very year (1600) when Iyeyasu began his rule, the sole surviving vessel of the little Dutch fleet limped into a harbor of eastern Kyūshū, with Will Adams in command of a score of his shipwrecked comrades.

To grasp the significance of what immediately followed, it is only necessary to remember that the Protestant Reformation had but lately cleft Europe in twain, and that this cleavage left behind it such a far-reaching bitterness as to extend to distant Japan, where it influenced history.

When the Jesuits at Nagasaki had satisfied themselves of the stranding of a Dutch merchantman on the opposite coasts of Kyūshū, they hurried up to Iyeyasu's court and denounced Adams and his crew as pirates and outlaws, and therefore deserving of death.

Iyeyasu had never heard of the Protestant Reformation, and the rancor of the Jesuits against their fellow-Europeans simply made him curious. Hence Adams writes to his English wife: "Nine days after our arrival the great king of the land sent for me to come vnto him."

In an interview lasting until midnight Iyeyasu asked Will "whether our countrey had warres? I answered him yea, with the Spaniards and Portugals—being in peace with all other nations!"

The Puritan sailor not only held his own against the Catholic priests, but steadily gained ground with "the ould Emperour," as he frequently calls Iyeyasu.

"So in the processe of four or five yeeres the ould Emperour called me diuers times," he could write home at last. "So one time about the rest he would have me to make him a small ship. I answered that I was no carpenter, and had no knowledge thereof. Well, doe your endeavour, saith he: if it be not good, it is no matter. Wherefore at his commaund I buylt him a ship of the burthen of eightie tunnes, or there about: which ship being made in all respects as our manner is, he comming aboard to see it, liked it very well; by which meanes I came in more faueur with him, so that I came often in his presence, who from time to time gaue me presents, and at length a yearely stypend to liue vpon, much about seuentie ducats by the yeare, with two pounds of rice a day, daily. Now beeing in such grace and fauour, by reason I learned him some points of *jeometry*, and vnderstanding of the art of *mathematickes*, with other things: I pleased him so, that what I said he would not contrarie."

6

When a Spanish mariner and a Franciscan friar between them betrayed undue energy in surveying the Japanese coasts, Adams flatly informed Iyeyasu that in his own country this would be regarded as an act of hostility. On his adding that the Romish priests had been expelled from many lands of Europe for intrigue, Iyeyasu is said to have exclaimed: "If the sovereigns of Europe do not tolerate these priests, I do them no harm if I refuse to tolerate them!" And it is a matter of record that he issued his edict against them immediately after Adams had told them that in the eyes of Portugal and Spain the annexation of non-Christian countries was justifiable under all circumstances.

Adams was a partisan of the Dutch in proportion as he opposed their foes. "After he had learned the language," wrote a Portuguese padre, resentfully, "he had access to Iyeyasu and entered the palace at any time. In his char-

acter of heretic, he constantly endeavored to discredit our Church. On the subject of the Catholic faith he was inaccessible. Sotomayer (a Spanish envoy) spoke to Iyeyasu of the Hollanders, and insisted that they should no longer be allowed to stay in the ports, denouncing them as rebels against their King, and people who could bring no other merchandise than what they had stolen from the Portuguese and the Chinese. But Sotomayer was not listened to, the favour of Adams always protecting the Hollanders."

It sounds somewhat amusing to hear the Dutch denounced as rebels against the King of Spain. Holland still cherished a lively recollection of the Duke of Alva and his Council of Blood, and with great delight put the finishing touches to Spanish sea-power off Gibraltar, in 1609.

That was the identical year in which, with the assistance of Adams, the Hollanders in far-away Japan won their fight against the Spanish and Portuguese merchant marine, through securing from Iyeyasu a license to trade with Japan from their Oriental bases in the Spice Islands and Java.

They now set up their Japanese trading-base in Hirado, an island to the north of Nagasaki. Here also the English established themselves, four years later, under that Captain John Saris whose description of Ōsaka castle was mentioned in a previous chapter. Adams tried to get Saris to come up to Yedo, where Iyeyasu greatly wished for a foreign trade freed from the intermixture of foreign religion. But Saris for some reason disliked Adams, and insisted on remaining at Hirado, where the English succumbed to Dutch competition at the end of ten years, and withdrew.

As Professor Chamberlain says, the letters of Adams are decidedly worth reading (in the Hakluyt series), not only for the lifelike silhouette of the writer that stands out from their quaintly spelt pages, but for his description of Japan at a time when the land swarmed with Portuguese and Spanish friars and their converts, when no embargo had as yet been laid on foreign trade, and when the native energy and enterprise of the people had not been repressed by two and a half centuries of bureaucracy and isolation. The light these letters throw on Iyeyasu gives them an additional value. That the Shōgun really loved the honest sailor can hardly be doubted. He let him go on a voyage to the Ryūkyū Islands, and on a still longer one to Siam; but when Will ventured to urge once too often his desire to go home, "the ould Emperour" fell gloomily silent. He loved Will too well to risk losing him.

Adams outlived his princely friend by four years, having spent twenty years in Japan, including the whole of Iyeyasu's administration. On his death in 1620 his large estate was confirmed to his Eurasian son, Joseph, and the Japanese at Yokosuka still take good care of "Pilot Mound," by which his grave and that of his Japanese wife are distinguished.

7

Shortly after Iyeyasu's death Adams wrote a letter home that recalls sharply the darkest chapter in the great Shōgun's career, his abuse of Hideyoshi's trust. This letter also touches in an interesting way on the fateful manner in which the ruin of young Hideyori became involved with the ruin of the Jesuits:

The Jessvits and Ffriers made Hideyori believe that by their favour he should be aided by great mirrackles and wounders; but in fyne it proued the contrari. For the ould Emperour against him pressently maketh his forces ready by sea and land, and compasseth his castell that he was in; although with loss of multitudes on both sides, yet in the end rasseth the castell walles, setteth it on fyre, and burneth hym in it. Thus endeth the warres. Now the Emperour hearing of thees Jessvets and friers being in the castell with his ennemis, and still from tym to tym agaynst hym, coumandeth all romische sort of men to depart ovt of his countri—thear churches pulld dooun, and burned. This folowed in the ould Emperour's daies. Now this yeeare, 1616, the old Emperour he died. His son (Hidetada) raigneth in his place, and hee is more hot agaynste the romish religion then his ffather wass: for he hath forbidden thorough all his domynions, on paine of deth, none of his subjects to be romish christiane; which romish seckt to prevent eueri wayes that he maye, he hath forbidden that no stranger merchant shall abid in any of the great citties.

Although Adams here devotes but a few terse words to the downfall of Hideyori and the great Ōsaka castle, Iyeyasu had spent years in watching certain causes—which he himself set craftily to work—produce their effects.

His very first step to bring Hideyoshi's son within the close circle of his control had been to marry off this child of seven to one of his own infant granddaughters.

Matchmaking was one of Iyeyasu's hobbies. He used the daughters of the Tokugawa clan so freely for various marriages of state as to exhaust the natural supply, and had recourse now and then to adoption. As in all patriarchal social systems, adoption still prevails in China and Japan with all the validity of a family tie.

When Iyeyasu found his adopted grandson growing up into an uncommonly strong and self-reliant manhood, he felt at first "like a man who, having still a long dis-

tance to travel, finds himself enveloped in darkness"—so much did he fear the potential rivalry of Hideyoshi's house against his own. But reflection and counsel soon brought him light: he surrounded Hideyori with women!

His next step was to deprive his young ward of the sinews of war. Hideyoshi, with that quaint originality that so often characterized him, had endowed his only son and heir with multitudinous ingots of gold, molded into the significant form of war-horses. But Iyeyasu, through the ladies-in-waiting, now played upon Hideyori's sense of filial piety to such purpose as to convince him that he was in duty bound to replace his father's shattered wooden Dai-Butsu, at Kyōto, with one of bronze. This, with an enshrining temple and an immense bronze bell, effectually disposed of the war-horses.

The dedication exercises of this expensive religious establishment were violently interrupted by a posse of Tokugawa police, who claimed that an inscription on the big bronze bell—still to be seen at Kyōto—was treasonable to their house. It was a trumped-up charge, but it furnished Iyeyasu with a pretext for attacking Hideyori in his Ōsaka castle, now that the young man was bereft of means; and the attack followed in due course.

But the mighty stronghold proved impregnable to bare siege. Once more the ladies were called on to exercise their blandishments. They succeeded so well that Hideyori finally agreed to an amazing arrangement. The siege was indeed to be lifted, and he was to be left in "complete control" of the castle; but, seeing that it is polite and considerate to give hostages, or their equivalent, to armies that are so kind as to lift sieges, Hideyori undertook on his side to admit some of Iyeyasu's troops to the hospitality of his outer defenses, and even to allow

them to fill up the first moat. Iyeyasu was so kind as to say that this labor would be furnished gratis!

Of course it was the old story of the camel that nosed its way inside the Arab's tent. Poor Hideyori discovered that letting troops in was far easier than getting them out. From the destruction of the first line of defenses Iyeyasu's thousands of energetic soldiers went on unchecked to the second line; and, by the time they had finished their appointed duties, the castle had become a mere shell, "a dream within a dream," as Hideyoshi had prophesied.

Meanwhile, however, the Catholics, against whom Iyeyasu had recently issued his edict, rallied around Hideyori. Moreover, his dead father still had many powerful friends left among the feudal chiefs, many of whom were envious of Iyeyasu's vast power. "The old Badger," as he is sometimes half-affectionately called by Japanese writers, fought shy of rousing the slumbering influence of the dead Taikō. He was especially apprehensive lest Hideyori should take it into his head to put on his armor and march out of his dream-castle at the head of his still powerful troops. So, at last, in 1615—the year before his own death—Iyeyasu moved in great force against Hideyori, having got word to him through the ladies that it would be simply fatal to sally forth, as he was actually planning to do.

The castle was now beleaguered and burned. Hideyori's wife made her way to her grandfather's tent and begged for her husband's life, but the old man was hard. He forced Hideyori to commit suicide, had his mother murdered, and even caused his little six-year-old son to be beheaded by a common executioner.

Proceeding to Kyōto after the battle of Ōsaka castle, Iyeyasu next razed the temple that had been built in

Hideyoshi's honor, removed his tomb to a remote corner of the Dai-Butsu enclosure, and even induced the helpless Emperor to annul his posthumous title.

All this was hardly in accord with one of those maxims in the composition of which Iyeyasu liked to occupy his leisure:—"Before taking any step, propound to your heart the query, How about justice?"

His favorite maxims, whether sincere or not, deserve perpetuation, especially in the beautiful translation of Lowes Dickinson:

Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load. Let thy steps be slow and steady, that thou stumble not.

Persuade thyself that privations are the common lot of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent, neither for despair.

When ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through.

Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance forever.

If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee! It will fare ill with thee.

Find fault with thyself rather than with others.

Better the less than the more.

This last maxim seems especially ironical, as we remember that on Iyeyasu's death nineteen-twentieths of all Japan was in the hands of his family and adherents.

8

Adams, although a Puritan, scarcely exaggerates the participation of Catholics in the final battle around Ōsaka castle. The Christians fought Iyeyasu's troops boldly, under banners emblazoned with golden crosses and with images of Christ and St. Iago, the patron saint of Spain.

Iyeyasu's early death prevented his own effective en-

forcement of his anti-Christian edict, issued only after a long and painstaking investigation had been crowned by the testimony of Adams. He even sent a personal envoy to Rome, who came back and told him that the Pope claimed universal dominion. He became reluctantly convinced, like Hideyoshi before him, that even the lucrative trade with Portugal and Spain must be sacrificed in order to save Japan's life. The fact that the Portuguese took advantage of this trade to carry large numbers of Japanese into slavery scarcely increased his affection for Christians, and the battle of Ōsaka Castle proved the last straw. Indeed, the fighting of the Christians so enraged the entire Tokugawa family that Hidetada made the persecution of "the romish religion" a policy of state as soon as his father had been entombed at Nikkō.

Hidetada was to learn at once that the blood of the martyrs may become the seed of the church. On the decapitation of two friars at Nagasaki, great crowds flocked to the grave in which both bodies were interred, the sick were carried thither to be healed, and converts displayed the boldest courage. One Dominican friar went so far as to announce that he acknowledged no Emperor of Japan, but only the Emperor of Heaven. Hidetada promptly beheaded him and his colleagues, but took the precaution to bury them deep in the ocean, where seed cannot flourish.

Fresh missionaries kept on coming into Japan, undismayed. On one Portuguese ship a letter was intercepted, addressed to Japanese Christians, urging them to revolt, and promising the aid of men-of-war. Some Nagasaki Christians united in an armed attempt to rescue two Spanish friars, who were thereupon roasted to death. Hidetada was provoked to ever sterner measures, culmi-

nating in the so-styled "great martyrdom" at Nagasaki in 1622, when nine foreign priests and nineteen Japanese Christians were burned at the stake.

Iyemitsu succeeded his father Hidetada in 1623, to become the best known of all the Tokugawa Shōguns except his illustrious grandfather, Iyeyasu, with whom he alone was to share the honor of entombment at Nikkō. Iyemitsu carried proceedings against foreigners and Christians to their uttermost extreme. He signalized the year of his accession by the execution of some five hundred Christians, while the following year, 1624, is famous in Japanese history for the promulgation of his great edict of isolation, which was to continue in force for 230 years as the outstanding feature of the entire Tokugawa régime. During the twenty-eight years of his rule Iyemitsu persecuted a quarter of a million Christians for their faith, which at last he succeeded in exterminating.

9

The great struggle with the Christians culminated in 1638, in the Shimabara Rebellion, which Japanese writers commonly regard as an example of thwarted Occidental aggression against the political integrity of their country. They regard this rebellion as even more menacing than the thirteenth-century invasions of Kublai Khan had been, since it was an assault against the Japanese State delivered from within, headed by Christian samurai in command of twenty thousand troops, accompanied by some thirteen thousand women and children.

The Shimabara Peninsula, which lies directly east of Nagasaki, had shared honors with the neighboring island of Amakusa as the most fertile of all fields of Catholic

missions. Consequently, Iyemitsu's prolonged persecutions were felt there with peculiar severity. But the Christians might never have resorted to actual revolt except for unendurable taxes that were levied upon them.

This burdensome taxation was the immediate occasion of their massing together as one body, and seizing an abandoned stronghold on the eastern coast of the peninsula, a stronghold consisting of a dilapidated castle perched on a steep plateau, overlooking the sea on three sides, and approachable by land only through bogs.

Here the assembled Christians were besieged from January until April, 1638, their battle-cries being "Jesus," "Maria," and "St. Iago," and their ensign a fiery cross.

On their running short of both food and ammunition, all but a hundred of these 33,000 Christians were put to death with the most ingenious and spectacular cruelty.

Although this tremendous massacre resulted in the practical extermination of the native Christians, the Portuguese at Macao were not minded to let go the grip they had held for such a long time on Japanese trade. It was mainly to the rich profits of this trade that Macao owed its magnificence. Therefore, in spite of the Shimabara massacre, four of the most respected citizens of Macao were presently despatched to Nagasaki in a ship laden with rich gifts for the Shōgun, while public prayers were said in their behalf by the entire city, and "the Holy Sacrament was exposed in all the churches" of Macao.

On arrival of the ship at Nagasaki, the four "ambassadors" and all the ship's company were immediately seized and imprisoned on the islet of Deshima, while a courier was rushed up to Tōkyō for instructions. In "the quickest journey ever accomplished between Yedo and Nagasaki under the old régime," two commissioners

from the Shōgun's court came down, accompanied by a squad of executioners.

In an audience of much pomp and circumstance, the Portuguese "ambassadors" were asked how they had dared enter Japan in defiance of Iyemitsu's edict, which had denounced such an act as a capital offense. To this they made reply that trade and diplomatic missions were different; that the edict had been directed at traders, and not at ambassadors, who were under the protection of international law.

They were at once told that their alleged diplomatic mission could not save them; that they could not be regarded as ambassadors; that "the whole embassy is nothing but a pure lie;" and that they were automatically sentenced to death.

When the interpreter ceased reading their sentence of doom, there was a deep and solemn silence throughout the crowded hall of audience. At last, at a sign from one of the commissioners, the executioners they had brought with them from Yedo threw themselves upon the envoys, seized them and bound them as ordinary Japanese criminals were bound, and hurried them off to prison, with halberts resting on their necks. Early next morning they were offered their lives if they would renounce Christianity, but every one rejected the offer. At seven o'clock they left the prison for the Martyrs' Mount, the scene of so many tragedies, and there the heads of the envoys and of fifty-seven of their companions fell (August 3rd, 1640). The thirteen selected to carry the news to Macao, after witnessing the execution of their superiors, were taken to witness the burning of the vessel, and on the following day they were summoned to the Governor's palace, and were formally asked by him if they had seen their vessel burned. "Then," he went on, "do not fail to inform the inhabitants of Macao that the Japanese wish to receive from them neither gold nor silver, nor any kind of presents or merchandise; in a word, absolutely nothing which comes from them. You are witnesses that I have even caused the clothes of those who were executed yesterday to be burned; let them do the same with re-

spect to us if they find occasion to do so; we consent to it without difficulty. Let them think no more of us; just as if we were no longer in the world." Then the survivors were again taken to the scene of the tragedy and requested to identify the heads of the victims, which were fixed on planks arranged in three rows; and their attention was then directed to a tablet posted up beside them, which, after recounting the story of the embassy and the reason for the execution of the alleged envoys and their companions, wound up: "*So long as the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that if King Philip himself, or even the very God of the Christians, or the great Buddha shall contravene this prohibition, they shall pay for it with their heads.*"

Seven years later the persistent Portuguese made one more attempt to enter Japan for purposes of trade, sending over two vessels from Macao with an ambassador from Lisbon on board, bearing a message from the King of Portugal himself. On reaching Nagasaki, the Portuguese ships were ordered to surrender their rudders, their arms, and their ammunition, but declined; whereupon the Kyūshū daimyōs were all summoned post-haste, and the Portuguese soon found themselves blockaded by a force of at least fifty thousand men. Never before had such an array of men gathered to guard the country against foreigners. In this instance, however, the Shōgunate ordered Nagasaki to exercise leniency, and the foreign ships were permitted to depart.

The tenacious enmity of Japan toward Portugal was strikingly illustrated nearly thirty years later, when a venturesome British ship, the *Return*, was ordered out of Nagasaki harbor because, since the Shōgun's government had somehow ascertained that the English King "was married with the daughter of Portugal, their enemy, they could not admit us to have any trade, and for no other reason," according to the British report.

During the Shimabara Rebellion the Dutch repaid Portuguese enmity in full. The beleaguered castle proved to be so inaccessible by land that the Shōgun's naval forces had to be called to the attack. But their guns were too light, whereupon Koeckebacker, the Dutch manager at Hirado, was asked for assistance. He responded with a Dutch vessel whose twenty guns threw four hundred and twenty-six shots into the Christian—but Catholic—castle in fifteen days!

Koeckebacker takes pride in the fact that the Shōgun's counselors admitted that he had "taken much trouble and rendered good service." "Special mention had been made of all that had been done by us, and these reports had been forwarded daily to His Majesty with the coming and going post," he boasts. "We firmly believe that the kind manner in which we were treated was proof of their lordships' satisfaction with what had been done by us."

However, after the grim Nagasaki incident of 1640, even the Dutch were watched more and more closely. The Shōgun's arch inquisitor was sent to Hirado, where, under the mask of an interest in freshly imported European novelties, he and his associates nosed through all the goods in the Dutch warehouses, searching for objects of religion. Finding no reliquaries or crucifixes or the like, they did, however, pounce on the fact that the Dutch had labeled their new warehouses with Christian dates: such as, A.D., 1640. On their demanding that these warehouses be therefore demolished, the Dutch manager pliantly answered: "Everything that His Imperial Majesty has ordered will be executed to the letter,

and without delay!" The warehouses were accordingly destroyed.

Iyemitsu's ingrained hatred and suspicion of aliens were not yet allayed, although he could not persuade himself to do without foreign trade altogether. So in 1641 he compromised his dilemma by ordering the Dutch down to Nagasaki, where he could keep them under the most rigid surveillance. There, on the artificial islet of Deshima—two hundred yards long by eighty yards wide—the Dutch were shut up. This islet had been especially constructed for the imprisonment of law-breaking Portuguese, in front of the old Portuguese warehouse, with which it was connected by a diminutive bridge. Within this stockade, of which the high fence was even covered with a projecting roof, so that only the highest hills were visible from within, the Dutch, for the sake of their country's trade, consented to be cribbed, cabined, and confined during the two centuries and more that Japan's rigorous exclusion act remained in force.

They were confined under the most humiliating conditions. At first ten ships a year were allowed to come to Nagasaki from Holland, but afterwards only one. From all such ships the guns, ammunition, and rudders were immediately removed, while the sails were put under seal, and the cargo was ransacked throughout. "While our vessels are being inspected," writes one Dutch trader, "our ships' companies—even the chief officers—are beaten with sticks by the inspectors, as if they were dogs."

The Hollanders were not permitted to observe the Sabbath, to reckon time by the Christian era, or even to be buried in Japanese soil; watery graves were good enough for them. They were treated as belonging to the Jap-

anese pariah class, or "eta." In addition to a strong guard at their little bridge, a great notice-board proclaimed the restrictions of Deshima. No women except prostitutes might enter the islet, and no Dutchman might leave it without proper reasons and within a prescribed time. The Dutch resident had to go up to Yedo once a year to offer the Shōgun respects—and presents.

On the day of audience, the presents for the Court had to be set out in the room of the palace appointed for the purpose, and invitations were issued to view them. Among them were Spanish wines, Edam cheese, linens, silks, and other European productions. At the audience, which took place in the Hall of a Hundred Mats, the Dutch Resident was summoned to offer his reverence to the Shōgun, who usually sat behind a curtain; the Resident crept forward on his hands and feet, and, falling on his knees, bowed his head to the ground, and retired again in absolute silence, crawling exactly like a crab. When this exhibition was over, the envoys were led farther into the palace, to give the women and the rest of the Court the pleasure of beholding them, in which amusement the Shōgun also shared.—Now (writes their historian, Engelbert Kaempfer) we had to rise and walk to and fro, now to exchange compliments with each other, then to dance, jump, represent a drunken man, speak broken Japanese, paint, read Dutch and German, sing, put on our cloaks and throw them off again, etc.; I for my share singing a German love ditty.

When the "red-haired barbarians" from Holland took their annual leave of the Shōgun's Court, they had to swear, each time, not to have any connection with Christians, but on the other hand to give such information about the "Kirishitan sect" as might be of interest to the Shōgun.

In such highly mitigated fashion the great Japanese exclusion act "discriminated" in favor of the Dutch!

The valuable consideration received by the Dutch in return for their patiently endured humiliation may be

suggested in terms of solid bullion. Being able to buy the precious metals in Japan at a much lower price than in Europe, they exported, between 1609 and 1858, over forty million pounds sterling of gold and silver, besides two hundred thousand tons of copper. In return, they brought in such futile luxuries as toys, mirrors, jewelry, and pet birds and animals. They were accustomed to make a hundred per cent net profit on a voyage.

This one-sided trade seems to have been largely responsible for that radical impoverishment which dates from the Tokugawa age and is still a source of some embarrassment to Japan. Japanese writers still denounce Deshima as a gate through which national wealth flowed away incessantly for two centuries and a half, while foreign economists agree that if the produce of placers and reefs had been kept at home until modern days, and then used to purchase spinning machinery, to start foundries, to establish dockyards and facilitate internal communications, Japan's industrial position would be even better than it is.

The Dutch were shut up at Deshima just ninety-nine years after the discovery of Japan by the Portuguese. A caustic Japanese writer sums up the results of this first century of foreign intercourse as "the adoption of gunpowder and firearms as weapons, the use of tobacco and the habit of smoking, the making of sponge-cake, the naturalization into the language of a few foreign words, and the introduction of new and strange forms of disease."

II

Iyemitsu carried absolutism to an extreme degree in his treatment not only of aliens, but of his own fellow-countrymen as well, including the daimyōs and even the Emperor. Shortly after his father's decease he summoned all the daimyōs and said:

My grandfather owed much to your assistance when he brought the Empire under his sway, and my father, remembering these things, naturally treated you rather as guests than as vassals. But my case is different. I was born to the rule of the land. I cannot regard you in the same light as the late Shōgun did. If good order is to be preserved, my relation to you must be that of sovereign to subject. Should any among you find that relation irksome, and desire to reverse it, I am prepared to decide the issue on the battlefield. Return to your homes and think it over.

Thus addressed, the daimyōs were struck with awe, as a native historian confesses:

None of them dared raise their eyes. For a while dead silence reigned in the hall, but presently Date Masamune spoke: "We all bathe in the favor of the Tokugawas. If any one here entertains a disloyal purpose, I, Masamune, will be the first to attack him." Then the other daimyōs unanimously said: "We are of the same mind as Masamune." Thereupon Iyemitsu retired to a room and summoned the individual daimyōs in turn. As each came into his presence, Iyemitsu handed him a sword, with the words: "Unsheathe it and inspect the blade!" In this way every daimyō was called in, and there was none who was not awestruck and who did not perspire on his back. They all said to one another, "The work of the Tokugawas has assuredly been established by the Third Shōgun!"

Being a connoisseur in tea, the Third Shōgun had his favorite tea-leaves brought all the way to Yedo from Uji, near Kyōto; which would not be worth mentioning had he not organized the passage of his august tea-caddies into

a sort of religious procession, requiring all who might meet this procession in the course of its three-hundred-mile journey along the great highway—including the highest nobles in the realm—to prostrate themselves before his tea-caddies as devout Catholics bow before the host.

While this haughty Iyemitsu reestablished the lapsed custom of doing official homage annually at the great ancestral shrines of the imperial family in the province of Ise, he no sooner did this than he demanded reciprocal treatment for his own house; requiring an imperial envoy to come up from Kyōto to Nikkō on every anniversary of Iyeyasu's death and do homage at the new Tokugawa tomb, which he had decided should also be his own. He further assumed the title of Tai Kun ("tycoon"), or Great Prince, and it was retained by all his successors.

Iyeyasu himself had greatly diminished the Emperor's prerogatives, but Iyemitsu dared even to revoke imperial acts. One of his successors went so far as to punish, "for presumptuousness," envoys sent by the Emperor to Yedo to get his advice!

When all is said, however, it must be conceded that Iyemitsu's isolation of Japan was a policy of such importance, and indeed necessity, that it atoned for the many abuses of Tokugawa rule. Had it not been for this drastic policy, Japan would have gone the way of the Philippines—losing its national soul as well as its independence through the insidious encroachments of the predatory powers of the West. Japan shut her doors, barred them, padlocked them against disturbing and dangerous outside influences, and then achieved an integration of which she stood much in need, and without which she could not have preserved her individuality intact

when the flood-gates were finally opened and Western influences poured in. As it turned out, Japan has the unique distinction, among all modern nations, of having reached the full limit of its individual development, and this development took place during the Tokugawa rule, in consequence of an arbitrarily imposed isolation. All the great nations of the past, as Walter Bagehot points out in his profound study of sociological principles, "Physics and Politics," were prepared in privacy and in secret. Greece, Rome, Judæa, were framed each by itself,—composed far away from all distraction. "The ages of isolation had their use, for they trained men for ages when they were not to be isolated."

12

The Tokugawa age was above all a long period of intensive character-training. Japan secluded herself as in a convent, abstained from internal dissensions, and went as it were to school. The influences of this era of concentrated schooling so wrought upon and developed certain inherent national tendencies as to produce five fundamental qualities of character—traits that account in large measure for the Japan of to-day. These qualities are bravery, loyalty, thoroughness, alertness, and self-control.

Bravery has long been the chief ideal of Japanese character. What beauty meant to the Greeks, and right to the Romans, and sanctity to the ancient Hebrews, bravery has meant to Japan. A man might be whatever else he pleased in old Japan, but if he was brave, he kept the respect of his fellows, and might even become a demigod. As we have already seen, the development of bravery was

undertaken with deliberate thoroughness by the Tokugawas; martial exercises, including the suicide-drill, holding a commanding position in the curriculum of their system of schools. Suicide was sublimated into a virtue as the supreme test of bravery, as well as of obedience. Its elaboration into a national institution, practiced and belauded for centuries, has doubtless done more than any other one thing to make the Japanese soldier so notably indifferent to the perils and pains of war.

Coupled with bravery is his no less noteworthy loyalty. The roots of this characteristic have already been traced back to the supreme moral obligation of filialism. This obligation is due to all superiors, increasing, in fact, as it ascends. "Thy father and mother are like sky and earth," runs a Confucian proverb, "but thy teacher and thy lord are like the sun and the moon." Iyeyasu and his Confucian successors succeeded in binding the daimyōs to the Shōgun as the retainers were bound to their daimyōs and children to fathers, thus welding Japan into a unity such as hardly any other nation has known.

Although the Tokugawas emasculated the actual powers of the Emperor, they were always careful to exalt the theory of his supremacy, and thereby to rule. The very seclusion in which they mysteriously veiled him enhanced his sanctity in the eyes of the people as Son of Heaven. Thus there resulted a highly unified government, a theocracy in theory but a bureaucracy in fact, bound together by an ever-centralizing loyalty, a form of government that endures essentially to the present day, and endows Japan with a power out of all proportion to mere size and population and material resources. The Emperor is the soul of the realm, and to him the whole body does reverence; the Shōgunate—afterward

supplanted by a clan ministry—having been the brain, while the masses supplied sinew and brawn. Loyalty is the life principle, being even the law of the Emperor, who exemplifies filial piety in the worship of his divine ancestors at Ise.

The Tokugawa period moreover provided opportunity for drill in the habit of thoroughness. Iyeyasu set an example in the study of the Chinese classics that was eagerly emulated by posterity. So ingrained has Chinese become in the literary language of Japan that no one can master the latter who does not know also the former. Consequently, a Japanese school-boy, bright as he is, does not learn to read the classics until he is sixteen or seventeen years old, because of the immense multiplicity and complexity of the Chinese ideograms. Where an American or European school-boy has to learn an alphabet of only twenty-six simple letters, the well-educated Japanese youth must have mastered at least five thousand out of a total of more than fifty thousand ideograms, most of which are exceedingly complex, and many of which are differentiated only in the minutest particulars. But consider what this means toward thoroughness. Poring over these Chinese puzzles for generations has developed the native knack for detail until thoroughness has become a marked characteristic. Coupled with an in-born love of beauty, which the later Tokugawa influences fostered into an exquisite popular taste, and linked with the Oriental habit of patient industry, Japanese thoroughness has produced the most minutely perfect specimens of handiwork that have ever delighted the world. An artist will chisel away at a little block of ivory for years,—not to harvest a pecuniary reward, but to satisfy his passion for perfection,—until at length you hold in

your hands a tiny figure which is almost a microcosm, and will in fact yield only to the microscope the completeness of its dainty perfections. The same is true of cloisonné or damascened work, and of the exquisite productions in lacquer, which such critics as Gonse and Gilbertson pronounce the most perfect works of art ever wrought by man's hand.

It used to be said by hostile critics that while the Japanese may be great in small things, they are small, in great things; that while they are thorough enough in minutiae, they lack the capacity for thoroughness in "the things that are really worth while." It used to be pointed out that while producing ivory carvings and dainty lacquered objects at home, the Japanese had to send abroad for their ships. But the critics were unduly impatient, as time proved. At Yokosuka, where Will Adams built the first European ships the Japanese ever saw, Japan now constructs her own dreadnoughts, while her home-built merchant-marine sweeps the seven seas.

A quality that greatly enhances the value of thoroughness is alertness, or perhaps one had better say energy. The Japanese had this from the beginning, as Prince Shōtoku proved. And nothing more impresses the traveler in the Far East to-day than to pass swiftly over from the colossal impassivity of continental Asia to the island-hive of Japan, swarming with quick, darting hornets of energy,—a people kept quick and alert even by their earthquakes, typhoons, and tidal-waves. The Tokugawa period of schooling developed this native trait of alertness by such methods as the highly characteristic discipline of jūjutsu.

The first time the present writer saw a jūjutsu performance it left an indelible impression. Two or three

Japanese youths happened to be his fellow-students at college. One of them was standing one day watching a ball-game, when a great strapping joker from the back-woods came clumsily up behind him and threw him to the ground. The dapper little Oriental arose smiling, flicked off the dust from his clothes,—and waited. Weeks later, when the big bundle of brawn stood lost in observation of another game, the Japanese came swiftly up behind him, and, with just a flash, just a touch that was nothing,—there sprawled his great foe on the ground! We who saw it were mystified, but the big victim was most mystified of all—just as huge Russia was, years later, when Japan played jūjutsu on an international scale. Individual experts in jūjutsu seem to achieve the miraculous. There lies a stalwart antagonist with a bone broken, a great tendon strained, or even in a state of suspended animation—how was it done? Not by sheer force alone, or even chiefly. He was lured on to overreach himself, until there was a sudden invisible nimble flash, and it was over. Japan is embodied alertness. Jūjutsu literally means the “science of gentleness,” in which an ounce of swift skill overcomes a pound of slow strength.

It is little use to school heart and mind and muscle unless the will also be trained. The most important lesson that it can learn is of course self-control. Buddhism taught Japan this supreme lesson. The Japanese is at heart a Tartar,—impatient of restraint, impetuous, restive, headlong, eager to live his own life in his own way. Buddhism came and laid its soothing hand upon him. It bade him be still, to repress his desires, to submerge his one life in the All. The Japanese has never been a thorough convert to Buddhism, simply because it contradicts

his nature. But by an age-long familiarity with its later teachings, drilled into his spirit from early childhood, he has received from this great religion of repression precisely the will-discipline he needed. Unlike the usually phlegmatic Chinese, his impassiveness is not so much innate as acquired. When at last he came out from Tokugawa seclusion to a place on the world-stage, it was to this Buddhistic schooling of the will that he owed the strength to restrain himself from panic, and so to direct his powers of heart and mind as to hold his own with the strongest.

The development of these five important qualities is a fruit of Japan's isolation.

13

Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu chose for their tombs the most beautiful spot in Japan. "Do not say *Kekkō*! until you have seen Nikkō," runs a byword among Japanese travelers, *kekko* meaning "splendid," and Nikkō, "Sunny Splendor." So when the ageing Iyeyasu began to ponder upon death, but especially on his apotheosis, he cannily selected Nikkō as the supreme spot in all beautiful Japan for the perpetuation of his fame throughout the ages.

Iyemitsu carried out his grandfather's wish by erecting a superb mausoleum in which Iyeyasu was duly apotheosized as "the Orient-Illuminating Prince," and he also built for himself, hard by, a second temple, which, although less pretentious, challenges by its very chasteness and black-lacquered simplicity the supremacy of Iyeyasu's golden and ruby glories.²

Passing inside these twin temples at Nikkō, one stands

² Hidetada meanwhile had built himself a gorgeous mausoleum in Yedo (Tōkyō), where the other twelve Tokugawa Shōguns are all buried.

surrounded by the finest examples of decorative art to be found anywhere in the world. In painting, sculpture, lacquer, and metal-work innumerable motives are represented, and every available foot of space is ornamented. "Coffered ceiling, embossed column, sculptured surface, carved bracket and beam, silver-capped pendant, gold-sheathed pillar-neck and beam-crossing, gilded roof-crest and terminal, painted mural space, lacquered door, recesses crowded with elaborate carvings, gates rich with sculptured diapers and arabesques and deeply-chiseled panels—the catalogue is endless."

Wood-carving is the chief of these multifold glories, and the most famous artist in this mode, Jingorō the Left-Handed, may be called the Japanese Pygmalion. A legend runs that he fell in love with one of his most beautiful feminine creations, and placed a mirror in the folds of her robe, hoping that she might be tempted to come to life in order to view her own loveliness. The ruse proved successful, so that the enraptured lover could at last kneel at the feet of his divine Galatea, worshiping her with libations of saké.

Wood-carving in general was much stimulated by Iyemitsu, who, in his zeal to promote Buddhism as a make-weight against Christianity, made it compulsory for every household throughout the Empire to own at least one Buddhist image.

Nikkō is the earlier Tokugawa age made visible: an age of such notable achievements in art that it has been likened to the age of Pericles, the days of Louis XV, and the Venetian prime. A good illustration of the characteristic manner in which this age mixed mother-wit with esthetic expression, or utility with beauty, is found in the earthquake-proof pagoda at Nikkō: one of the two most

beautiful pagodas in Japan, the other being the very earliest purely native structure, the Yakushiji pagoda near Nara. When a European scholar visited Nikkō in the interest of a work on Oriental art, he was surprised to observe an apparently gross waste of material inside this fairy-like tower: a rough log, two feet thick, ascending through its center from the base. Climbing to the summit of the pagoda, his surprise was intensified on discovering that this heavy and apparently useless log, a full hundred feet long, was hung like the clapper of a bell. Descending again, and stooping, he found that this log does indeed swing free, thus serving the purpose of a gigantic pendulum, which, through the earthquakes of centuries, has, by its swinging, maintained the pagoda's equilibrium and so saved it from toppling down.

It was by such canny methods that Iyemitsu and his associates thwarted the big demon-fish who lives in the waters under the earth, and the flip of whose tail causes earthquakes. Even the spiral metal finial of this pagoda, designed as a "demon arrester," is also a first-class lightning-rod!

As soon as the first awful shock of the great earthquake of 1923 had subsided, a party of sojourning Americans hurried up to the temples of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, heart in mouth, to see how much of their irreplaceable glory had departed. But the priests sat serene in the gilded interiors, and, to our anxious inquiries, sedately replied that while havoc had no doubt been wrought elsewhere, the favor of the honorable gods would always preserve Nikkō. Every lucky traveler that has ever been there will join in a fervent So-be-it!

14

Iyemitsu's immediate successor was negligible; but his other son, Tsunayoshi, as fifth Shōgun, gave the name "Genroku" to one of the outstanding year-periods in Japanese history: 1688 to 1703.

Japan still clings to this Oriental custom of reckoning time in year-periods. These now synchronize with the imperial reigns, but formerly they were fixed arbitrarily. Genroku happens to mark off that period of fifteen years during which all the arts of Japan flourished in unison as never before or since.³

Genroku was a time not only of unexcelled culture, but of enormous extravagance and profligancy, centering in the Tokugawa court. Tsunayoshi embodied the period on both its good and bad sides. Outdoing all the other rulers of his line in patronage of the arts, he is also known as the Dog Shōgun—his devotion to the Buddhist doctrine of kindness venting itself vehemently on stray dogs. For these he built immense kennels, covering 138 acres of valuable land in the suburbs of Yedo, and then levied high taxes for the support of his pets on a scale far exceeding the standards of living that prevailed among his subjects.

It is scarcely a coincidence that the famous episode of the Forty-Seven Rōnin occurred during Genroku. Okakura characterizes that episode as eloquent in its silent protest against the Shōgun's régime, and in fact prophetic of the still distant revolution in which rōnin were to play such a prominent part.

The word rōnin means "wave men," designating such samurai as for some reason or other became detached from

³ See E. Dillon's excellent little book, "The Arts of Japan," pp. 72 ff.

their lords, to be tossed hither and thither by the winds of adventure. This particular group of forty-seven men became rōnin in consequence of the suicide of their master, the daimyō Asano, from whose death the tragic tale begins.

In the year 1702 Lord Asano was on duty at the Dog Shōgun's court, learning the courtier's arts under a greedy and graceless majordomo named Kira. Asano was much better versed in the Ways of the Warrior, Bushidō, than in the arts of the courtier, and incurred the contempt of Kira, whose vast knowledge of court ceremonies is said to have been equaled only by the meanness of his disposition. The majordomo lost no opportunity to affront Asano, whose iron self-control he mistook for cowardice. Finally he ordered Asano to perform one of the most menial of oriental services,—to fasten the latchet of his shoe,—and accepted the service with the sneer, "Why, this country bumpkin cannot even tie a sandal!"

On this, Asano's temper gave way, and he flung himself with his dirk on his insolent instructor, who, however, managed to escape.

Asano atoned for his crime of disloyalty to his teacher, and for his offense against the Tokugawa laws, by committing hara-kiri that very night.

His retainers by this act became rōnin, and they felt themselves bound in honor to avenge their dead master, although they knew well enough that the penalty would be capital punishment. Under one of their fellows as leader, they now resorted to all sorts of devices to elude the vigilance of the government in maturing their plans.

Ōishi, as leader, sought first to throw the well-defended majordomo off his guard, and so roved as a rōnin to Kyōto, and reveled there in gross dissipation. Even Kira's spies became at last convinced that all danger was over, since Ōishi had made himself the most notorious ne'er-do-well in all Kyōto. One day a southern samurai, seeing him lying apparently dead-drunk in the gutter, spat on him, with these scornful words:

"Is not this the sometime counselor of Lord Asano?—a fellow without the stomach to avenge his dead master, who gives himself up to wine and women! See how he lies drunk in the streets!

Faithless beast! Fool and coward! Unworthy the name of samurai!"

Even his wife was deceived by his misconduct. When she ventured to reproach Ōishi for his shame, he first abused and then divorced her, sending her away with their two youngest children, and taking into their home a harlot in her stead.

"Admirable and faithful man!" exclaims the annalist. Where loyalty is concerned, all other considerations are trivial.

Meanwhile, others of the forty-seven rōnin, disguised as artisans and servants, secured employment in Kira's great mansion at Yedo, and learned all its ins and outs by heart.

Finally, when the intended victim of their vengeance had been completely lulled into a false security, Ōishi secretly rejoined his companions, and they all made ready to strike the long withheld blow.

On a snowy midnight in December, 1703,—a year and seven months after the suicide of Asano,—the loyal conspirators forced their way into Kira's mansion in two bands, one led by Ōishi and the other by his sixteen-year-old son.

Every detail having been foreseen and provided for, the majordomo's defenders were quickly overpowered. He himself eluded pursuit for a while, but at length was discovered hiding in an out-house.

Ōishi, scrupulous in observing the full etiquette of the occasion, knelt down before the trembling enemy of his departed master, and offered him the opportunity of hara-kiri. "I myself will have the honor to act as your second; and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Lord Asano!"

But the majordomo was too badly frightened to avail himself of this courtesy, so the leader of the rōnin beheaded him with the selfsame dirk wherewith Asano had killed himself the year before; and, placing the severed head in a pail, departed with his forty-six companions in virtuous joy.

After banqueting in celebration of their victory, the forty-seven rōnin reached the temple graveyard where Asano lay buried. When they had washed Kira's head in a convenient well, they laid it very ceremoniously upon their master's grave, Ōishi and his son and then all the others in turn burning incense to the avenged ghost, while the priests of the temple chanted prayers. They also laid on the grave the blood-stained dirk and a memorial address concluding with the words:

"This dirk, by which your Lordship set great store last year, and transmitted to our care, we now return. If your noble spirit be present before this grave, we pray you take this dirk, and, striking the head of your enemy, to vent your hatred forever!"

The rōnin had already paid the attending priests for burial near their master, and for masses in behalf of their souls. With one mind, therefore, all of the devoted band now committed hara-kiri in front of Asano's grave, and were laid to rest with their lord.

The fame of this loyal deed spread like wildfire, and the tomb became at once a holy place. Among the many thousands who thronged to it on pilgrimage came that same southern warrior who once, in ignorance, had spat upon Ōishi's prostrate form. Kneeling humbly, he implored Ōishi's ghost for pardon, and then committed hara-kiri himself. So he, too, is buried with the rōnin, nor was he the last to die upon this hallowed spot.

You may pay many visits to the simple little graveyard in southwestern Tōkyō that marks the last resting-place of these turbulent wave-men, but never without finding the soil beaten hard by the feet of countless modern pilgrims, whose visiting-cards whiten almost to concealment the chief shrine of Japanese loyalty.

15

The Dog Shōgun of the Tokugawas could not read portents any better than that diletante ruler of the ancient Fujiwara age who toyed with his fan and murmured "Cuckoo!" when informed of the Masakado affair. The deed of the Forty-Seven Rōnin was no whit less portentous than Masakado's rebellion had been. It showed that the old native faith still lived on in the hearts of the people, served by Buddhism instead of becoming subservient to it, and only intensified by the Confucian maxims that Iyeyasu had drilled into his subjects.

"Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth with the enemy of thy father or lord" was quoted by the forty-seven samurai in their memorial address to Asano's ghost in direct opposition to what Iyeyasu had intended,—as justifying their breach of a decree issued by his arrogant house, instead of inspiring them to serve it. And every detail of the tragic ceremonial of propitiation, from the cleansing of Kira's head to the final prayer to Asano, emphasized the persistence of that hoary and ghostly faith, the native Shintō, which was to survive Chinese luxury and learning, and eventually drive the Tokugawas to oblivion.

The break-up of the Ming dynasty in the middle of the seventeenth century resulted in an incursion of Chinese scholarship into Japan, reminiscent of what had occurred when the Tang exodus of the tenth century contributed so richly to the golden age of the Fujiwaras. In philosophy, the pragmatic doctrines of Wing Yang-ming (whom the Japanese call Ōyōmei) were indeed to gain a wider following in Japan than they had ever had in China; infusing the contemplative spirit of Japanese Zen with the energizing formula, "To know is to *do*."

But the Genroku Age of Splendor was chiefly indebted to China in respect of the arts. Kanō Tanyu—great-grandson of the famous Motonobu—resorted to China for his sources and his inspiration when he became first Court Painter to the Tokugawas, under whose patronage he directed at Yedo a vast classic academy in which students were developed by the hundred into a great corps of masters, ready to decorate a new palace at a moment's notice, according to the Chinese mode. Tanyu's masterpiece, a painting of four lions in Chinese ink, is still preserved in one of the Nikkō temples.

In rivalry with this Chinese school of Tanyu, there sprang up during Genroku a native school of art in the very capital of the Shōguns, led by Koyetsu and Kōrin in painting and lacquer, by Ninsei and Kenzan in pottery, by Ritsuō in sculpture, and by Sōmin in the arts of the goldsmith. There is no brighter galaxy in the whole realm of Japanese art.

Literature also flourished; Chikamatsu the rōnin, prince of the native drama, earning the title of "the Japanese Shakespeare," while Kaibara Ekken may perhaps with equal justice be called the Japanese Wicklif.

His Bible was the Four Classics and the Five Kings, written in Chinese ideograms, and consequently unintelligible except to the cultured minority. But Kaibara was a Confucian of the Confucianists, so his zeal impelled him to rescue from long disuse the syllabary originally invented by Kōbō Daishi, and to use this form of simplified spelling in making Confucianism "understood of the people."

To Kaibara's surprise, his literary example was soon followed by distinguished scholars of the Shōgun's court, scholars whose names are still associated with his own as pioneers in the modern style of writing.

While Kaibara thus contributed one of the most important agencies to that rise of the common people which was to become such an outstanding feature of the later Tokugawa age, his own social ideas were the reverse of progressive. No better illustration of the social repression so diligently fostered by the Tokugawas in the name of the Chinese Sage can well be imagined than a few citations from Kaibara's best-known work, "The Greater Learning for Women"—who in previous epochs enjoyed equal privileges with men, as we have seen.

In China (writes Kaibara Ekken), marriage is called "returning," for the reason that a woman must consider her husband's home as her own, and that, when she marries, she is therefore returning to her home. The Sage of old taught that, once married, she must never leave her husband's house. Should she forsake the "way," and be divorced, shame shall cover her till her latest hour. With regard to this point, there are seven faults, which are termed "The Seven Reasons for Divorce:"

1. A woman shall be divorced for disobedience to her father-in-law or mother-in-law.

2. A woman shall be divorced if she fail to bear children, the reason for this rule being that women are sought in marriage for the purpose of giving men posterity (i.e., for the sake of the Family).

3. Lewdness is a reason for divorce.

4. Jealousy is a reason for divorce.

5. Leprosy, or any like foul disease, is a reason for divorce.

6. A woman shall be divorced who, by talking overmuch and prattling disrespectfully, disturbs the harmony of kinsmen and brings trouble on her household.

7. A woman shall be divorced who is addicted to stealing.

A woman should look on her husband as if he were Heaven itself, and never weary of thinking how she may yield to her husband, and thus escape celestial castigation. She must fold his clothes and dust his rug, rear his children, wash what is dirty, be constantly in the midst of her household, and never go abroad but of necessity.

As a woman rears up posterity, not to her own parents, but to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she must value the latter even more than the former, and tend them with all filial piety.

The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt, these five maladies infest seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from these that arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them all, and the parent of the other four, is silliness.

Parents! Teach the foregoing maxims to your daughters from their tenderest years! Copy them out from time to time, that they may read and never forget them!

Strenuous efforts to stem the tide of Tokugawa profligacy and extravagance were made by the Eighth Shōgun, Yoshimune, sometimes called the Rice Shōgun because of his interest in agriculture. He himself had indeed been a farmer in the far-away province of Kii—born of a concubine to a collateral branch of the Tokugawas, and suddenly requisitioned from his rustic retreat when the line at Yedo ran out. Soon after taking his seat—in 1716, exactly a hundred years after Iyeyasu's death—the Rice Shōgun ordered a census of all the good-looking ladies-in-waiting within his castle, thus causing a great fluttering in the dove-cotes; but, to the amazed disappointment of a huge bevy of professional beauties, he sent them every one packing home—on the ground that since ill-favored females found it difficult to get husbands as a means of support, he would retain them, and them only, as palace attendants, and thus combine economy with charity.

Another saving was effected by replacing the costly, but useless, fences surmounting the immense castle-walls of Yedo with the pine-trees that are now such a notable feature of the citadel, transformed to imperial uses. This tree-loving Rice Shōgun also planted some of the most beautiful cherry-groves and plum-orchards that ornament the capital city. He took a deep interest in learning, which led him to equip and make personal use of an astronomical observatory, to revive the study of the native literature, and even to repeal Iyemitsu's rigid statute forbidding the importation of foreign books.

Although the Rice Shōgun was able to impose only a temporary check on the headlong extravagance of his

house, his encouragement of learning was fraught with important results. Study of the old native literature gave rise in due course to a widespread suspicion, gradually deepening to conviction, that the Tokugawa Shōguns were in reality usurpers of the imperial rights; while by the importation of scientific books from Holland Japanese students were brought for the first time into direct contact with Occidental progress.

Thus the Tokugawa Shōgunate began to be undermined from within a full century before it came toppling down; and eighty years before Perry landed, a painstaking translation of a great Dutch work on Anatomy laid the first foundation-stone of Japan's newer civilization.

Other works, on medicine and physics and chemistry, followed the *Tabul Anatomia*, spreading a rudimentary knowledge of science that was to cause much surprise among the officers of Commodore Perry's fleet. But the Rice Shōgun's reactionary successors strictly interdicted all foreign studies even remotely connected with religion or politics, including art; and undertook to punish with the greatest severity any adventurous spirits that might seek to evade their commands. To make Japan hermetically tight, such laws were enacted as the one prohibiting the building of ocean-going boats; but the desire for outside knowledge waxed ever greater, so that ardent youths once in a long while succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the marvelous spy-system of the Tokugawas, and escaped to the Occident as sailors or stowaways in stray foreign ships. One of these intellectual fugitives was to return to Japan from America as Joseph Hardy Niishima, and found the Dōshisha University at Kyōto.

Ship after ship anchored at the barred gates of Japan and vainly sought the reestablishment of intercourse dur-

ing the last century of Tokugawa rule. England and Russia were especially persistent, the Tsar's government giving clear proof of predatory designs. Holland and France each sent a futile expedition, while American offers of friendship were repulsed in 1803, 1837, and 1846. The most flagrant of these repulses was that of the unarmed *Morrison*, which was fired on in both Yedo and Kagōshima bays in 1837, although bent on a mission of mercy—the restoration of shipwrecked Japanese fishermen.

17

Meanwhile, Japan's internal preparation for an event that could be postponed but not avoided—international intercourse—went steadily forward. Japanese character continued its process of integration, although at the cost of repression enforced through suspicion; and the same stern Tokugawa schooling was developing a national solidarity strong enough to withstand Western impact. In spite of drastic sumptuary laws, the native energy and enterprise more than once found expression through zealous students, but more especially through the high-spirited *rōnin*: those free-lance samurai that now roamed the Empire as knights-errant, their thighs girt with the swords that were to cut the thongs of the Tokugawa tyranny. In a word, the rise of the common people streaked the horizon with dawn.

This epochal phenomenon, the rise of the commoner, was assisted by the development of a plebeian art movement as much as by any other one agency. To understand this, we must remember that the Japanese are born beauty-worshippers; a people among whom the love

of art is more widely and more deeply diffused than in any other people since the Greeks. Strangely enough, too, the dead Hideyoshi made his own characteristic contribution to this popular uprising on the wings of the arts. It is scarcely too much to say that he avenged himself posthumously on Iyeyasu's house by contributing to the diffusion of a popular art-stimulus that was to inspire the down-trodden masses more and more against their oppressors, even as they were increasingly inspired as they reflected on his personal example. To this day the career of the peasant boy that hitched his wagon to Mars keeps farmer-lads and shop-clerks awake into the wee small hours as they read of his exploits in studious solitude, or discuss him excitedly in the widespread young men's clubs.

Hideyoshi's contribution to the plebeian art movement came about through the break-up and dispersal of his magnificent art collections, and the scattering of a great band of decorative artists, headed by Jingorō and Eitoku and Sanraku, with whose bold aid he had beautified his secular palaces. Japanese historians still speak with regret of the dismantling of these edifices a few years after the Taikō's death, but, as Brinkley says, the permanent possession of such monuments of applied art could not have benefited the country nearly so much as did their destruction. For the immediate result was not only a dispersal of innumerable objects of art throughout the Empire, but an exodus of all the experts who had become famous for their work on Peachtree Hill. "They scattered among the fiefs of the most powerful provincial nobles, who received them hospitably and granted them liberal revenues. From that time there sprang up an

inter-fief rivalry of artistic production which materially promoted the development of every branch of art."

In Kyōto the new movement took its name from Shijo, or Fourth Avenue, one of those nine streets marked off by the Emperor Kwammu across the Kamo river when he first laid out the city. Here throve a famous quartette. Tetsu-zan, whose *Sleeping Fox* may now be studied in Boston, succeeds in that picture as perhaps no other artist ever has done in bringing out the fine distinction between death and sleeping life. Sōsen, who excels in the painting of monkeys, may be seen not only in Boston, but in the great Freer collection at Washington. Ganku's specialty is tigers, although his masterpiece is perhaps a large painting, on silk, of two sacred deer,—luckily acquired by Fenollosa, who pronounces it one of the greatest animal pictures of the world. But the prince of this Shijo quartette was Ōkyo, whose animal and fish paintings are to be found in all great collections. This artist struck the fresh note of realism. Springing from the common people and trained as a craftsman, he saw and loved the beauty of the commonplace, and transfigured it with the touch of high genius. He kept birds and barnyard fowls about him and depicted them from life, as also the carp in his pond. In his paintings of fish he catches their supplest movements, the evanescent sheen of their scales, the ripples of the water above them, in compositions that illustrate the very poetry of motion.

Ōkyo's chief distinction consists in the fact that we owe first to him that interplay of art with the crafts that makes so many a product of Japanese looms and bronze-molds a thing of beauty. Ever since Fujiwara days Kyōto had been the seat of fine handicraft, and now in

the later Tokugawa age it became crowded with silk-weavers and bronze-casters, embroiderers and lacquerers and potters, as indeed it still is to-day. To such plebeian artists Ōkyo came as a godsend, for he supplied them with realistic patterns that they could translate effectively into tapestries and metal utensils. His art appealed especially to the hard-working sons of the people, because it was not Chinese or mystical, but Japanese and actual; the loved native landscapes to which their eyes were accustomed, or scenes from the daily round, the common lot, that "come home to men's business and bosoms" and beget aspirations. This great Kyōto artist was therefore close kin in spirit with the Yedo founders of the school of Uki-yo-ye, although he himself knew nothing of wood-cuts or chromo-xylography.

18

This very name, Uki-yo-ye, by which the Japanese designate their wood-prints, savors of the common folk. "Pictures of the Fleeting World" is what it means, in contradistinction to those "other-worldly" themes with which the older Japanese artists had exclusively engaged their talents. Matahei, a disciple of Hideyoshi's master-decorators, is commonly regarded as the founder of the school, but it was probably Masanobu who actually produced the first colored prints, early in the eighteenth century.

As artistic tastes developed among the commoners, it turned out that many of them had so profited by the lively internal trade of shut-up Japan as to possess the means to satisfy their tastes. This was true especially in

Yedo, where every street now boasted its mercantile plutocrat or two. Rich merchants even ventured to celebrate the birthdays of their boys by devising those "Never-say-die" paper carp described in a previous chapter,—in lieu of crested banners permitted to the samurai during the Boys' Festival in May. The knights themselves, although contempt of wealth and display had formed an integral part of their creed, succumbed gradually to a growing contagion of luxury, and thus swelled the demand for art-objects of everyday use. Swaggering samurai sported elegantly decorated swords, bestowed unmeasured pains on their purses and girdles, their pipes and tobacco pouches, and pored over newfangled novels illustrated by the new color-process. The demand for wood-prints could scarcely be supplied as the public spirit developed, these vivid sketches of the everyday life of city street and country highway taking the place of the pictorial press of to-day.

Masanobu's delineation of courtesans and of the newly arisen actor class contributed to the breakdown of caste. The courtesans of Yedo had long been relegated by Tokugawa laws to a Bohemia called Yoshiwara after the village from which many of them came. Actors also were but lewd people of the baser sort, dubbed "river-bed beggars" from the fact that the newer drama—not to be confounded with the earlier and aristocratic Nō—gave its first known performances in the dry bed of a river, under the direction of a renegade Shintō vestal. And had it not been one of Hideyoshi's own servant-girls that got up the first itinerant company? It was quite incompatible with Tokugawa conventions to have such low-caste cattle brought into the limelight of general social recognition by means of the wood-prints, but the work went

merrily on, partly because this new school of Bohemian artists comprised numerous rōnin, who used brush, as well as sword, to make way for liberty.

Masanobu's great contemporary, Haranobu, was one wood-print artist whose tastes turned from Bohemianism to the simpler pleasures of home. He delighted in the delineation of children. He also introduced two important technical improvements in the wood-print art: filling in the hitherto bald sketches with carefully prepared backgrounds, and increasing the number of color-blocks from three to five, or even seven and occasionally to ten. Such prints, in full polychrome, became known as *Nishiki-ye*, or brocade pictures, from their richness. Kiyonaga not only subdued Haranobu's backgrounds to a soft tonal balance with the foreground figures of his polychromes, but became the most distinguished draughtsman of the school. His best work has been compared with that of Venetian masters.

Utamaro, a farmer boy who ran off to Yedo after a quarrel with his father, became one of the three most widely known exemplars of *Fleeting-World Pictures*, the others being Hokusai and Hiroshige. In spite of Japan's seclusion, his fame spread to China, and large numbers of his works were exported from Nagasaki. That the Dutchmen at Deshima knew how to appreciate this later Tokugawa art the museum at the Hague still testifies.

Utamaro collaborated with "the Japanese Rabelais," Ikku, in bringing out an exquisitely illustrated book that might almost have been written about the hetairæ of Athens. "The ladies of the Yoshiwara," says Ikku, "are brought up like princesses. From childhood they receive education of the fullest description. They are not merely taught reading and writing, but are instructed in drawing

and music." On the other hand, the somber side of the life of these women is suggested eloquently enough by a Tokugawa law commanding samurai to leave their two swords in the vestibule of a house of ill fame, so as to keep the inmates from temptation to suicide as a relief from their misery.

The impecunious Ikku, himself an amateur artist, used to try to satisfy his appetite for finery and even his literal hunger by sketching counterfeit presentments of food and fine clothes, and adorning his walls with them. Shortly before dying, this irrepressible wag assured himself at least of a far-famed funeral by stuffing his pockets with firecrackers and demanding that his obsequies should be by cremation! Bohemians, as well as samurai, had their own cheerful way of facing death.

The great Hokusai claimed as crony the novelist Bakin, who was also a rōnin, and not ashamed of it. Hokusai himself gained much of his rich human experience as a peddler, with art as a "side line." From the first there was something gigantic about him. In the crowded fairs of Yedo he used to "spellbind" gaping throngs with his magic swiftness in drawing Gargantuan caricatures on huge posters of rice-paper with a broom dipped in a bucket of paint. Afterward he got employment in an engraver's shop, where his skill with suri-mono—chiefly New Year's cards—proved his artistic capacity. From this he went on from strength to strength, his zest in life equaled only by his zest for art. Binyon writes of him, with great sympathy and beauty:

Nothing in nature escaped his "devouring eye and portraying hand:" mountains, rivers, trees, birds, fishes, animals, insects; the forms of breaking waves, flowers, rocks, and ships, buildings, utensils; men and women in every kind of occupation—all worka-

day Japan; comic and fantastic figures; even gods, saints, heroes, warriors, dragons, and fabulous beasts; all take life under his restless brush. The Hundred Views of Fuji, printed in black and gray, appeared in 1834; while to the 'twenties and 'thirties belong the sets of color-prints on which Hokusai's fame chiefly rests, the Thirty-six Views of Fuji, the Bridges, the Waterfalls, the Hundred Poems Explained by the Nurse, the Flowers, the Ten Poets of China and Japan; this last set, which is very rare, being in some ways the crown and climax of them all.—He could hardly stop drawing to take a meal; he had no time to untie the packets of money with which he was paid, but handed one of them unopened to the tradesmen whose bills were due. They came back for more if the sum proved not enough; not otherwise. No wonder that in spite of raging industry he was always poor. When his lodgings grew intolerably dirty he could not stay to tidy them, but hired others. He moved house ninety-three times in the course of his ninety years. At seventy-five his thoughts were all of the future. He had learnt something of the structure of nature and her works, he wrote; "but when I am eighty I shall know more, at ninety I shall have got to the heart of things, at a hundred I shall be a marvel, at a hundred and ten every line of my brush will be alive!" He now signed his work, "The Old Man Mad with Painting." On his death-bed he sighed, "If Heaven had given me ten more years!" and at the very end, "Five more years, and I should have indeed become a painter!" It was May 1849. It is the custom with the Japanese, even with criminals condemned to execution, to make a little poem before dying. Hokusai's was this: "Now my soul, a will-o'-the-wisp, can flit at ease over the summer fields!"

The last and in some ways the greatest of these artistic prophets of freedom was the fireman Hiroshige, whose work has influenced the West more than that of any other Japanese. While he, too, dealt with manifold themes, he excelled in the portraiture of rain, mist, and snow. His choicest effects may be seen to advantage in the "Eight Views of Lake Biwa" (Ōmi Hakkei), which illustrate the eight lines of the well-known poem:

The autumn moon from Ishiyama,
The evening snow on Hiroyama;

The sunset glow at Seta,
The evening bell of Miidera;
The boats sailing back from Yabase,
A bright sky with a breeze at Awazu;
Rain by night at Karasaki,
The wild geese alighting at Katata!

19

Seven only of the masters of Fleeting-World Pictures have been named in this compressed sketch, which might easily be expanded to include at least twenty without derogation to Tokugawa art. Two others must be mentioned, not because they take supreme rank, but because they illustrate, in one case tragically, impending change.

Sharaku is an apostle of satire. His caustic brush pricks the bubble of swollen insular pride, and tells his countrymen in unmistakable language that their shut-up little world cannot last. For that matter, even the genial Hokusai parodied the strutting samurai in one of his prints, and in another he peered with comical but intense curiosity through the shutters of the Dutchmen at Deshima. But a certain Watanabe paid with his life for his curiosity as to what was going on in the great world from which Japan had excluded herself, and in which he was convinced that she ought to take part. The laws of the Shōguns had relaxed none of their severity. It was the crushing severity of those laws, their rigid formalism, their despotic attempt to regulate the smallest details of life, that had most to do with the vogue of Bohemian art, which, alone among the commanding features of this complex age, smiled its way derisively through convention to freedom.

Watanabe, samurai and youthful idealist, believed

that art has no boundaries—that the heritage of every age and every land belongs to it. This was his religion. With full knowledge of what he was doing he therefore went down to Nagasaki and assimilated Occidental teachings to such purpose that his work remains to this day the best synthesis of the two “opposed” hemispheres of pictorial art that has ever been achieved in the Orient. Under the most hampering restrictions he succeeded in solving a problem that has proved stubbornly insoluble to his modern successors, who work in complete liberty: the problem of preserving the characteristics of Japanese painting, while adopting the technical assistance of the West.

The vast network of espionage centered in Yedo caught him, and his pictures, as well as a bold book he had written on the unjust repulse of the U. S. S. *Morrison*, proved his susceptibility to alien ideas. He was granted a samurai's privilege. After signing a confession of his offense—“that he had erred in the sight of the law, and that his transgression involved the further crime of taking the life which he owed to his parents and ought to have preserved for their sakes”—this martyr of liberalism committed hara-kiri with all the punctilio of the most stoical samurai, November 23, 1840, more than a dozen years before Perry's squadron cast anchor in Japanese waters.

One incident of the vast turmoil occasioned by that tremendous event was the almost unnoticed disappearance of Uki-yo-ye, “a mirror of popular life in all its freedom and variety such as the art of no other country in the world can show.”

By an ironic touch of fate, Hideyoshi's posthumous contribution to the downfall of Iyeyasu's house was no greater than that of Iyeyasu himself. It is the only instance on record of this canny gentleman's overreaching himself, but more would be superfluous.

This overreaching occurred in promoting the study of Confucianism. Iyeyasu provided in his last will and testament for a Confucian university at Yedo, which was duly established, and which in time so tinctured Japanese scholars with Chinese ideas that one of them actually undertook to prove the Mikado's descent from a Chinese prince. Others so far forgot Yamato Damashii as to belittle Japan, in comparison with China, as "the barbarous country of the East."

But Iyeyasu did not really know his Confucius. The great Chinese sage stressed absolutism and loyalty in a manner that fell in with Iyeyasu's purpose; but in his more recondite writings Confucius qualified these two central doctrines with important comments of which Iyeyasu was scarcely aware. The sovereign power of a state, taught Confucius, is one and indivisible. He taught further that loyalty is due to a ruler only so long and in so far as he rules wisely and justly. Now, divided sovereignty lay at the very root of the Tokugawa Shōgunate, and not all of the Shōguns were good rulers, by any means. Scholars whom Iyeyasu set to digging into the Confucian classics finally dug into them deep, and he had thus started a movement that no power on earth could stop short of the destruction of his system.

The last touch of irony is added to this Tokugawa tragedy by the fact that it was a direct descendant of

Iyeyasu's, the Baron of Mito, who most conspicuously carried out the Rice Shōgun's exhortation to the study of ancient Japanese lore; causing thereby a renaissance of pure Shintō as against the Ryōbu-Shintō by which Buddhism had displaced it for a thousand years, and also uncovering the Emperor's long-forgotten pedigree as divine descendant of Ama-terasu, Sun Goddess progenitrix of "The Country of the Gods." As if this were not enough, a pointed maxim of Prince Shōtoku's was unearthed—"In Heaven there are not two suns, and in a State there cannot be two sovereigns." A modern Japanese writer has described, with great fervor, what followed on all these disclosures:

Soon as the memory of past ages came over the samurai, the lost glory of the Son of Heaven flashed on them. They saw the Mikado himself leading his armies to victory. They heard their ancestors beating their shields with their swords, as they sang the war-song of Ōtomo, the terrible joy of dying by the Mikado's side. They wept when they thought of the shadow that had come over the throne. They made pilgrimages to the imperial mausoleums, which had long been left to decay, and washed their moss-covered steps with tears. Who were the Tokugawas who dared to stand between them and their legitimate Sovereign? Oh, to die!—to die for the Mikado!

The Baron of Mito's deliberate motive in undertaking his huge "History of Great Japan," from original sources, was to disprove such disloyalist doctrines as the one tracing the Mikado's descent to a Chinese prince. The foregoing rhapsody, one only among many that might be cited, shows how well he succeeded.

So it was that Japan, its distinctive character having come of age during a long period of secluded schooling, now got ready to refashion its dwelling on ancient ancestral foundations. Mito's great work in historical re-

search, which ran to 240 volumes, is accredited by scholars such as Satow as being the prime source of the nationalist movement that culminated in the so-styled Restoration of 1868. Rai Sanyō, greatest of all Japanese historians, soon followed Mito with an "External History of Japan," also designed to show that the Mikado is the only true ruler of his realm, to whom the allegiance of every Japanese is wholly due. Such critics as Mabuchi, Motowori, and Hirata unearthed the old Kōjiki and Manyō-shū, together with the ancient Shintō ritual; whereupon it was learned that the Japanese language itself had actually become so incrustated with Chinese that a special course of study was now necessary in order to read the indigenous classics!

Mabuchi took the lead in championing Japanese ethics as against Chinese, while Motowori—adjudged by competent authority to be the very greatest scholar and writer of latter-day Japan—maintained the superiority of the native political system. Hirata goes further and claims superiority for the people also. "From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people," he argues, "proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence"—with much more of a similar tenor.

The rōnin now sounded at full blast the bugle-call of patriotism, so that the annals of the times just before Perry's advent resemble modern newspaper reports of the doings of the Ku Klux Klan in America.

Placards denouncing the usurpation of the Shōgun were posted in public places by invisible hands. Masked bands waylaid the official mail and intercepted the transport of revenue. One band entered the mausoleum of the Ashikagas and decapitated the statues of the thirteen Shōguns of that dynasty, display-

ing their heads near the Shijo bridge (at Kyōto). This childish act had a strange influence over the Japanese mind, with its Oriental love of symbolism. It spared us the horror of an assassination, yet had all the ghastly eloquence of one.

Imagine the excitement when all intelligent Japan—half of it poring over ancient books or iconoclastic wood-prints, the other half running wildly to and fro, sword in hand—suddenly heard that “four black ships of evil mien” had cast anchor near the entrance to Yedo Bay, their immense guns shotted, and their decks cleared for action!

VII

THE SECOND TRANSFORMATION

Key Cities: Tōkyō, Yokohama, Shimonoseki

I

FEW books have exerted greater influence than the one Marco Polo composed on his Oriental adventures soon after his return to Europe, while in prison at Genoa. Although ridiculed at first as a rignmarole of incredible fables, this book gradually took hold on the faith of Europeans and changed the face of the world. It ultimately fell into the hands of the Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus, who, sailing in quest of "Zipangu,"¹ found America instead. And the Narrative of the Perry Expedition reveals Commodore Perry, 360 years afterward, as consciously completing that interrupted voyage; "taking up the thread which, on the shores of America, broke in the hands of Columbus, and, fastening it again to the ball of destiny," following its lead to Japan—thus fulfilling the wish of Columbus "to bring Zipangu within the influence of European civilization."²

From the point of view of universal history the Perry Expedition is probably the most important since that of Columbus himself. A Japanese resident of California emphasizes this point in language as lucid as the thought is profound:

¹ See page 98.

² The official Narrative of the Perry Expedition, page 5.

In some part of Central Asia our common forefathers dwelt for many centuries in a very low stage of human progress. It was some fifty or sixty centuries ago that they started on the journey of world-wide conquest. Some of them went westward and some eastward. After many centuries of wanderings, struggles, and vicissitudes, the former crossed the boundaries of Asia into Europe, reaching at last the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. But the latter did not go very far, for on reaching China and Japan they could not move any further on account of the Pacific Ocean and their limited knowledge of geography and navigation. These two groups of the same human family, under different environments and atmospheres, evolved and cherished entirely different types of civilization.

Following the discovery of America by Columbus, the Occidental branch of the human family crossed the Atlantic, carrying with them the ideas and ideals which their forefathers developed in Europe. After many years of struggles and sufferings, they founded a great republic based on the great principles of justice, liberty and equality. As soon as they established themselves politically and socially, they resumed their westward march, moving slowly, but steadfastly, first crossing the Alleghanies and then the Mississippi and at last the great Rocky Mountains, until they reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

They next sent an expedition across this ocean to Japan, which occupies a strategic position in respect of Oriental trade, demanding that Japan should no longer block the Eastern entrance to Asia. It seems to me that the opening of Japan has just as great a significance to the advancement of mankind as the discovery of America. By this event the reunion of the two great branches of the human race was permanently effected after a long period of separation and isolation.

America felt the sweep of world-wide ideas at the time of the Perry Expedition as never before in her career. By the war with Mexico the thirteen original Atlantic states had just succeeded in carrying their continental conquest to the unbroken shores of the Pacific. Besides, the acquisition of California synchronized with the discovery of gold; resulting in an inundation of high-spirited settlers for whom the imperial state would otherwise have

had to wait many years.³ Another remarkable coincidence lay in the fact that the first argonauts reached California in the first Pacific steamship. What more natural and appropriate expression of America's new mood of expansion than the despatch of "the Father of the Steam Navy," Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, to demand from Japan trading facilities for California's new maritime commerce?

"Our steamships, in crossing the ocean, burn a great deal of coal," wrote President Fillmore to the Shōgun, whom he always mistook for the Emperor, "and it is not convenient to bring it all the way from America. We request your Imperial Majesty to appoint a convenient port where our vessels may stop for this purpose. We are very desirous of this."

"I have directed Commodore Perry to mention another thing to your Imperial Majesty," runs this naïve letter. "Great numbers of our people pursue the whale fishery near the shores of Japan. It sometimes happens, in stormy weather, that one of our ships is wrecked on your Imperial Majesty's shores. In all such cases we ask, and expect, that our unfortunate people should be treated with kindness, and that their property should be protected, till we can send a vessel and bring them away. We are very much in earnest in this."

But the main point emphasized by President Fillmore was the sudden extension of Californian commerce, occasioned by the discovery of gold. "Our great State of California produces about sixty millions of dollars in gold every year, besides silver, quicksilver, precious stones, and many other valuable articles. Japan is also a rich and fertile country, and produces many very valuable articles.

³ See the author's little book, "The First Forty-Niner."

Your Imperial Majesty's subjects are skilled in many of the arts. I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other, for the benefit both of Japan and the United States."

2

The Official Narrative claims that Commodore Perry himself originated the idea of this expedition, and it certainly proves that he prepared himself for it.

He knew that there must be causes for a state of things so singular as was presented in the complete voluntary isolation of a whole people; and his first object was, therefore, to obtain a correct history of the past career of Japan. For this purpose he mastered all that he could derive from books, and found that the exclusive system of Japan was not the result of any national idiosyncrasy, but was caused by peculiar circumstances, long since passed, and was, in fact, in direct opposition to what history proved to be the natural temperament and disposition of the Japanese people.—Thus Portugal had given early and unpardonable offense in encouraging domestic treason; England, who once had a foothold, had abandoned it; one of her officers (Pellew) had committed what they deemed an insolent outrage in their waters; Russia had taken possession of some islands, had excited suspicions of ulterior designs by fortifying on another "annexed" territory, at the mouth of the Amur, and, as the Japanese Emperor said, "had an inclination for Japan;" while Holland had so quietly submitted to degradation, imprisonment and insult for two hundred years, that the Japanese unquestionably formed their opinion of European foreigners, in some measure, from the Dutch.

A clearer or more succinct summary of the case could hardly be imagined. Where others had failed to unbar the closed gates, America resolved to try. Seward became her spokesman with his much quoted statement, made while the Expedition was outfitting, that the Pacific

Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, would become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter. "This nation," he added, "must command the empire of the seas, which alone is real empire." Perry himself looked forward to the time when the United States would fight England for control of the Pacific. His marked chauvinism has caused it to be said that no American before his time, and very few after it, have ever had such an extensive ambition. So in the most expansive mood of her history America backed Perry with an adequate outfit of ships, and these he anchored in due time off the town of Uraga, near a fishing hamlet named Yokohama, destined to become a metropolis through Japan's intercourse with America.

In present days, shortly after leaving Yokohama for Kōbe one's steamer passes within sight of Uraga, and a good glass enables the traveler to pick up a tall monolith occupying the post of honor in the middle of a square. It bears the inscription:

This monument commemorates the First Arrival of Commodore Perry, Ambassador from the United States of America, who landed at this place July 14, 1853. Erected July 14, 1901, by America's Friend Association.

This sentiment is in sharp contrast with the feeling of Japan on Perry's arrival. A Japanese then living in Yedo, only twenty-seven miles up the bay from Uraga, says that the popular commotion at the news of "a foreign invasion" was beyond all description. "The whole city was in an uproar. In all directions were seen mothers flying with children in their arms, and men with mothers on their backs. Rumors of an immediate action, exaggerated each time they were communicated from mouth to mouth, added horror to the horror-stricken."

The Commodore was sagacious enough to perceive that in dealing with the most ceremonious people on earth it was necessary, to use his own words, "either to set all ceremony aside, or to out-Herod Herod in assumed personal consequence and ostentation." So he refused to give audience to any officials of inferior rank, or to any not fully accredited to deal with him. When agitated dignitaries besought him to go on down to Nagasaki,—polluted by alien foot from time immemorial,—he firmly refused, and demanded an embassy from "the Emperor." When, finally, the Shōgun sent him this princely embassy, one knows not whether to be chiefly amused or amazed by the manner in which the letter of the democratic President was delivered.

The Narrative, after describing the impressive landing of the marines and their pompous procession to a hall of audience erected for the occasion, says that two boys, dressed for the ceremony, preceded the Commodore, bearing in a receptacle of scarlet cloth the boxes containing his credentials and the presidential letter. These documents were engrossed on vellum, and bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached by cords of interwoven gold and silk with golden tassels, was encased in a circular box six inches in diameter and three in depth, wrought of pure gold. Each of the documents was placed in a box of rosewood about a foot long, with lock, hinges, and mountings all of gold. On either side of the Commodore marched a tall, well-formed Negro, who, armed to the teeth, acted as his bodyguard.

These blacks, selected for the occasion, were two of the best-looking fellows of their color that the squadron could furnish. All this, of course, was but for effect.

Having after such fashion secured the transmission of the President's letter to the Shōgun himself, Perry, with remarkable perspicacity, steamed away to China with the promise to return for an answer—and with an augmented fleet—in the following spring. His first visit lasted only eight days. Before his departure he steamed his flagship up the bay to the very gates of the Shōgun's capital, whose inhabitants thus saw for themselves that their city lay quite at the mercy of his "four black ships of evil mien," but that he was bent on a peaceful mission.

3

This peaceful mission set off internal explosions. Even before Commodore Perry left Japanese waters the new head of the house of Mito, who had inherited his ancestor's burning nationalism, addressed a spirited remonstrance to the Tokugawa Shōgun.

What! Trade our gold, silver, copper, iron, and sundry useful materials for wool, glass, and similar little trashy articles? Even the limited barter of the Dutch ought to have been stopped. The haughty demeanor of the barbarians (the Americans) has provoked even the illiterate populace! Should nothing be done to show that the government shares the indignation of the people, they will lose all fear and respect for it! Peace and prosperity of long duration have enervated the spirit, rusted the armor, and blunted the swords of our men. Dulled to ease, when shall they be roused? Is not the present an auspicious moment to quicken their sinews of war?

Mito included in this remonstrance a fresh denunciation of "the heinous crime of professing the doctrines of the evil sect" called Kirishitan.

If now America be admitted into our favor, the rise of this faith is a matter of certainty. The policy of the barbarians is first to enter a country for trade, then to introduce their religion, and afterward to stir up strife and contention. Be guided by the experience of our forefathers two centuries back! Despise not the teachings of the Chinese Opium War!

The Shōgunate, now thoroughly frightened, received counsel of a similar tenor from nearly all the 276 daimyōs, to whom it hurried copies of President Fillmore's letter with an urgent request for advice. Only a small minority took a different view. Led by Baron Ii, of Hikone, this minority replied to the Shōgun:

The wisest plan is to make a show of commerce and intercourse, and thus gain time to equip the country with a knowledge of naval architecture and weapons. The two things most essential are that Christianity should not be admitted in the train of foreign trade, and that the strictest economy should be exercised by all classes so as to provide funds for the building of a navy and the fortification of the coasts.

Fortification was in fact immediately undertaken at the sea-gates of Yedo, a few mud forts still remaining as a convincing demonstration of the woeful inefficiency of Japan after her long isolation. But the fort builders at length grew discouraged, leaving their work unfinished. Before Perry's return the Shōgunate felt constrained by the logic of necessity to turn a deaf ear to Mito and his majority, and to adopt instead the minority plan of Ii. The only point on which Mito and Ii agreed was the barring out of "the evil sect of the Kirishitans." Except for this, the mere sight of America's war-ships completely broke down the walls of exclusion. Perhaps this is the paramount illustration of what some scholars regard as the noblest trait in the character of the Japanese people:

their instant readiness to change for the better at the dictates of reason.

Perry returned in February, 1854, with a fleet of ten ships. On March 31 he achieved the negotiation of the first treaty Japan ever made with an Occidental power.

Gifts from the President to the Emperor included a sewing machine, a telegraph outfit, and a miniature locomotive running on circular rails. The Narrative provides a graphic and instructive account of the manner in which this miniature railway was received by the Shōgun's officials.

All the parts of the mechanism were perfect, and the car was a most tasteful specimen of workmanship, but so small that it could hardly carry a child of six years of age. The Japanese, however, were not to be cheated out of a ride, and, as they were unable to reduce themselves to the capacity of the inside of the carriage, they betook themselves to the roof. It was a spectacle not a little ludicrous to behold a dignified mandarin whirling around the circular road at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with his loose robes flying in the wind. As he clung with a desperate hold to the edge of the roof, grinning with intense interest, and his huddled-up body shook convulsively with a kind of laughing timidity, while the car spun rapidly around the circle, you might have supposed that the movement, somehow or other, was dependent rather upon the enormous exertions of the uneasy mandarin than upon the power of the little puffing locomotive, which was so easily performing its work.

There is more than a mere joke in this picture. It strikingly illustrates the intellectual receptivity of the Japanese, a trait that had not lessened since the primitive days of Prince Shōtoku. In the case of Perry's "mandarin," the circumstances can hardly be fully appreciated without bearing in mind two other national traits, no less strongly marked—one partly physical, the other an ingrained axiom. The Japanese are probably

the most sensitive people on earth, and they also seriously believe that "ridicule is the greatest of evils." Those samurai riding on top of a toy train knew well enough that they were making themselves ludicrous in the eyes of the Western barbarians, and their "laughing timidity" was really an involuntary expression of the most acute sensitiveness. But their ruling passion, Yamato Damashii, prevailed. At any cost they had resolved to acquire new knowledge, in order to save Japan.

4

A great earthquake befell Yedo in 1855, the year following the Perry treaty. Fifteen thousand dwellings were thrown down, and at least as many thousands of lives were lost in fires occasioned by the sudden overturning of candles and braziers all over the city. As with the smallpox epidemic that had followed on the introduction of Buddhism thirteen hundred years earlier, the superstitious populace regarded this new "Act of God" as a visitation on the Shōgunate for treating with "the beasts from without."

The increasing unpopularity of the Tokugawa government came to a crisis in the political earthquake caused by the second treaty, that of 1858. Townsend Harris, the first and probably the greatest of American representatives in Japan, clearly perceived the necessity of a second treaty to carry into effect the somewhat vague promises of the first one. With infinite fairness, firmness, and tact, he at last secured the signature of Ii, who had now become premier. But the Shōgunate had grown so indifferent to the rights of the throne that this important step was taken without approval of the Emperor;

indeed, Harris writes in his journal that when he referred in conversation to the supposed Japanese veneration for the Mikado, the Tokugawa officials roared with laughter. Ii's signature to the treaty of 1858, without the imperial sanction, was immediately seized on by Mito as the occasion for a ringing denunciation of the whole Tokugawa régime. This touched off a huge loyalist movement at Kyōto, having as its slogan: Son-Ō Jō-i, "Exalt the Sovereign and expel the barbarians!" Ii retaliated on Mito by imprisoning him for insubordination, whereupon the Emperor himself denounced Ii. A score of rōnin from Mito's barony now made their way to Yedo and assassinated Ii as head and front of all the troubles of the times. This murderous act was the first bloodshed in a prolonged civil disorder that resulted in ousting the Tokugawas and seating the Emperor in Iyeyasu's citadel at Yedo.

Other great leaders besides Ii were to mark with their tombstones the stages of Japanese progress. Ōkubo, the bold spirit who first advocated the emergence of the Emperor from his veiled seclusion at Kyōto, and Mori, founder of Japan's new educational system, were both rewarded with death. One historian remarks that it would almost seem as if no significant advance can be secured in Japan without the sacrifice of a valuable life.

Foreigners were frequently attacked and sometimes murdered by rōnin, Townsend Harris manifesting such cool pluck in dangerous crises that some Japanese attribute chiefly to his brave personality the good-will that America was to win from Japan; while J. H. Longford, the British consul who wrote "The Story of Old Japan," describes the services of Harris as "not exceeded by any in the entire history of the international relations of the

world." Great Britain herself was fortunate in such of her early representatives as Longford and Mitford, Alcock and Parkes, while Aston and Satow and Gubbins were to win distinction in Japanese scholarship. In the journal of "A Diplomat in Japan" Sir Ernest Satow has recorded the exceedingly interesting death-poems of some rōnin that were executed in the early 'sixties for the massacre of a boat-load of French sailors:

1. Though I regret not my body which becomes as dew scattered by the wind, my country's fate weighs down my heart with anxiety.

2. As I also am of the seed of the Country of the Gods, I create for myself to-day a glorious subject for reflection in the next world. The sacrifice of my life for the sake of my country gives me a pure heart in my hour of death.

3. Unworthy as I am I have not wandered from the straight path of the duty which a Japanese owes to his Prince.

4. Though reproaches may be cast upon me, those who can fathom the depths of a warrior's heart will appreciate my motives.

5. In this age, when the minds of men are darkened, I would show the way to purity of heart.

6. In throwing away this life, so insignificant a possession, I would desire to leave behind me an unsullied name.

7. The cherry flowers too have their seasons of blossoming and fading. What is there for the Japanese soul (Yamato Damashii) to regret in death?

8. Here I leave my soul and exhibit to the world the intrepidity of a Japanese heart.

References to purity of heart should be read in connection with the discussion of Shintō on page 60.

5

The slaying of a British subject, one Richardson, in 1862, was to have far-reaching consequences. By an act of rash folly, this visiting Shanghai merchant offended

the daimyō of Satsuma, one of the two most powerful barons of the later Tokugawa age, the other one being Chōshū. The provinces of Satsuma and Chōshū lie respectively at the extreme southern tips of Kyūshū and Honshū, Kagōshima being the main city of Satsuma, as Shimonoseki is of Chōshū. During the return journey of the Satsuma daimyō from a visit to the Shōgun at Yedo, Richardson, while out horseback riding near Yokohama, rode rudely into his train. The Englishman was instantly slain.

Upon the refusal of Satsuma to satisfy England's demand for indemnity, Admiral Kuper was despatched to his city—Kagōshima—with a squadron of war-ships (in 1863). Negotiations still failing, the British squadron opened fire on three costly steamers that the daimyō had recently purchased, and sank them; then dismantled his shore batteries, and set fire to his city.

Satsuma, who, with Chōshū, had been strongly anti-foreign, now displayed the characteristic alacrity of the race to respond to the logic of facts. He perceived that if Japan were to contend with these foreigners it would be advisable to acquire their equipment and skill. He therefore despatched post-haste to London the first group of Japanese students to study in Europe, and the purchase of cannon and war-ships began on a wholesale scale.

Chōshū, who had hitherto strenuously sided with Kyōto against the more rational policies of Yedo, now faced about with equal swiftness. It was in this same year, 1863, that this prince had dared open fire from his obsolete men-of-war and shore batteries on American, French, and Dutch ships passing through Shimonoseki Straits. These powers reënforced by England, retaliated

to such purpose that Chōshū not only made submission, but joined forces with Satsuma to persuade Kyōto to accept the inevitable. The eventual return of America's share of the indemnity exacted from Japan for this "Shimonoseki affair" built up the good-will for which Perry and Harris had laid the foundations.

On the death of the Emperor in 1867, the Sat-Chō clans,⁴ as they may henceforth be called, gained control of the young Emperor Meiji, then only fifteen years old; while their troops assumed the name of The Loyal Army and surrounded his palace. This of course presaged war between Kyōto and Yedo, but the Shōgun upset all calculations by submitting his resignation to the young Emperor.

My ancestor, Iyeyasu (he wrote), received more favor and confidence from the Court than any of his predecessors, and his descendants have succeeded him for more than two hundred years. Though I fill the same office, almost all the acts of my administration are imperfect, and I acknowledge with shame that the present unsatisfactory situation is due to my shortcomings and incompetence. Now that foreign intercourse becomes daily more extensive, unless the government be directed from one central authority the foundations of the State will fall to pieces. I believe it my highest duty to give up entirely my rule over this land.

The imperial reply was laconic: "Tokugawa Keiki's proposal to restore the administrative authority to the Imperial Court is accepted."

But it took only two months for the last of the Shōguns to see that the Sat-Chō coalition surrounding the young Emperor did not intend to restore all administrative authority to one central power, but merely to substitute a new form of dual government for the old one.

⁴ Hizen and Tosa were associated with them for a time, in a quadruple alliance.

He uttered a vigorous protest against "the low rascals;" and, on his letter remaining unanswered, advanced with his troops against the Loyal Army of the Sat-Chō clans, only to suffer defeat. He then retired on Yedo, which he was soon forced to surrender; and finally to the ancestral seat of his house, at Shizuoka, near Kamakura. In a huge storehouse on his estate mildew and rust gradually wrought havoc with the heaps of costly gifts "presented by the Government of the United States to the Emperor of Japan." The Emperor himself never saw them, but they were indeed costly gifts, for they cost the Shōguns their rule.⁵

The "War of the Restoration" was unduly prolonged by over-zealous Tokugawa adherents, some of whom attempted to set up the imperial Lord-Abbot of the Buddhist monastery at Yedo as "Eastern Emperor"; while Admiral Enomoto actually undertook to establish a republic up in Yezo. As Enomoto had possession of all the Japanese war-ships, he was the last of the Tokugawa rebels to surrender to General Saigō of Satsuma, "the sword of the Restoration." On this surrender, the canny Sat-Chō clansmen proved so anxious to consolidate their rule that they appointed Enomoto to an office in the new government—somewhat as though President Grant had made General Lee his Secretary of State.

6

No sooner had the Sat-Chō men surrounding the young Emperor succeeded in overthrowing the Shōgunate than

⁵ Keiki, or Yoshinobu (sometimes also called Hitotsu-bashi) was fifteenth of his line. Had his line continued in power, the seventeenth Shōgun would have been the Prince Tokugawa who represented Japan at the Washington Conference in 1921-'22.

they set about a wholesale "westernization" of which the Shōgunate itself had never dreamed. This really began with Ōkubo's bold proposal, in 1868, to bring the Emperor out from his seclusion and to reënthrone him at Yedo, henceforth renamed Tōkyō, "the Eastern capital," and the true seat of power.

Circumstances considered, Ōkubo's proposal is one of the boldest utterances ever made—

Since the middle ages our Emperor has lived behind a screen and never trod the earth. Nothing of what went on outside his screen ever penetrated the sacred ear. The imperial residence was profoundly secluded, and, naturally, unlike the outer world. Only a few court nobles were allowed to approach the throne, a practice most opposed to the principles of Heaven. While it is the first duty of man to respect his superior, if he reveres that superior too highly he neglects his duty, while a breach is created between the Sovereign and his subjects, who are unable to convey their wants to him. This vicious practice has been common in all ages. But now let pompous etiquette be set aside, and simplicity become our first object. Kyōto is an out-of-the-way place, and unfit to be the seat of government.

The whole country was dumfounded, and the daimyōs fairly stood aghast at the sudden and extreme liberalism of the Sat-Chō conservatives. Mistrust was engendered in the Satsuma clan itself, to which Ōkubo belonged, causing his assassination and contributing to the Satsuma Rebellion of 1877, to be described later. Ōkubo's startling proposals were nevertheless put into effect, for the simple reason that he and his colleagues had control of the government. A new year-period was adopted, significantly called Meiji, or the Enlightened Government, and this title was ultimately conferred on Japan's greatest Emperor, as already hinted.

This newly enlightened government now further aston-

ished Japan by inviting all the foreign ministers to an imperial audience. The greatest excitement ensued. The British minister's escort was attacked while on its way to the audience, and forced to retire. But the Sat-Chō men had committed themselves to progress, and brought about a successful audience next day for Sir Harry Parkes and his young attaché, Mr. Mitford. The latter, afterward Lord Redesdale, has painted a most vivid picture of the young Emperor Meiji on this momentous occasion:

As we entered, the Son of Heaven rose and acknowledged our bows. He was at that time a tall youth with a bright eye and clear complexion; his demeanor was very dignified, well becoming the heir of a dynasty many centuries older than any other sovereignty on the face of the globe. He was dressed in a white coat with long padded trousers of crimson silk trailing like a lady's court train. His head-dress was the same as that of his courtiers, though as a rule it was surmounted by a long, stiff, flat plume of black gauze. His eyebrows were shaved off and painted in high up on the forehead; his cheeks were rouged and his lips painted with red and gold. His teeth were blackened. It was no small feat to look dignified under such a travesty of nature; but the *sangre Azul* would not be denied. It was not long, I may add, before the young sovereign cast adrift all these worn-out fashions and trammels of past ages, together with much else that was out of date.

When we had taken our places the young Mikado addressed Sir Harry Parkes as follows:

"I hope that your Sovereign enjoys good health. I trust that the intercourse between our respective countries will become more and more friendly and be permanently established. I regret deeply that an unfortunate affair which took place as you were on your way to the Palace on the 23d delayed this ceremony. It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to see you here to-day."

We were standing in the presence of a sovereign whose ancestors for centuries had been to their people demigods, to foreigners almost a myth. The sanctity of their seclusion had been inviolate, they had held no intercourse with a world of which they knew

nothing. Now, suddenly, the veil of the temple had been rent and the Boy-god, in defense of whose divinity myriads of his subjects were ready gladly to lay down their lives, had descended from the clouds to take his place among the children of men, and not only that, but he had actually allowed his sacred face to be seen by, and had held communion with, "The Beasts from Without." The barriers of centuries had been broken down, and Japan was ready to enter into the comity of nations.

The throne now issued an edict protecting all foreigners, and prescribing capital punishment of the most ignominious character for any one molesting them. The Year of Restoration, 1868, is probably the most significant mile-stone in Japanese progress since Shōtoku dedicated his temples to Buddhism in 616.

7

Notable events crowded on one another with confusing rapidity. One, however, stands out clearly preëminent, in the form of a memorial appearing in the Official Gazette of March 5, 1869, signed by the most powerful daimyōs. It was addressed to the Emperor, and accomplished at a stroke the abolition of feudalism.

The place where we live is the Emperor's land. The food that we eat is grown by the Emperor's men. How then can we claim any property as our own? We now reverently offer up our possessions and also our followers (samurai as well as "common folk") with the prayer that the Emperor will take good measures for rewarding those to whom reward is due, and for fining such as do not deserve reward. Let imperial orders be issued for altering and remodeling the territories of the various clans. Let the civil and penal codes, the military laws down to the rules for uniforms and for the construction of engines of war, all proceed from the Emperor. Let all the affairs of the Empire, both great and small, be referred to him.

This amazing surrender was the work of the Sat-Chō men. A young Chōshū samurai named Itō had run away from home and worked his way before the mast of a British vessel to London, where Lord Redesdale knew him as a typical rōnin, "as wild as a hawk—full of spirits—ready for any adventure—up to any fun—as merry a companion as a man could wish for: but, like Prince Hal, when there was a man's work to be done, the true metal rang out clear and bright, and the energy which found an outlet in his boyish pranks, in his journey to Europe with Inouye, traveling at the risk of life, and in many a hazardous venture, was spent upon serious work, and upon the solutions of the serious problem of statecraft."

Itō returned from Europe to become the main molder of modern Japan. He himself was the author of the astonishing document in which the daimyōs surrendered their fiefs and their followers, although it was engineered to success by Kido, another Sat-Chō clansman. Japan's changed attitude toward Western progress has never been better expressed than in Itō's own eloquent statement, made in a speech at San Francisco:

Japan is anxious to press forward. The red disc in the center of our national flag shall no longer appear like a wafer over a sealed empire, but henceforth be in fact what it is designed to be: the emblem of the rising sun, symbolical of the awakening of Japan, and of her wish to be found ever moving onward and upward amid the enlightened nations of the world.

The young Emperor, with Itō as his trusted adviser, found himself the leader of a truly enlightened government. He accepted the surrender of feudalism, but made it clear that he would not rule in the spirit of absolutism. On April 17, 1869, he appeared before his court and an



From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

ITŌ AS PREMIER

assembly of daimyōs with his famous Charter Oath, as follows:

An assembly, widely convoked, shall be established, and thus great stress shall be laid upon public opinion;

The welfare of the whole nation shall be promoted by the everlasting efforts of both the governing and the governed classes;

All subjects, civil and military officers as well as other people, shall do their best, and never grow weary in accomplishing their legitimate purposes;

All absurd usages shall be abandoned; justice and righteousness shall regulate all actions;

Knowledge shall be sought for all over the world, and thus shall be strengthened the foundations of the Imperial Polity.

8

Knowledge was literally sought for all over the world. The rapid advance of the Enlightened Government was helped along chiefly by two things: the large stock of national energy and discipline acquired during Japan's protracted seclusion, and the knowledge and advice of the foreigners that had been so long shut out.

Among the first foreigners to come in were missionaries, as Mito had foreseen. A cathedral was dedicated at Yokohama in 1862, and another one at Nagasaki three years later. Within a month of the dedication of the Nagasaki cathedral to the Twenty-Six Martyrs once crucified there by Hideyoshi, there occurred a highly dramatic incident known as "The Finding of the Christians;" when several thousand country folk felt emboldened to come forward and confess that the Catholic faith handed down by their fathers had been secretly cherished in the bosom of their families for more than two hundred years! This is an example of Japanese loyalty that deserves more attention than it has received.

Among the first four Protestant missionaries—who arrived in 1859—one, a Dutch-American, Guido Verbeck, led the whole host of foreign teachers that have contributed so much to the making of modern Japan. His powerful and winsome personality was enriched by a thorough education in languages, philosophy, and science. Promptly attracting the attention of the young samurai who now thronged into Nagasaki in quest of learning, his little home became a center of enlightenment. At his feet sat scores of the men who, largely by virtue of his training, were to direct the future course of empire. Summoned to Tōkyō, Verbeck there laid the foundations of the Imperial University, besides busying himself with translating such great works as the Napoleonic Code, Blackstone's Commentaries, Humboldt's Cosmos, Bluntschli's and Wheaton's and Perry's treatises on political economy and international law—massive foundations for the building of new Japan. He it was that suggested the famous embassy sent round the world in 1872 to pick and choose the best from every nation.

As a result of this far-sighted policy, Japan's new civilization became distinctly eclectic. She took her army tactics and law codes from France, her navy and lighthouses, railways and telegraphs, from England, her postal service, agricultural reforms, and educational system from the United States of America, her "new art" from Italy, and her revised system of local government from Germany, together with medical instruction and the training of army officers.

From Germany came also certain influential ideas for Japan's new system of national government—brought in by Itō as the head of a special commission despatched to Europe and America in 1882 to study constitutional

forms and practices. Turning his back on earlier English affiliations, Itō, during this journey, fell under the spell of Bismarck. This was the more natural since Prussian views of statecraft dovetailed so nicely with the system imported into Japan in the seventh century from China and then made the basis of the "Great Change." Itō knew Japan's history thoroughly, so when he returned from his epoch-making mission and set about the education of a constitution from the Emperor's simple Charter Oath, he superposed Prussian principles on a once naturalized, but long since discarded, Chinese foundation; at the same time unequivocally repudiating Anglo-Saxon theories of government.⁶ The "Great Change," notwithstanding its exaltation of the Emperor as Son of Heaven, had been distinctly bureaucratic, and this fell in perfectly with Sat-Chō plans. The net result may be put in a nutshell. The dualism formerly represented by the Imperial Court and the Tokugawa Shōgun now reappeared, under Itō's skillful manipulation, in a combination of seemingly incompatible elements: a constitutional monarchy in theory and an absolute oligarchy in fact, the principal change from one dualistic system to the other consisting in the abolition of feudalism.

Perhaps the gist of the new system may best be suggested by one of Itō's comments on the Constitution (which he himself practically made), supplemented by a citation from that instrument. Itō's comment declares: "As the supreme right is one and indivisible, the legislative power remains in the hands of the Sovereign and is not bestowed on the people."⁷ Itō's Constitution de-

⁶ See his Speech on the Constitution, in *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, xlii, Part I.

⁷ Baron Kaneko more recently writes (in the *Encyclopedia Americana*): "According to the Constitution, the three powers of state, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, are vested in the person of the Emperor, who is the life

clares: "All Laws, Imperial Ordinances, and Imperial Rescripts of whatever kind, that relate to the affairs of the State, require the countersignature of a Minister of State."

This practically puts supreme power into the hands of the ministers, who are not named by the people, but by the Emperor, at the suggestion of the men closest to him. Continuously from the time of the Restoration these imperial advisers have almost uniformly been the Genrō, or Elder Statesmen, of the Satsuma and Chōshū clans, who have therefore controlled the government.

While the so-called Restoration thus actually resulted in "the exaltation of a bureaucratic oligarchy to a degree of authority with which the Shōgunate could hardly be compared," yet, on the other hand, the accompanying abolition of feudalism emancipated more than ninety per cent of the Japanese people, an achievement of incalculable importance. Previously, all artisans and traders owed absolute obedience to their overlords, as we have already seen, while the agricultural peasants were mere slaves, whose only function in the national economy was to support the privileged orders. At one stroke twenty-nine million of the thirty-one million people inhabiting Japan were given a political status as free subjects of the Emperor. And it is not too much to say that from this time forward the main clew to the internal history of Japan is the steady rise of these masses, in spite of a Prussianized constitution and an oligarchic rule.

and center of the whole political mechanism. If we compare the constitutions of three countries, namely, England, the United States, and Japan, we have a marked dissimilarity: in England, the sovereign power rests with Parliament; in the United States with the people; and in Japan with the Emperor."

On the very morning the Constitution was promulgated, February 11, 1889, Viscount Mori, Minister of Cults and Education under the new régime, was stabbed to death by a young sōshi—a modern imitation of the rōnin—for blasphemy. In what did his offense really consist? He had recently visited the chief shrine of the Shintō cult, at Yamada, in Ise; a shrine sacred to the great deity Ama-terasu, the Sun Goddess ancestress of the imperial line of Japan. The cedar gateway to the courtyard of this shrine is curtained by a sheet of unbleached muslin; and Viscount Mori, charged with the express duty of administering the Shintō cult, casually raised this cotton sheet on the end of his walking-stick so as to look into the courtyard. This was "blasphemy" in the eyes of the sōshi—whom the Enlightened Government permitted to go scot-free!

The truth is that the Meiji government, having ridden into power on the crest of a Shintō revival, from the outset nurtured and petted and fostered this native ancestral cult at the expense of truth and fair play. Conversely, it opposed Buddhism, to which Japan owes so much. Early in the new Meiji era Buddhist priests were stripped of their privileges and ousted from Shintō shrines where they had made themselves at home for a thousand years, while heaps of sutras, with countless images and decorations, were collected and burned.

Although such drastic attempts to obliterate the religion of Prince Shōtoku have failed, Buddhism lives on at a disadvantage. The government of present-day Japan, as if accepting Herbert Spencer's appraisal of native religious cults,—that they strengthen rule by enforcing

obedience to custom, and by opposing dangerous political innovations,—has steadily done everything in its power not only to protect, but to extend and exalt Shintō; taking it under official care, supporting it out of the national treasury, encouraging it to usurp even such preëminent Buddhist fanes as those of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu at Nikkō, and, above all, causing its hoary mythology to be taught as sober and sacred fact in the schools.

The chief reason for all this is compactly expressed in Itō's Commentaries on the Constitution, as follows:

The Sacred Throne was established at the time when the heavens and the earth became separated. The Emperor is heaven-descended, divine and sacred. He must be revered, and is inviolable. Not only shall there be no irreverence for the Emperor's person, but also he shall not be made a topic of derogatory comment nor one of discussion.

To make the point even clearer, a contemporary Japanese scholar declares:

The divine origin of the Emperor, the unbroken line of His descent from the Immortals, the guardianship that His deified ancestors extend to the realm and its people—these are the essential bases of Japanese patriotism.

To carry this point to its extreme conclusion, another patriotic scholar has declared, so recently as 1916:

With the most beautiful virtues which we have inherited from our forebears, and the splendid traditions which no other nation in the world has ever enjoyed, I conclude without any hesitation that we Japanese are the nation which has the responsibility of instructing the rest of the world, and are finally destined to become its dominant factor.

This has a ring both fantastic and familiar; strongly reminiscent, in fact, of an almost forgotten Kultur. And

one is distinctly reminded of methods once employed by Prussianism on reading the Instructions to Teachers issued by the Japanese government's Department of Education in connection with text-books prescribed for the schools:

It is required that by means of these lessons the august, divine influence of Ama-terasu be extolled, the descent of our Imperial Family made clear, and the source of our national organization, which is without peer in all the world, made known.—The teacher should carefully explain this national constitution, which is peerless in all the world.

Book V of "Text-books of Ethics for Ordinary Primary Schools," also published by the Department of Education, says:

In ancient times Ama-terasu sent down Ninigi-no-Mikoto and caused him to rule over this country. The great-grandchild of this Prince was the Emperor Jimmu (see page 19). More than 2,570 years have elapsed since the accession to the throne of this Emperor. His successors throughout successive generations have ascended the throne.

"Instructions to Teachers" adds that "the object of this lesson is to make known the national constitution of Great Japan."

As a well-informed foreign critic remarks, we have here the spectacle of a modern state supporting its political fabric with a genealogical scheme so remote that it represents one of primitive man's very first attempts at explaining the world about him. Japanese mythology was not given its chronological place in the first part of the present volume simply because its deliberate resuscitation and employment as a modern tool of statecraft demand its treatment with vital current issues. That mythology is summarized as follows in the opening chap-

ter of "Japanese History for Middle Schools," which, on the word of its publishers, recently had a wider usage in the high schools of Tōkyō than any other similar textbook:

Our National Constitution.—Our Empire of Great Japan, with an imperial line, above, unbroken from time immemorial, and with its subjects, below, matchless in loyalty and patriotism, from ancient times down to the present has never once received a foreign insult. Such a national character is without parallel through the world, and is, indeed, a cause for great pride on the part of our people.

The Beginning of the Country.—Tradition says that in the very ancient history of our country there were two gods, male and female, called Izanagi and Izanami. These two created the eight-great-islands-country (Japan), and gave birth to Amaterasu (the Sun Goddess) and to Susa-no-wō. Amaterasu, as the one possessing the highest virtue, ruled over Takama-ga-hara (the Shintō heaven). Her younger brother, Susa-no-wō, performed many acts of violence, and, on account of causing suffering to the Great Deity (Amaterasu), he was finally driven out, and went down to Izumo (a province of Japan). There he subdued the rebels and secured the sacred sword, which he presented to the Great Deity.

The Presentation of the Country.—The god known as O-kuni-nushi was the son of Susa-no-wō. He succeeded his father as ruler of Izumo, brought the country under cultivation, subdued those that were rebellious, and taught the knowledge of medicine. Thus the influence of his virtue spread to the four quarters of the

The Descent of the Imperial Grandson.—Amaterasu once

upon gave an imperial command to her grandson, Ninigi-no-Mikoto, saying: "The luxuriant reed-plain land-of-fresh-rice-ears (Japan) is the land over which my descendants shall reign. Do thou, Imperial Offspring, go and rule over it, and the prosperity of the Imperial Succession of Heaven shall be as everlasting as heaven and earth."

*The foundations of our imperial rule, which shall not be moved forever, were in truth laid at this time.*⁸

Every people on earth has had similar myths. Japan is singular in respect of the fact that such outworn myths are officially taught to its school-children by one of the most enlightened governments the world has ever known, on the principle that the end—"patriotism"—justifies the means.

IO

Having got this necessary chapter of documented criticism out of the way, we may now turn with relief to the marvelous achievements of the newly enlightened era.

A substantial foundation for national progress was laid in the early 'seventies in two bedrock governmental policies: one economic, the other no less social than military—namely, the levy of a general land-tax payable in the coin of the realm, and the substitution of universal military service for the old-time army of the samurai.

The effects of the economic measure have been admirably summarized by Professor Dutcher in "The Political Awakening of the East." The new government found itself in receipt of a regular revenue in currency; secured financial stability and independence from any intervention on the part of the old feudal aristocracy; and was relieved from the uncertainties of fluctuating values and other inconveniences inherent in the former system of payments in rice.

The other fundamental policy deserves especial at-

⁸ See Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, xlix, Part II, pp. 186-187.

tention, for in it the Sat-Chō clansmen "built better than they knew." The manhood service measure of 1871 not only provided new Japan with an adequate army, but effectually paved the way toward the manhood suffrage act of 1925.

Such a revolutionary innovation as a citizen soldiery had to be prepared for with the most astute circumspection. A number of influential samurai were therefore persuaded to follow the self-sacrificing example already set by their daimyōs—that is, to petition the government for permission to surrender their rights, which in this case involved the very "soul of the samurai," his sword, to say nothing of his claim on his daimyō for financial support.

To this cleverly maneuvered request of a few of the samurai, the government promptly responded by making sword-wearing optional for all of them, instead of obligatory, as it had been under the Tokugawas; and by undertaking to commute the incomes they had hitherto received from the daimiates, in bags of rice, into governmental pensions payable in bonds.

To fill the place of these abdicating samurai, with their obsolete weapons and useless chain-armor, young soldiers of all classes were now drilled in modern army tactics and in the use of Western weapons. As soon as the nucleus of a new army had thus been formed, sword-bearing by samurai was interdicted, and commutation made compulsory—at a very heavy pecuniary loss to the supposed beneficiaries.

It would have been miraculous for such drastic procedures to succeed without protest, but it is to the credit of the samurai that their protests arose not so much from financial considerations as from a sense of wounded

honor, both personal and national. Surely it was bad enough to be deprived of their swords by this newfangled and high-handed government, and to see the sacred defense of the fatherland turned over to "low-caste cattle"; but when, in 1873, Korea actually heaped insults on Japan with apparent impunity, what was left for the gentlemen of the old régime except revolt? Four members of the Tōkyō cabinet abruptly resigned rather than endure, without instant reprisals, the ignominy of Korea's contemptuous behavior—her cutting off of all relations with Japan as "a renegade from the civilization of the Orient"—and one of them, Etō of Saga, in Hizen, headed a local rebellion, which was speedily crushed by the little governmental army, in 1874. But Saigō of Satsuma, "the sword of the Restoration," brought new Japan face to face with a life-and-death struggle, in the so-styled Satsuma Rebellion, which declared itself three years later.

General Saigō was a man of the staunchest patriotism, as well as of extraordinary ability. But he was essentially a Southern gentleman of the old school, whose conservatism had been already strained almost to the breaking-point by the liberalism of such fellow-clansmen as Ōkubo. He bitterly resented the new conscription measure, and when the Korean insult was inflicted on Japan he thought he saw an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone: to restore the samurai to their former position and to avenge the national honor by a samurai invasion of Korea. His cabinet associates, however, were not only committed to the new conscription policy, but they regarded discretion as the better part of valor during the supreme crisis of Japan's transition.

Saigō, withdrawing to Satsuma, now surrounded him-

self with large numbers of the Kyūshū samurai, arming them with European rifles and field-guns, and drilling them in modern tactics—without depriving them of their swords. The Tōkyō government, fully alive to the menace of civil war, sought to give the Southerners a vent for their feelings in the noteworthy Formosan expedition, as a result of which China was forced to pay Japan an indemnity for maladministration in Formosa, and also to loosen her hold on the Ryūkyū Islands. But this expedition, successful as it was, failed to satisfy Saigō and his followers, who were not even mollified when Tōkyō forced Korea to sign her first treaty of international comity, after a Korean fort had actually fired on Japanese war-ships. Tōkyō's emulation of America in this matter was not at all to the taste of the Southern conservatives. With outspoken determination to recover their lost rights and secure to themselves all the posts in the new army and navy, some forty thousand samurai, led by General Saigō, opened actual warfare with the Tōkyō government on January 29, 1877, and fought fiercely for eight months, or until every one of their leaders had fallen.

This short but fierce civil war between North and South probably determined the destiny of Japan from that day to this. By the most strenuous efforts Tōkyō succeeded in outnumbering the insurgents, throwing sixty-six thousand men into the field against them. One out of every three combatants was slain, and perhaps the issue was really decided by the samurai running short of food and ammunition. But the new citizen soldiery demonstrated that military prowess is not the exclusive attribute of aristocracy, and thereby set Japan on the open road toward democracy. For nothing else has so nour-

ished the self-respect and growing self-confidence of the Japanese commoner as universal military training, crowned as it has been with such brilliant successes.

II

The opposition which the Sat-Chō government incurred from the samurai also contributed to the rise of democracy through at least three distinct institutional agencies. Many able men of the old bushi class, disgruntled by their treatment at Tōkyō, turned to political parties, to pedagogy, and to the press as effective instruments of protest; and Japan as a whole has enormously profited from the healthy opposition of these three great agencies to the powerfully intrenched clan government.

The southern provinces of Tosa and Hizen, originally associated in the overthrow of the Shōgunate with Satsuma and Chōshū,⁹ soon broke away from the quadruple alliance and organized political parties opposed to the Tōkyō government. Itagaki of Tosa became the first leader of a genuinely democratic group. He brought about the first organization of Japanese liberals, and his work still survives in the Seiyūkai party, which, however, has been so outdistanced by present-day liberalism that it is now distinctly conservative. Ōkuma of Hizen followed Itagaki into the ranks of the political opposition. He succeeded in founding a progressive party of such enduring vitality that it still carries on under the name of the Kenseikai, with its main support in the cities, whereas its more conservative rival derives its chief strength from the rural districts.

Thus the two great political parties of Japan to-day

⁹ See the foot-note on page 229.

both owe their origin to high-spirited samurai of the earlier Meiji period.

Journalism and the cause of independent education are equally in their debt. "Most of the famous writers of the early days of Meiji were samurai who before the Restoration had been in the service of the Tokugawas," said Mr. Tsurumi in his Williamstown lectures. "Their literary weapons were naturally used in frequent attacks on the government. Many of their fellows were active in educational work, one of the most distinguished being Fukuzawa, the founder of the famous Keiō University."

Versatile and virile, Fukuzawa the Schoolmaster stands out as a commanding influence in the making of new Japan. Professor Chamberlain indeed thinks that the work which did more than any other single thing to mold Japan into its present-day shape was Fukuzawa's inspirational study of "The Condition of Western Countries." The message of this book he condensed into his well-known slogan: "Young men, poverty and ignorance are hobbling your country—master Western science, make money, free her!"

Writing with admirable clearness, publishing a popular newspaper, not keeping too far ahead of the times, in favor of Christianity to-day because its adoption might gain for Japan the goodwill of Western nations, all eagerness for Buddhism to-morrow because Buddhist doctrines can be better reconciled with those of evolution and development, pro- and anti-foreign by turns, inquisitive, clever, not over-ballasted with judicial calmness, this eminent private schoolmaster, who might have been Minister of Education, but who consistently refused all office, is the intellectual father of half the young men who later filled the middle and lower posts in the government of Japan.

Ōkuma also started a university of his own, now known as Waseda University (adds Mr. Tsurumi). This institution was

to supply most of Japan's journalists, while Keio's graduates for the most part went into business. Great numbers of students sent out from these universities strengthened the forces of progressivism for the coming test of strength with the conservatives.

The government was not slow in counteracting the educational and journalistic activities of the opposition. It organized a strong and thorough system of education. The major part of Japan's success is due to her educational system. The amount of illiteracy is now below five per cent. Japan gives a leadership to the government schools out of all proportion to that assigned to private institutions. A strict examination system was adopted. Students who stood well in the examinations of the higher government schools were given a kind of recognition by the state. This was particularly the case with the graduates of the Imperial Universities, which were at the apex of the whole educational system.

In this way the government schools attracted the major portion of the talent of the country. Into the minds of the students was instilled a strong sense of conservative nationalism. Most of the graduates of the Imperial Universities went into the civil service, where they could find the best chance of promotion based on the merit system. Thus Satsuma and Chōshū strengthened their position by incorporating within their ranks a large part of the finest brains of the country.

The ultra-conservative elements found their strongest and ablest exponent in Yamagata, a Chōshū man who later became a field marshal and prince. The country's political history during the greater part of the Meiji Era centered around an unending fight between Itō and Yamagata, fellow-clansmen.

12

Among non-governmental schools of great influence must be mentioned the Young Women's Institute of English Learning, known in America and England as Tsuda College. Its story reads like a romance. Although the father of its founder was a Christian, on hearing of the birth of the daughter who was to make his name famous he reverted to a pagan mode of thought, which expressed itself in old Japan in some such objurga-

tion as, "Shakkin no tamago," or, "Egg of debt!" This phrase was common enough on such occasions, the idea being that to bear and rear girls is not only useless, but in the end highly expensive. But when, in this case, the mother of the unwelcome little stranger looked out of her window, what should she see but the plum-blossoms breaking through the snow of early spring. So she took heart to name her child Ume, or Plum-blossom, which in the Japanese language of flowers means Valor.

When Plum-blossom Tsuda was seven years old she set out on a valorous adventure. With five other well-born little girls she was sent to the United States by the Empress of Japan to grow up with the English language under American influences, in order to return to her native land in due time as an interpreter between West and East.

Plum-blossom was the only one of the six girls that was able to carry out the wishes of the Empress. When she got back to Japan in her late twenties I happened to be there myself, and can bear witness to the fact that she had so steeped herself in English as to be unable to speak Japanese. She had indeed become so proficient in the common speech of Shakespeare and Milton, Washington and Lincoln, that she was at once put in charge of a great school for noblewomen recently established in Tōkyō, where she was paid a large salary by the government and granted a title of nobility. But at Bryn Mawr College she had quaffed so deeply of the ideals of democracy and of unselfish service that she soon gave up all her honors and emoluments in order to found her own independent institution for teaching English to Japanese girls of all classes. This was in 1900, and from that day to this the Institute of English Learning in

Tōkyō has been the main source of supply for teachers of English throughout the secondary schools of Japan.

In consequence of the teaching of English in the Japanese common schools, Japan is now outranked only by the United States and the British Commonwealth in the use of a language that was spoken a century ago by only 22,000,000 people, but is used to-day by 170,000,000, scattered all over the globe. More than half the world's newspapers are printed in English, not a few in Japan and China, and three-fourths of all the world's mail is addressed in it. Misunderstandings are among the chief causes of wars. Our only means of understanding one another is language, and English is by way of becoming the common speech of modern mankind, just as Latin was once the *lingua franca* of Europe.

So it is that Ume Tsuda spent her youth in America and then returned to Japan to build up an institution of unique international importance. She is known as Japan's greatest woman educator. Because of what she represents it is perhaps not over-fanciful to name her in the train of Marco Polo, the explorer and revealer of Asia, Columbus, the discoverer of the West, and Perry, the pathfinder between West and East—because, without the work in behalf of a common understanding that Tsuda College exemplifies, their work might possibly prove after all worse than useless. Before the circuit of civilization which Polo and Columbus and Perry first traced round the globe can be permanently secured, we must have an understanding between East and West, and so the little interpreter whose material equipment was utterly demolished by the great earthquake of 1923 still goes bravely forward with her work of enabling two hemispheres to keep the Pacific Ocean true to its name.

The Second Transformation of Japan has been scarcely less swift than her first one. Between 1860 and 1870 the changes were highly spectacular. In the former year Japan was wholly medieval. In the latter, the open ports and their vicinity already teemed with shops retailing foreign merchandise, while foreign clothing, hats, boots, watches, umbrellas, and fancy articles of all kinds were worn and used by all classes, from daimyō to groom. Men too old to sport the new costumes exhibited with delight their little grandchildren toggled out in foreign finery. The army and navy had by 1870 been remodeled on the European and American system, in organization, uniforms, and accoutrements, down to drum, fife, and bugle. Two steamers and several stage lines plied between Yokohama and Tōkyō, which were already connected by telegraph, while a contract had been let for a railroad all the way from Tōkyō to Ōsaka. Extensive foundries and docks had been opened. Foreign physicians were employed in three large hospitals and medical colleges. Western medical science had almost entirely superseded the old Chinese system. Newspapers were published in several places, with columns of "Foreign" and "Telegrams." Book-stores stocked with English and French books abounded, the quantity of imported books being characterized by Dr. Verbeck in 1870 as "prodigious."

Important political changes occurred during the next decade. In 1871 the abandoned daimiates were superseded by a system of prefectures, responsible to the central cabinet in Tōkyō, and the despised eta, or pariahs of Japan, were raised to the dignity of free subjects.



From a contemporary painting by Prince Asa of Korea

PRINCE SHŌTOKU (572—621 A. D.) AND HIS SONS

The year 1873 was especially remarkable for the introduction of foreign reforms. The European calendar was accepted, with the observance of Sunday as a holiday; vaccination began to wage warfare against the ever-prevalent pestilence of small-pox; photography became a fad; and the introduction of meat-eating proved that Buddhism was losing its hold on the people in consequence of the official adoption of Shintō.

In 1875 the judiciary system was renovated by the establishment of a court of cassation, courts of first instance and of appeal having been already introduced. An imperial edict created a Senate, or House of Peers, clearly foreshadowing the prefectural assemblies of 1878 and the Parliament of 1890. Industrialism, which now wields such a sway in Japan, heralded itself in the organization of the great Mitsubishi Steamship Company.

In 1879 the government confirmed its hold on the Ryūkyū Islands, in spite of the opposition of China, and Japan thus acquired her first colony. The year was further notable for the visit of General Grant, who produced a profound impression and strengthened the growing bonds of friendship between Japan and America. Two years later the liberals, led by Ōkuma, secured the promise of a constitution within ten years. Riots in Korea were quelled by Japanese intervention, whereupon China roundly declared that the peninsula should not meet the fate of the Ryūkyū Islands. Chinese troops invested Korea, and ill-feeling was engendered that resulted in the Chino-Japanese war twelve years later. A merely temporary truce was agreed on in the treaty of 1885, whereby the two countries assumed a joint protectorate over the land of the ironic name,—“Land of the Morning Calm,”—exchanging pledges that in case of future

disturbances in Korea neither power should land troops there without first giving notice to the other.

Events rapidly molded themselves toward the promised constitution. A supreme court was established in 1884, a system of nobility adopted on the European pattern, and English introduced into the public schools. Next year such sweeping reforms were made in administrative circles that 1885 is known politically as "the year of the great earthquake." A veritable foreign fever in fact set in, continuing several years. Everything that came from the West, including Christianity, was devoured with an avidity that could hardly prove wholesome. Japanese ladies adopted the awkward European dress; the introduction of Western dancing gave rise to grave scandals; the streets of the cities became a tangle of clumsy velocipedes; Japan seemed a land of monomaniacs.

Reaction against this foolish mania was stimulated by the refusal of Occidental countries to allow an equitable revision of the treaties. By the original treaties the Japanese government was bound not to impose a heavier customs tax than five per cent on imports, a great handicap to the revenues. These treaties involved also the national pride. When Townsend Harris, in 1858, had negotiated the one that was to serve as a model for all those that followed, he was forced by his Secretary of State, against his own conscience, as he says,¹⁰ to include in it an obnoxious feature of the Occidental treaties with China, known as "extra-territoriality." In practice this meant that when an American or European violated the laws of Japan, he was brought to trial not before a Japanese judge, but in the nearest consular court; and that

¹⁰ See Tyler Dennett in "Americans in Eastern Asia," p. 350, note.

in all civil cases involving a Japanese plaintiff with an alien defendant, the suit had to be brought in the court of the defendant's own nationality. When Japanese diplomatists failed to secure an equitable revision of these unilateral treaties, deep popular resentment was aroused. In 1889 reaction against the West reached its apex, and murderous assaults were committed by sōshi not only on foreigners, but also on certain supposedly pro-foreign statesmen.

14

Ōkuma himself barely escaped the assassin's bomb—with the loss of a leg—in 1889, the year of the promulgation of the Constitution. And yet, far from being pro-foreign, Ōkuma was an out-and-out chauvinist; favoring Western innovations, indeed, and doing everything in his power to foster Occidental education, but doing even this in order to secure the best means for the furtherance of Japan's nationalistic ambitions. At the very moment of the attempt on his life he was engrossed in efforts to secure the revision of the treaties; his assailant was not even well informed. It is not too much to say that the revision of the treaties on terms of complete national equality became the supreme object of Japan's foreign policy during the decade succeeding the promulgation of her Constitution, and that the war with China about Korea in 1894 was effective as a means to that end.

Riots tantamount to civil war having broken out in the unhappy protectorate, both parties to the agreement of 1885 rushed troops in as tranquillizers. But in the course of their tranquillizing efforts so much mutual ill-will was engendered that Japanese war-ships finally opened fire

on Chinese transports. It seems not unlikely that Premier Itō welcomed this foreign war as a diversion from domestic dissensions, but he played his part with great skill. It so came about that war was actually declared by the Emperor of China, in words that deserve perpetuation among the curiosities of historical literature:

We Ourselves have always followed the paths of philanthropy and perfect justice, while the pygmies of Japan have on the other hand broken all the laws of nations and treaties, which it passes Our patience to bear with. Hence We command Li Hung Chang to give strict orders to Our various armies to hasten with all speed to rout the pygmies out of their lairs.

To this declaration Itō replied with modern battleships and an army that Yamagata had trained to the pink of perfection. The result was a foregone conclusion, although the Occident was quite unprepared for it. Europe's almost universal pity for the "island pygmies" swiftly changed to amazed admiration. In a brilliant campaign of seven months Japan proved that in two-score years she had learned the lessons of the West in applied science so well as to be able to best China's millions. When Li Hung Chang came at length into the lairs of the pygmies it was to sue with Itō for an armistice—at Shimonoseki, Japan's new Asian gateway, as Yokohama is her gate to the Americas. Here a sōshi fired on the old Chinese statesman and succeeded in scarring his features for life. This outrage threw the Japanese into such consternation,—anxious as they were above all things to court the good opinion of the West in this war,—that peace was arranged on terms that seemed fair enough to China. In addition to an indemnity, China now admitted the complete independence of Korea from her suzerainty, and ceded the Pescadores and

Formosa to Japan, who further gained a coveted foothold on the Asiatic mainland through a lease of the Liaotung Peninsula, of which Port Arthur is the strategic key. Although quickly deprived of this continental foothold by the intervention of Russia, backed by Germany and France, Japan achieved quite completely the main object of her strenuous endeavors: recognition of national equality by the West.

Treaty revision was now agreed on in all quarters. Seven months of warfare had accomplished more to establish Japan on an equal footing with the Occident than forty years of diplomatic intercourse and of the most astounding progress in all the arts of peace! When we denounce her as "militaristic" it is only fair to recall this phase of her experience. An American clergyman, writing just at the conclusion of the war with China, accurately voiced the sentiments of the Occident in a poetic apostrophe:

All hail, Japan! We seven, the Sovereign Powers,
Greet thee compeer; inscrol thy name with ours;—
United States, Great Britain, Germany,
France, Russia, Austro-Hungary,
And Italy. Henceforth the world-estate
We share with thee, Japan the Great!

15

More than one able student of international politics traces the World War of 1914 directly back to the Chino-Japanese War of 1894.¹¹ It was as though a new planet had suddenly swung into the established orbit of the world powers, upsetting their delicate adjustments, and

¹¹ See especially J. L. Garvin's masterly introduction to "These Eventful Years," and Tyler Dennett's documented study of "Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War."

When, in 1901, he found himself President, both Hawaii and the Philippines had just fallen into the hands of the United States, so that he naturally applied himself, with characteristic diligence, to a study of Far Eastern affairs. Meanwhile, the Willy-Nicky correspondence grew in both volume and importance, with the Kaiser in the rôle of Iago. Japan in 1902 greatly strengthened herself by an alliance with England, the first between an Asiatic and a European power on terms of national equality, but the Kaiser's already bitter hatred of England was of course intensified by that alliance. At the exact moment when Russo-Japanese negotiations for the avoidance of impending war hung in the most delicate balance (January, 1904), he contrived to get a letter into the hands of the vacillating Tsar in which he first contrasted England's "hypocrisy and hatred" with Germany's open-hearted affection for Russia, and then threw the whole weight of his influence into the scales for a war that he hoped might remove Russia altogether from the Prussian pathway toward "a place in the sun."

To us here on the Continent this hypocrisy (*sic*) and hatred is utterly odious and incomprehensible! Everybody here understands perfectly that Russia, following the laws of expansion, must try to get at the Sea for an iceless outlet for its commerce.—It is evident to every unbiased mind that Korea must and will be Russian. When or how that is nobody's affair and concerns only you and your country. This is the opinion of our People here at home and therefore there is no excitement or "emballement" or war rousers (*sic*) or anything of that sort *here*. The sure end that Korea will once be yours is a foregone conclusion here like the occupation of Mandschuria (*sic*), hence nobody troubles themselves about it here!

"More utterly treacherous encouragment for that particular moment it would have been difficult to devise,"

comments Tyler Dennett, while Count Witte, Russia's greatest statesman, writes in his Memoirs:

It is certain that by the seizure of Kiaochow Emperor William furnished the initial impetus to our policy.—The German diplomats and the German Kaiser were clearly making every effort in those days to drag us into Far Eastern adventures. They sought to divert our forces into the Far East so as to insure the safety of their (own) Eastern frontier.

Witte further emphasized this view by declaring of the Kaiser (in a conversation with Dr. E. J. Dillon) that "as soon as he decided to weaken Russia he pushed her into the Far Eastern swamp. Of this I am absolutely sure. It was he who countered and thwarted my own policy of peaceful penetration and no annexations. Wilhelm II is the author of the war" between Japan and Russia.

17

After exhausting diplomatic resources, Japan fought Russia with a spirit and skill that astounded the world. A material contribution to her initial chances of success was a thoroughly characteristic act of President Roosevelt's. Having decided from his studies of the Far East that American interests would be better served in that quarter by a Japanese victory than by a Russian, he backed this decision with action. Advised on the best of authority that Germany and France intended to come to the support of Russia again, as they had done a decade before, he bluntly notified those two powers that if they carried out that intention they would find the United States fighting on the side of Japan! Nor was that all. When Japan, after sixteen months of an exhausting

struggle, secretly invoked Roosevelt to intervene and put an end to the war, "directly and entirely of his own motion and initiative," this feat he promptly accomplished at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. For this he was blamed in many quarters as an officious busybody, to say nothing of being burned in effigy at Tōkyō by the ignorant populace for having foisted on Japan a "peace without victory," whereas he came to her aid at her own secret request, safeguarded her secret at the expense of his own reputation, and possibly saved her life!

The Treaty of Portsmouth (signed August 29, 1905) eventually secured to Japan her long-coveted foothold on the Asiatic mainland, and made her the dominating power of the Far East.

In consequence of this treaty she ultimately obtained all Korea, Port Arthur, Southern Manchuria, and half the island of Sakhalin; and thus, absolutely dominating the Yellow Sea, and enclosing the Sea of Japan, she achieved what is unquestionably, so far as geographical advantages are concerned, the strongest strategical position possessed by any nation in the world. This was amongst the outstanding events of all time. Japan henceforth by a marvelous exertion had to be reckoned amongst the eight great powers of the world, and placed in the middle of this list, not at the bottom. Without disclosing fresh genius in the Western sense, her people had shown themselves capable of dazzling personal heroism and of a solid collective efficiency. In the early years of the twentieth century an Asiatic power had vanquished a European empire by excelling it in political intellect as well as in modern weapons. The Mikado's armies, framed on the German model, with modern uniforms and modern weapons, were directed by leaders who in their youth had worn chain armor amidst feudal conditions like those of the thirteenth century in Europe. For drama, history had known few things like it since Hannibal.¹²

Outside of Japan itself, the most important immediate

¹² J. L. Garvin in his introduction to "These Eventful Years."

result of this war was the first Russian Revolution. Stossel's surrender to Nogi on New Year's Day, 1905, was succeeded in three weeks by "Bloody Sunday." Tōgō's great naval victory off Tsushima in the following May led directly to the promise of a Duma. Two months and one day after the signing of the Portsmouth Treaty, the Tsar signed the first Russian Constitution (October 30, 1905). This war with Japan had been anything but popular in Russia, where it was regarded as the Tsar's private enterprise, so that its colossal failure became his own. As for the Kaiser, no sooner did he feel completely assured of the Tsar's failure than he posed "in shining armor" at Morocco, Russia's historic check on German ambition having now been removed; and "World-Power or Downfall" became thenceforward the Prussian watch-word.

"The Moroccan crisis and the Russo-Japanese conflict overlapped each other in time, but this was no mere coincidence. These two events were integral parts of world politics which already enfolded the malodorous embryo of what became ten years later the world's pestilence," as Tyler Dennett proves quite conclusively in his study of Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War.

18

During this struggle American good-will toward Japan reached its height. The little Empire whose gates had been forced by the United States only a half-century before fought for her life against the hugest and most tyrannous power of Europe, on alien battlefields, and then turned to our President for mediation. It was dramatic to the last degree and it stirred American sentiment to a glowing warmth. But our ardor began to die down even before the Portsmouth Conference adjourned. This

was occasioned by the disclosure of imperialistic ambitions on the part of the Japanese delegates. The truth is that American sentimentality, assisted by a skillfully directed propaganda, had concocted a roseate idealization of Japan, bound to dissolve in the cold light of facts. "As no man ever was so wise as Daniel Webster looked, no nation ever could be quite so great" as Japan is sometimes depicted by over-sentimental observers. Japanese imperialism came into the open in Ōkuma's bold declaration that his country "as a matter of necessity must become a great power on the Asiatic continent." While Ōkuma may perhaps have been as right as he was frank, the effect of declarations such as this was a rapid diminuendo of the American panegyric on Japan, passing over at length into criticism on the actual annexation of Korea, in 1910.

Meanwhile Japan also cooled off toward America. The Japanese press used to refer almost uniformly to the people of the United States as "our best friends," in contrast with a much milder term for the British, with whom Japan had an actual alliance. The reasons for these especially friendly feelings for America have been summed up by a British diplomat, Mr. J. H. Gubbins, as follows:

It was from America that the first ideas of Western civilization came; it was her influence that was most felt in the earlier years of reopened intercourse with foreign nations; and her policy of diplomatic independence and isolation, illustrated strikingly in the crucial question of Treaty Revision, gave to her dealings with Japan an air of disinterested benevolence that contrasted favorably with the less complaisant attitude of other powers.

Japan's cordiality began to abate exactly at the same time as America's, but for a different reason. America

balked at Japanese imperialism, while Japan resented California's treatment of her immigrants.

19

California, in the person of Commodore Perry, knocked at Japan's gates in 1853, but it was thirty years before the Japanese began to return this friendly call in such numbers as to attract public notice. Then they made up for lost time. Between 1885 and 1900 the flow of Japanese labor into California increased at such a rate that a mass-meeting held in San Francisco in the last-mentioned year adopted resolutions urging Congress to reenact the Chinese Exclusion Law, and also to take the necessary steps to exclude all Japanese immigrants except members of the diplomatic staff.

But this was only the act of a city. The state at large showed scant interest until 1905, when the San Francisco Chronicle began to uncover the facts. By this time thirty-six emigration companies had been organized in Japan, with capital assets ranging from twenty thousand to a million yen each,¹⁸ while the Japanese population of California had grown from eighty-six in 1880 to fifty thousand in 1905.

An Asiatic Exclusion League now sprang up in San Francisco, where organized labor wielded such political influence as to prevail on the Board of Education to undertake the segregation of Oriental pupils in the city schools. After the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, a separate school order was actually issued, so wounding the pride of Japan that President Roosevelt

¹⁸ A yen is normally fifty cents.

sprang to her defense. His comments on the consequences of this episode richly deserve repetition:

The obnoxious school legislation was abandoned, and I secured an arrangement with Japan (the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907) under which the Japanese themselves prevented any emigration to our country of their laboring people, it being distinctly understood that if there was such emigration the United States would at once pass an exclusion law. It was of course infinitely better that the Japanese should stop their own people from coming rather than that we should have to stop them; but it was necessary for us to hold this power in reserve.

Unfortunately, after I left office, a most mistaken and ill-advised policy was pursued towards Japan, combining irritation and inefficiency, which culminated in a treaty (incorporating the Gentlemen's Agreement) under which we surrendered this important and necessary right. It was alleged in excuse that the treaty (of 1911) provided for its own abrogation; but of course it is infinitely better to have a treaty under which the power to exercise a necessary right is explicitly retained rather than a treaty so drawn that recourse must be had to the extreme step of abrogating it if it ever becomes necessary to exercise the right in question.

The arrangement we made worked admirably, and entirely achieved its purpose. No small part of our success was due to the fact that we succeeded in impressing on the Japanese that we sincerely admired and respected them, and desired to treat them with the utmost consideration. I cannot too strongly express my indignation with, and abhorrence of, reckless public writers and speakers who, with coarse and vulgar insolence, insult the Japanese people and thereby do the greatest wrong not only to Japan but to their own country.

Such conduct represents the nadir of underbreeding and folly. The Japanese are one of the great nations of the world, entitled to stand, and standing, on a footing of full equality with any nation of Europe or America. I have the heartiest admiration for them. They can teach us much. Their civilization is in some respects higher than our own. It is eminently undesirable that Japanese and Americans should attempt to live together in masses; any such attempt would be sure to result disastrously, and the far-seeing statesmen of both countries should join to prevent it.

But this is not because either nation is inferior to the other; it is because they are different. The two peoples represent two civilizations which, although in many respects equally high, are so totally distinct in their past history that it is idle to expect in one or two generations to overcome this difference. One civilization is as old as the other; and in neither case is the line of cultural descent coincident with that of ethnic descent. Unquestionably the ancestors of the great majority both of the modern Americans and the modern Japanese were barbarians in that remote past which saw the origins of the cultured peoples to which the Americans and the Japanese of to-day severally trace their civilizations. But the lines of development of these two civilizations, of the Orient and the Occident, have been separate and divergent since thousands of years before the Christian era; certainly since that hoary eld in which the Akkadian predecessors of the Chaldean Semites held sway in Mesopotamia. An effort to mix together, out of hand, the peoples representing the culminating points of two such lines of divergent cultural development would be fraught with peril; and this, I repeat, because the two are different, not because either is inferior to the other. Wise statesmen, looking to the future, will for the present endeavor to keep the two nations from mass contact and intermingling, precisely because they wish to keep each in relations of permanent good will and friendship with the other.

20

Colonel Roosevelt thought that the Gentlemen's Agreement "worked admirably and entirely achieved its purpose," but in this opinion California refused to concur. In the very year in which the famous ex-President wrote the foregoing statement—1913—the California legislature sought to devise an alien land law that would check a growing economic danger without violating stipulated treaty rights. Against this proposed legislation an ever-watchful Japanese government made such strong representations at Washington that the new Wilson administration took a very venturesome step. Its Secretary

of State, Mr. Bryan, came all the way across the continent as a would-be peacemaker. But the coming of the great pacifist was not attended with pacific results. Here, as in so many other parts of this story, the human equation became the determining factor in an important issue. Had not Mr. Bryan's party just defeated Governor Hiram Johnson as candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States? Certainly Governor Johnson seemed to construe the visit of the Democratic leader, Mr. Bryan, as a challenge to his political strength in his own state. Immediately he got behind the proposed alien land law with an energy and determination he had not hitherto manifested in regard to it, as if determined to devise it in such fashion as to outmatch and outwit Washington. With three very able assistants, this he actually succeeded in doing. After Mr. Bryan exhausted his eloquence on the Sacramento legislators, they enacted, almost unanimously, an exceedingly ingenious administration measure, which brought into existence a now famous phrase, "aliens ineligible to citizenship."

Section One of this first of California's alien land laws carefully conserved all the rights of aliens eligible to citizenship under the laws of the United States. Section Two conserved the rights of all aliens "other than those mentioned in Section One, in the manner and to the extent and for the purposes prescribed by any treaty now existing between the government of the United States and the nation or country of which such alien is a citizen or subject, *and not otherwise*," the framers of this ingenious measure having first satisfied themselves on the all-important point that the treaties then in force with Japan nowhere granted Japanese subjects the right to own land.

This measure, therefore, denied Japanese that privilege

in California. Superficially, however, it seemed more generous than the treaty of 1911, through conferring on ineligible aliens the privilege of leasing land for agricultural purposes,—for terms of three years,—whereas the treaty had only granted such leases for commercial and residential purposes. Of course what the California law really did was to substitute three-year land leases for the actual ownership hitherto enjoyed by the Japanese in California.

Needless to say, eligibility to United States citizenship is a matter for determination by the Federal government, which, in fact, had already determined it—so long ago as 1790—as an exclusive prerogative of “free white persons.” The voting privilege was extended to Negroes by constitutional amendment soon after the Civil War, so that citizenship in these States would seem to be based mainly on pigmentary distinctions, favoring the extremes of the white and black colors as against intermediate shades of complexion, such as yellow and brown.

But the law is the law, in spite of its manifest absurdities; and, to use a phrase of the day, Sacramento very cleverly “put it up to” Washington with an ultimate success that California’s politicians themselves never dreamed of in 1913. For when, eleven years later, Washington itself became a convert to California’s point of view, Congress adopted for the entire country the very phrase that the Japanese had found so obnoxious in the statute of a single state—by rigorously restricting the immigration of all aliens “ineligible to citizenship.”

The Federal government would hardly have become converted to the Californian point of view in such a short

time had it not been for one of the lessons of the Great War. War-time disclosures of disloyalty and sedition among unassimilated European "hyphenates"—stigmatized by President Wilson in a memorable phrase as "creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy, not many, but infinitely malignant"—at length roused national attention to the fact that the so-called "Melting Pot" was to some extent a figment of an over-sentimental popular imagination, and that in reality America was tending rather to become a "Dumping Ground for Europe." Consequently one of the post-war measures of Congress undertook the rigid restriction of European immigration, by means of a quota allowance proportional to the number of nationals already here, no change being made or proposed at that time (1921) in the arrangement with Japan.

Recognition of racial equality had become a prime object of Japan's foreign policy soon after she obtained the recognition of political equality in 1895. In her diplomatic dealings with the United States she pressed this new point so far,—if Ambassador Hanihara's authority may be accepted,—as to be unwilling to substitute a formal treaty for the "Gentlemen's Agreement," which placed the regulation of her emigrants in her own hands.¹⁴ She made this recognition of racial equality her primary concern at Versailles, and it was only after this imponderable prize had been denied to her that she shifted to tangible booty, and obtained from that Conference of a Thousand Blunders the Shantung Peninsula—but without China's consent.

The post-war American immigration measure was so framed as to call for revision in 1924, and when that time came California meanwhile had made such headway with

¹⁴ See "These Eventful Years," i, 660.

a nation-wide "campaign of education" that uninformed censure of her attitude toward Oriental immigration gave way to a widespread sympathy. To illustrate: the press of the rest of the country used to address certain caustic questions to California, but to these questions the state now seems to have succeeded in giving reasonably satisfactory answers. Why, for example, should she arrogate to herself a paramount interest in a problem that involved the nation as a whole?

To this question California replied that the problem was peculiarly her own because almost all of the Japanese arriving in America arrived through her ports, and, finding her climate and soil congenial, never crossed the state border. That, owing to this fact, 100,000 of the 150,000 Japanese in the continental United States were domiciled within her borders, or two-thirds of the total number; the state of Washington coming next with about one-sixth, and Oregon and Idaho ranking nearly together as the only other states where the numbers were mark-worthy. That, even if further immigration should be entirely shut off, California would still have to reckon with a large annual increment of American-born Japanese, owing to the steady increase, within recent years, of immigrant Japanese women. The ratio of Japanese males to females in the continental United States was 25 to 1 in 1890, less than 7 to 1 in 1910, and less than 2 to 1 in 1920. These immigrant Japanese women are peculiarly prolific, as ascertained by a birth-count during two separate years, when to a thousand white women in California only 99 children were born, in comparison with 288 children to a thousand Japanese. Five thousand children are now born annually to Japanese parents in California, or about one-twelfth of all births, although the Japanese

constitute only a thirtieth of the state's population. Further, this one-thirtieth of the population managed to acquire agricultural control of one-sixth of all the irrigated land. On this sixth of the land Japanese farmers and horticulturists have been producing one-third of the total California crop values, an acreage value just double that of the whites, who simply cannot compete with them and maintain a Caucasian standard of living. The Japanese have so tended to concentrate in certain favored agricultural sections, moreover, as sometimes to drive out the whites altogether. Virtually all of the Japanese, of whom a little over 30,000 are natives, reside in the richest counties of the state. In some of these counties a majority of the registered births are reported as being Japanese. In a few counties Japanese occupy about 50 per cent of the irrigated area, water being the great limiting factor in Pacific Coast agriculture.

Such facts speak for themselves.

22

Far from charging racial or moral inferiority against the Japanese, California's contention based itself on an implicit recognition of their superior economy and industry, with which white labor cannot compete. The matter has never been summed up more tersely than by an editor of the San Francisco Chronicle in paying a tribute to the Japanese as a race "fully as capable as our own, and having the added advantage of being inured by centuries of self-denial to a mode of life to which we do not wish to conform, even if we had the ability to do so." Another leading advocate of restricted Oriental immigration put his case into the pithy observation:

To-day, Sunday, I passed a truck farm on the Foothill Boulevard and saw Japanese and their wives hoeing a large tract industriously. How can a white farmer compete with them and at the same time inform himself sufficiently to make a good and efficient citizen, and how could his wife rear good citizens if compelled to work all day in the fields?

Professor H. A. Millis, in a highly sympathetic study of *The Japanese Problem in the United States*, compresses the economic argument into exactly six words: "Immigration involves a conflict of standards." Friendly as he is to the Japanese, it is inevitable that he should then add—and that the greater part of the country, when adequately informed, should have come to agree with him—that "a narrow restriction of immigration of Asiatics is necessary if standards are not to be lowered on the Pacific Coast, where most would enter the country and where most of those who enter would remain."

In this mood and with this conviction Congress took up the revision of its new immigration measure in the spring of 1924, and there is reason to think that Japanese immigration would have been treated in a manner satisfactory to Japan had not somebody blundered. When Ambassador Hanihara became aware that certain members of Congress favored a rigid restriction of incoming Japanese as "aliens ineligible to citizenship," and also an abrogation of the "Gentlemen's Agreement," he said in a written protest to the Secretary of State that such action would be followed by "grave consequences." Secretary Hughes, a great lawyer but a poor psychologist, sympathized with the Japanese Ambassador to such an extent that he transmitted this indiscreet protest to Congress. Congress, interpreting the phrase "grave consequences" as a threat, promptly passed the measure with the phrase to which the Ambassador objected, and also abrogated

the treaty of 1911, with its incorporation of the "Gentlemen's Agreement."

What ensued in Japan will be described on a subsequent page.

23

Meanwhile it seems desirable to take a rapid survey of the development of Japan from the close of the Russian War in 1905 to the critical years 1923-'24. In these two critical years the writer chanced to be in Japan, and observed with acute interest the national reaction not only to the great earthquake, but to the equally great psychological shock produced by the immigration act in the following spring.

Ludovic Naudeau, whose brilliant work on Modern Japan was "crowned" by the French Academy, observed in person and reported in his book *Le Japon Moderne* the immense disillusionment that followed on the war with Russia. The Japanese people, as already hinted, were grieved and disappointed by the peace of Portsmouth. Having been led by their government to expect a huge indemnity to repay the immense sacrifices of the war, they got not a yen. Even the returning troops, although feasted and garlanded, found themselves out of employment, and their homes poverty-stricken. Japan paid heavily, in treasure as well as in blood, for the two wars by which she won her place as a world power. That with China increased her annual budget from 83,000,000 yen to 168,000,000, while the one with Russia raised it to 505,000,000, the public debt rising meanwhile from yen 4.40 per capita in 1893 to yen 46 thirteen years later, a ten-fold increase.

Such gigantic expenses of course involved burdensome taxes. After the conclusion of the peace with Russia these taxes mounted so high that a resident of California paying \$120 in direct annual taxes would have had to pay \$4,500 on the same property and income had he lived in Japan, a fact not without its bearing on the desire of many Japanese to move to California. "Japan pays very dearly for her glory," as M. Naudeau wrote at the time. "Japan grows in power and prestige, but she immolates herself, and the pyre on which she writhes is built of piled-up miseries."

To make matters worse, her population was increasing enormously; from 36,000,000 in 1880 to 50,000,000 in 1908, or at the rate of half-a-million a year.

There were only two possible solutions for this economic and social crisis, the one, emigration and colonization, the other, an increasing industrialism combined with judicious occupation of home territory.

It would have been strange had not the dazzling military successes of her two wars led Japan to favor the first of these policies, even to the extent of an unmistakable imperialism. In this direction, in fact, Itō and Ōkuma, opposed in so many respects, united in steering her course. Ōkuma demands consideration later. Of Itō it may here be said that he paid with his life for Japan's imperialistic adventure in Korea, being assassinated by a Korean nationalist at Harbin, Manchuria, October 29, 1909. He had seen his country grow from an area of 144,000 square miles to one of 258,000, including Korea, or "Chōsen," as Japan has renamed it; with a population more than doubled; possessing one of the most thorough educational systems in the world; 6,000 miles of railway and 18,000 miles of telegraphs; a foreign trade of more than \$400,-

000,000 instead of the paltry \$13,000,000 of forty years before; an army capable of swift mobilization at a strength of 800,000 men; a navy of 191 war-vessels; and a high place in the councils of the nations, in spite of heavy debts and high taxes.

24

Itō, the first Resident-General of Korea, was assassinated in Manchuria as he went about the business of extending Japan's "sphere of influence" on the Asiatic mainland. The principal bases of her peace treaty with Russia had been China's political and territorial integrity, and America's traditional doctrine of the Open Door. But, "considering all the temptations that Manchuria presented, and the cost at which a foothold in it had been acquired, it would have been strange, although highly commendable, had Japan stayed strictly by her plighted word," as Professor Latourette generously says.

Manchuria was a most tempting field of expansion. It bordered on Korea; it was possessed of immense and almost virgin resources of field, mine, and forest; it was still a frontier country; it had been a part of China for less than three centuries and only recently had the Chinese entered it in large numbers; it was now being rapidly settled by these and they were demonstrating by the results of their farming the immense fertility of the land.

Besides all this, what of American designs on China? Is the Open Door policy so wholly disinterested as most Americans are apt to believe? The ink had scarcely been dry on the Treaty of Portsmouth when E. H. Harriman secured a preliminary agreement for control of the great railway that Japan had just taken from Russia. It is well known that this "railway king" planned to get con-

trol of the trans-Siberian road, then to span the Atlantic and Pacific oceans with steamship lines, and thus to belt the whole globe with a transportation system controlled by himself. Even after Tōkyō had thwarted Mr. Hariman's plans, other American "captains of industry" tried to obtain from China certain railway concessions that would probably have put out of business the Japanese lines in Manchuria; and Secretary of State Knox subsequently rushed to the support of his capitalistic compatriots with his somewhat naïve doctrine of "Dollar Diplomacy." Imperialism is of different varieties. For the matter of that, Professor Latourette reminds his fellow-Americans, in an admirably impartial study of the development of Japan, that in the course of a hundred years or so the United States jumped the Mississippi River, crossed the Rockies, occupied the Pacific Slope, and, after Japan's war with China, even spanned the Pacific Ocean, occupying Hawaii and the Philippines—only to seek investment for her huge surplus capital in Chinese railways and mines.

What might America not do next? What wonder that many Japanese, misunderstanding the spirit of the American people, should be irritated by their Open Door policy and regard it as a hypocritical cloak for selfish designs? What wonder that they should think of America as a menace and even if they could be persuaded that for the present she had no selfish motives, should believe that commercial expansion and the investment of capital in China might lead her later to challenge Japan's special interests in that land?

Prompted, therefore, not only by her own imperialistic ambitions, but also by suspicion of the capitalistic imperialism of the West, Japan tore a leaf out of Occidental history and began henceforth to pursue a steady policy of "peaceful penetration" in China.

But old China was slowly waking up. So long ago as 1885 a Cantonese youth who had studied in a Japanese university wrote a book on *The Renovation of Japan*, in which he held up as an inspiration to his fellow-Chinese Japan's transformation. This book he followed with a "*Life of Peter the Great*," a study of the "*Constitutional Changes in England*," and a "*History of the Greatness and Decline of Turkey*," volumes of which it has been said that they did more than open a new period in the history of Chinese thought, since they also outlined a definite scheme of reform, for which they further suggested the necessary principles and methods of action. "They were the first manifestation of the existence in China of a new intelligence, a liberty of spirit until then unknown, and even more, of a new patriotism." They reached the attention of the Manchu Emperor's tutor, and through him the Emperor himself, thus bringing about the brief Chinese reforms of "the Hundred Days"—in 1898, after Japan had pricked "the sleeping giant" with the sword of a modernized army. Two years later the Boxer Uprising testified unmistakably to the spread of progressive ideas, against which it was a worse than ineffectual protest, since certain alien powers, preëminently Russia, took advantage of it for their own further aggrandizement at China's expense. Large bodies move slowly, especially when awakening from prolonged and profound slumber, and it required Japan's show of strength over Russia to rouse China. In 1904 Sun Yat-sen, one of many Chinese youth who of recent years had studied in Japan, not only published his manifesto on *The True Solution of the Chinese Question*, but succeeded in founding a vast associa-

tion (known as the Ku-Ming tang) to spread his progressive ideas. Even the crafty old Empress herself at last became alarmed, and tried—when too late—to forestall the young revolutionists by sending a grand mission “to all the kingdoms of the West and the East to study the systems of administration, and choose the best among them.” When this mission returned and advised the setting up of a constitutional government *under imperial protection*, Sun Yat-sen and his followers denounced it as a trick of the Manchus, and hurried forward the revolution. In 1911 the Chinese Republic was in consequence proclaimed, Sun Yat-sen himself becoming its provisional president.

Japan had thus loosed a bolt that overshot her intentions, and started something that she could not stop—the nationalization of China. But the immediate result of the incipient revolution was merely to increase Japanese opportunities for “peaceful penetration.”

By every device known to industry and commerce Japan's trade with the Eighteen Provinces was encouraged. Heavily subsidized steamers plied the waters of the Yangtze and its tributaries; Japanese post-offices and consulates were opened in the main treaty ports; Japanese merchants came in by the hundreds; and Japanese teachers were to be found in Chinese government schools. The revolution, too, brought a need for more money. A group of foreign bankers, made up originally of representatives of France, Germany, England, and the United States, offered to make a huge loan to be secured by receipts from taxes, notably the salt monopoly, and on condition that in the future China should borrow exclusively from that group. Japan and Russia demanded and obtained entrance into the charmed circle, and the “sextuple syndicate” seemed about to institute a joint protectorate over China's finances. The American members of the syndicate withdrew soon after President Wilson came into office, for he had declined his support on the ground that by the terms of the loan China's autonomy would be jeopardized. The

representatives of the remaining five powers made the loan, although this did not carry with it quite the drastic monopoly on the finances of China that had at first been contemplated. Japan, with the other four powers, was by it given a firmer hold on China.

26

Soon the Great War followed—logically, as already indicated, on the world-wide dislocations and intrigues ensuing on the emergence of Japan as a world power. By the terms of a renewed pact with England Japan was called on to come to her fighting ally's assistance, and this she lost no time in doing.

Self-interest of course influenced her decision. The unblushing declarations of Ōkuma, her war-time premier, leave no doubt at all on this point. Japan seized on unique opportunities to advance her own interests while the European nations were grappling at one another's throats in what seemed a death struggle. But the British Empire ought never to forget that the Japanese navy convoyed all the mighty Anzac contingent to the European battlefields, and afterward rendered important aid to the Allies in the Mediterranean. Besides, Japan's warships patrolled the Pacific, sweeping Asiatic waters clear of German raiders. But the most important feature of Japan's participation in the World War was also the most dramatic. Orientals have excellent memories. The Kaiser Wilhelm, when uniting with Russia and France in 1895 to deprive Japan of the Liaotung Peninsula, used peculiarly insolent language. It is impossible to read the note of Japan to Germany, dated August 15, 1914, and strongly recommending the relinquishment of Kiaochow, without being forcibly reminded of the Kai-

ser's own insolent verbiage. He was too busy, it seemed, for an answer, so Japan carried out her recommendation by force of arms. Within twenty years of her own humiliation, she hauled down the German flag at Kiaochow and hoisted her own in its place.

It was not, however, to stay. Japan imitated Prussian methods almost too well. Even so friendly a critic as Professor Dutcher declares of the Ōkuma ministry, which entered office in 1914 on a so-styled liberal platform, that it "out-Heroded all its predecessors in imperialism, militarism, and corruption." Its imperialistic folly reached its height in the notorious Twenty-One Demands of 1915, when Ōkuma took advantage of anarchistic conditions in China and of the preoccupation of Europe to insist on concessions designed to achieve by means of "peaceful penetration" what Hideyoshi had aspired to accomplish by open conquest—that is, a complete Japanese domination of China.

Yuan Shi-kai, in whose favor Sun Yat-sen had forgone the presidency, weakly conceded nearly all the Twenty-One Demands. But his people, and especially the students, had now become sufficiently enlightened to discern the sinister significance of the Twenty-One Demands. Yuan was permitted to enjoy the self-appropriated title of Emperor only six months, when he opportunely died—possibly by poison—and the "Chinese Republic" resumed its tempestuous career. Meanwhile, however, the traditional Chinese hatred of foreigners now focused itself on Japan. May 8th, that day in 1915 on which Yuan tried to sign away Chinese sovereignty, became the Celestial hate day, China singling out Japan as her chief foe and her gravest danger. Intense hatred thus proved to be the net return from Ōkuma's Twenty-

One Demands, in spite of which patent fact a renewed effort to enforce them was imprudently made by Japan in 1918.

27

Nineteen-eighteen was a critical year for the Island Empire. Imperialists and industrialists alike pushed their policies to dangerous extremes, while a third movement of very great importance manifested itself in a tidal wave of democracy. No more fatal error confuses the common Western judgment of Japan than an absurd tendency to regard that nation as intellectually and politically one. Placed as her island people are in the very thick of the cross-currents that flow between West and East, and peculiarly sensitive to all the winds of opinion that blow, perhaps no other country on earth can show such a vortex of diversified public opinion. A realization of this fact is absolutely essential to a fair judgment of present-day Japan. And to follow the complexities of a single critical year, such as 1918, requires the closest attention.

Ōkuma's advanced age had caused his retirement in 1916, when he was succeeded by another militaristic administration—Terauchi's—under the wing of the still dominant Sat-Chō clans. Terauchi did not overlook America in maneuvering for the control of China, Secretary of State Lansing being persuaded (in 1917) to sign a famous but short-lived agreement in which the United States recognized the "special interests" of Japan in China, on account of "territorial propinquity." Tōkyō also entered into secret agreements with Russia, England, France, and Italy, by which these powers bound them-

selves to support Japan's claims to Shantung and other former German holdings in Asia at the approaching peace settlement. Having thus fortified herself diplomatically in both America and Europe, Japan felt emboldened, when lending China large sums in 1918, to make this loan secretly conditional on the execution of some of the harshest features of her Twenty-One Demands: such as the engagement of Japanese counselors; the concession to Japanese churches, schools, and hospitals of the right to own land; the introduction of Japanese agents into the Chinese police; the obligation to purchase from Japan at least half of all war-munitions; the concession of three railway lines in the Yangtze Valley; the right of priority for Japanese capital in the construction of Chinese railways and ports, and in the exploitation of certain great iron mines in South China, just opposite Formosa; and the right of Japanese subjects to carry on religious propaganda in China.

This list sounds strangely reminiscent of stipulations of the so-called Christian powers in their past dealings with China, so assiduously had Japanese diplomats emulated Western statecraft. But a new kind of public opinion turned out to be developing in Japan, and this voiced itself—although ineffectually—against such high-handed dealings when the “secret” agreement leaked out, as well as against a Japanese military expedition into Siberia.

In China itself a wide-spread revolt broke out against Japan when the people at large learned that “the national shame had been consummated,” and that China seemed likely to degenerate into a mere Japanese province, after the manner of Korea. Chinese students now left Japanese universities in a body, some of them cutting off their

fingers and writing with blood: "*This disastrous agreement absolutely must be annulled.*"

28

The nature of the aforementioned stipulations on which Japan conditioned her Chinese loans suggests how completely her government had come under the control of capitalism. The Restoration itself was heavily indebted to the support of the newly rich mercantile classes of Yedo, and it was perhaps only inevitable that the new policies of state should have shaped themselves in the interests of capital. Besides, Japan has displayed an aptitude in manufactures entirely unique outside of North America and Europe, and her manufacturing wealth increased fabulously during the Great War. From being poor she suddenly became rich. "Alone among all the belligerents, Japan emerged from the struggle with a substantial balance on the credit side. In the space of four years her industrial system developed beyond all expectations, her foreign trade increased fourfold, and her gold reserve tenfold." An index to the rapid increase of wealth is found in the national revenues, which rose from less than three-quarters of a million yen to two million during the war period. Much of the new wealth stuck to the hands of Japanese profiteers, humorously called *narikin*, or "queened pawns," and the Japan of 1918 was rushed through some of the most dangerous stages of her full-fledged Industrial Revolution under war pressure.

Shipping speculators paid for a vessel in a single voyage. Mills declared 100 per cent dividends and gave fat bonuses to

directors so as to avoid the income tax, while wages were only grudgingly raised. Vulgar rich sprang up like mushrooms after a spring rain—despised narikins who, lying back in pink-upholstered limousines, honk-honked the common millions out of the narrow streets. And with every new narikin the price of rice rose another notch.

Under such provocation labor could no longer be controlled, even by the strong arm of government. Strikes grew from fifty in 1914 to 417 in 1918, involving 66,457 workers in the latter year as against only 7,904 in the former. In August, 1918, rice riots suddenly flared up among the fisherwomen of Tōyama, a town on the west coast, spreading like wildfire to such industrial centers as Nagoya, Kōbe, Ōsaka, and Tōkyō, and leaving in the end a deeper impression on the Japanese mind than any other national event since the advent of Commodore Perry. Japanese profiteers, their greed unappeased even by the fat profits of war, had succeeded in cornering the rice market, which resulted in trebling the cost of the Japanese staff of life. A proletariat emerged as by magic. The masses of the people, inflamed by the cries of hungry fisherwomen, "*Give us rice!*" suddenly made their strength felt in a social upheaval that shook the country to its foundations. The Imperial Household rushed a gift of \$1,500,000 to the relief of the victims of the narikins, who, fortunately, had sense enough left to join with more honest men of means in bringing the total relief fund up to \$12,000,000, a sum spent hastily in setting up public markets, cheap restaurants, and other alleviating agencies.

The rice riots died down, but labor had tasted its power. From pre-war suppression it now leaped at one bound to syndicalism; then, without going through the

stage of craft unionism, passed on at once to industrial unionism, and in 1925 took steps to organize as a political party. Its spirit is expressed in the declaration of its leader, Bunji Suzuki: "We in Japan have thrown off many yokes, but have put on a new yoke—capitalism. But we have learned to throw off yokes, and that is something."

29

Democratic impulses received a temporary momentum among the Japanese people at large as a result of the World War, profoundly stirred as they were by America's participation in it and by President Wilson's eloquence. They swept Terauchi's militaristic ministry out of office in 1918, and a commoner became premier for the first time in Japan's career. Before he was assassinated Premier Hara succeeded in doubling the size of the electorate and in making universal manhood suffrage seem likely within a few years. So strong was the democratic impulse in 1918 that when Germany succumbed to the Allies—to the astonishment and even chagrin, it must be confessed, of many of the "old-timers" among Japanese politicians—the youth of the land cooled off noticeably in their enthusiasm for militarism.

The Imperial Military Academy, which before the war picked its students from among thousands of applicants, in 1919 could muster only 110 for the entering class, although the number sought was 200. Soldiers returning to their homes after completing the period of compulsory military service were welcomed by banners reading, "Congratulations on release from prison!"—and the perpetrators were sometimes arrested. Army officers could no longer count on having upper-class parents offer them their daughters in marriage.

Then came Versailles, that conference of a thousand blunders. After Versailles had refused to concede the abstract principle of racial equality, which got itself written into the Declaration of Independence a century and a half ago, Premier Hara and his associates unfortunately proved too weak to withstand imperialistic temptation. The European powers were reminded of their secret understanding, and even the United States became a party to handing over Shantung to Japan in spite of the protests of China.

Japan wanted this peninsula for at least two cogent reasons. She believed it to be rich in iron and coal, commodities essential to her further industrial expansion. And its geographical position is such that to dominate it, in addition to Korea and the Liaotung peninsula, which Japan already controls, would be to hold the end of a noose round the neck of all northern China. By drawing on this noose Japan could at will have shut up the Gulf of Pechili, which is the sea entrance to Newchang, Tientsin, and Peking itself. In other words, Japan for a time had North China "commercially, militarily, and politically at her mercy."

The Chinese resisted the decree of Versailles not only for these reasons, which were certainly ample, but also because Shantung was the birthplace of Confucius. It seemed to them that Japan was adding insult to injury. In Japan itself the reactionaries, now once more in the saddle, openly taunted liberals with having pinned their faith to tinsel gods at Versailles. In a word, the sensitiveness of the Japanese political barometer to foreign influences was never more clearly demonstrated than in the months just succeeding the armistice.

When the principal facts of the Shantung affair became clear to the American public, and when Japan seemed further to be reluctant in leaving Siberia, opinion bestirred itself here to a degree that had been only faintly foreshadowed by the opposition to Korean annexation. On the other hand, Japan now seemed to feel that the United States might well rest content with a Monroe Doctrine for the Western hemisphere, and not presume to extend a Yankee guardianship to the Eastern. Thus mutual ill feeling was increasingly engendered, and this was still further heightened, in Japan, by California's new and more drastic land law of 1920. But both nations were to give striking proof of their ability to allay the gravest of misunderstandings at the Washington Disarmament Conference.

Although this Conference—which convened on Armistice Day, 1921—left the immigration question untouched, it accomplished several extremely important results. Among these should be noted the reduction of the armaments of the chief naval powers of the world,—Japan, America, and Great Britain,—at a ratio of 3-5-5; the negotiation of a four-power pact in the Pacific to replace the Anglo-Japanese alliance; the restoration of Shantung to China; and, in spite of this, a really remarkable restoration of confidence and good will between Japan and the United States. Japan could not doubt the sincerity of America's naval proposals, seeing that words were backed up by deeds, and she responded with characteristic generosity. Admiral Katō, minister of her navy and chairman of her delegation to Washington, was made premier shortly after his return home, Premier

Hara having been assassinated just as the Conference assembled. As premier, Admiral Katō employed his distinguished gifts to win the Japanese public to a cordial acceptance of the results of the Conference, and to a renewal of their former cordiality toward the United States.

During my own earlier residence in Japan—from 1892 to 1897—I encountered, as a rule, only friendly regard. It was a common occurrence, in fact, on assigning to classes in English composition such themes as “My Favorite Hero” to have Washington and Lincoln set in rivalry, by the diligent students, with Shōtoku and even Hideyoshi. After a long residence in California, covering exactly the rise of the immigration question from temperate to blood-heat, I returned to Japan in 1923 entirely unprepared for the restored warmth of feeling. Having a speaking acquaintance with the language, I made it a point to talk with people of all classes, and in consequence reached the conclusion that friendliness toward Americans was scarcely less hearty than in the old days. Americans whose residence had not been interrupted assured me that this restored cordiality was of very recent occurrence, and wholly due to the Washington Conference, which not only convinced the Japanese people of our own friendly regard, but brought them the practical benefit resulting from reductions in their enormously heavy taxes for naval armament.

Shortly after I reached Tōkyō Admiral Katō died. In his death Japan sustained her heaviest personal loss since the death of the great Emperor Meiji, eleven years previously. A week after the Admiral’s death Tōkyō was prostrated and Yokohama entirely blotted out by the greatest natural catastrophe of all history, the earthquake

of September 1, 1923. In the behavior of the terror-stricken days that followed I witnessed what was characterized by an American companion as the finest human exhibit it had ever been our privilege to see. Then I went over into India and China, returning just in time to be caught in the throes of a second "earthquake," a convulsion of national feeling, when the people were shaken to the core by the American immigration act of 1924. Nowhere did we find the slightest abatement of courtesy, but the very air seemed freighted with sorrow. The people were cut to the quick, and the resultant atmosphere of suppressed suffering seemed quite as palpable as during the catastrophe of the preceding autumn. This Japanese reaction to our new immigration law provided Americans with one of the most difficult psychological puzzles they have ever been called on to solve. It is still their business to try to understand it, and, having made this effort myself, I shall now set down the result.

31

When Fuji is not sulking in his tent of clouds, a traveler approaching Yokohama enjoys one of the most glorious sights in the world. The mountain is a perfect cone, truncated, and forever capped with snow; its huge base almost always so dissolved in mists that it quite vanishes into the wide and misty landscape; so that what you see seems some vast splendid vision, not springing up from the plain, but magically suspended from the dome of heaven,—and the solitary mountain stamps itself indelibly upon the memory as the sign-manual of beautiful Japan, Fuji, the Nonpareil, or Peerless.

Dr. John Batchelor, a great English missionary to



From Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

the Ainu and the chief authority on their language, will not have it that "Fuji" is Japanese for "nonpareil," but insists that the name is derived from the Ainu word for "Fire-Goddess." This name is at least just as appropriate as the other, for Fuji was in eruption so lately as 1708, and Japanese literature abounds in allusions to its smoke.

Japan is essentially a chain of volcanic islands forced up from an abysmal sea. Fuji in turn has been shaped much as an ant-hill grows from material forced out from below. This is to say that he is the sign of an earthquake center, the forces that produced him being still at work deep in the earth beneath him, to the frequent agitation of Yokohama and Tōkyō, which are too close for comfort. He is peculiarly the symbol of Japan, which is beautiful but dangerous: the land of the cherry and chrysanthemum, but also of the typhoon, tidal-wave, and earthquake.

Fuji is an emblem not only of Japan, but of the Japanese people—slumbering fires concealed beneath a cool exterior. Ludovic Naudeau, who has already been cited as witnessing the amazing outburst of wrath that occurred in Tōkyō in 1905, when the populace believed that their government had concluded a Russian peace that robbed them of their rights—this French writer has depicted more vividly than any one else the volcanic ebullitions of a people who ordinarily wear a mask of smiling calm. The even more impressive rice riots of 1918, which terrified the Japanese themselves, have been described. "Being born on volcanic islands, and experiencing earthquakes five times a day, the Japanese are very sensitive," as one of their own writers says.

To go back of earthquakes and volcanoes, psychologists

that have studied the people at first hand seem to agree that in spite of their marked practicality they have at bottom a sentimental temperament, with an admixture of the choleric, a result possibly due to their Malay-Tartar origin. This natural character was fixed to an unusual degree by the long seclusion of the Tokugawa age; which, moreover, by its rigid and exacting conventions, and its network of espionage and suspicion, tended to produce super-sensitiveness. A reflection of this last-mentioned trait is vividly conveyed by the Perry Narrative, which says that the native interpreters would sometimes shake as with an ague, while perspiration streamed from their necks and foreheads, such was their mental anguish from the imagined icy touch of the Tokugawa executioner's blade, ubiquitous and tireless.

Superposed on a highly strung nervous temperament is the stoicism of Bushidō and of Buddhism, like the ice-cap on Fuji.

The terrific earthquake of 1923 did not shatter the ice-cap, nor did the ensuing and even more terrible conflagrations melt it. A prominent California publicist,¹⁵ by no means "pro-Japanese," who chanced to land in Japan within ten days after the disaster, found the people of Tōkyō "orderly, courteous, brave, and smiling. Every one of them had gone through hell, had lost home and friends and relatives, had seen piled-up corpses by the tens of thousands—and they worked and smiled. Surely," he felt constrained to add, "if self-control, order and considerateness are tests of civilization, these are the most civilized people on earth." They manifested to an amazing degree the three cardinal virtues of Buddhism: self-control, kindness, intelligence.

¹⁵ The Hon. Chester H. Rowell.



LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KAMAKURA BUDDHA
BEFORE THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1923

My Wife and I were at Nikkō, revisiting the glimpses of our honeymoon—of thirty years before. We were saved from disaster by the fact that the little old hotel was so tied and pinned together, Japanese fashion, that it seemed almost as resilient as a hammock under the first prolonged shock, *which lasted nearly ten minutes*. Naturally, we were rather anxious to get downstairs and outdoors, but we actually had to stop several times and hold on to the banisters in order to avoid being thrown down, head foremost. And Nikkō is a hundred and fifty miles from the neighborhood of Mount Fuji! The hotel proprietor was very pale, but calm and smiling. "In five years," I said to him, "I never felt a shock like this." "But I've lived here my whole life," he answered, "and I've never felt one like it, either. Terrible things must have happened down in Tōkyō!"

As the Emperor and Empress were occupying their summer palace at Nikkō, we soon began to be favored with messages brought up by airplane. As the machines came whirring in, the news grew steadily worse. Almost every official and employee in our hotel had close kin in Tōkyō, but there was never a sign of distress, except paleness. Next morning at breakfast my Wife said to the smiling young matron who served us, "I hope your people are all safe."

"Thank you, Ōku Sama," she replied, quietly, "I lost my parents and a brother and sister, for they all lived in Honjō."

With that she bowed, smiled, and pattered away to her duties, her heart all the sorer, one may be sure, for such Spartan repression.

Honjō was a great district of northern Tōkyō peopled chiefly by the poor. Many thousands of them, penned in

narrow alleys between their shattered dwellings, were caught by the flames that so quickly ate up Tōkyō; for it was the noon hour, and every fire-box in every kitchen was filled with live coals for the midday meal. Other thousands of the Honjō poor escaped from these alleys only to swell the numbers of the most gigantic holocaust of all: that in a great open space formerly occupied by a government commissariat. Here thirty-three thousand bodies were so closely jammed in that many were roasted standing. One of the most affecting spectacles that ever touched human hearts occurred when the conflagrations died down, and officers took charge of Honjō. As my San Francisco friend so vividly described it:

Here the city erected its greatest funeral pyre and burned to ashes not merely the thirty-three thousand dead in this square, but nearly thirty thousand more from the adjacent district. At one end of the square the pyres were still smoking, consuming the remnants of a few belated corpses. At the other end the gray ashes of sixty thousand dead were heaped in one great pile. A few painted wooden columns, in front of the pile, and a makeshift altar, constituted a temporary temple. A priest was monotonously pounding his high-pitched prayer-gong, punctuating it at intervals with the stroke of a deeper bell. Before the altar the people stood and prayed, and cast on offerings of flowers until they made a mound as high as the ghastly heap behind. We joined our flowers and burned our incense with the rest, and almost wished we knew how to say a Buddhist prayer. On the opposite side another more barbaric sect were praying. The priest was beating rhythmic measures on a great tom-tom, and before the altar a group loudly chanted the ritual, beating out a measure between each prayer on smaller prayer-drums. Behind, a patient line of mourners marched up, each receiving a small handful of unidentified ashes to place in his own shrine as the relic of his dead. My host, a polished Japanese, a Harvard graduate, had told me calmly and smilingly of the death of friends and relatives and of the destruction of millions of dollars of his own property. But at this sight his voice choked, and

even his marvelous self-control failed. Needless to say, mine was gone long before. Probably no such single holocaust ever took place since men began to deal with fire.

In accordance with established tradition, the police captain of the Honjō district committed suicide, as he had advised many refugees to flee to the open square, and felt himself officially responsible for their death.

Is it any wonder that in such circumstances even the Japanese should occasionally have had difficulty in controlling their nerves? The escape of some Korean inmates of the demolished Yokohama jail, and their terrified flight up the highway toward Tōkyō, was quite enough, under panic-stricken conditions, to account for the wild rumors that flew before them, ever growing as they flew. And when American destroyers dashed into the ordinarily forbidden waters of Tōkyō harbor, it was only natural that a few jumpy officials, on whom the end of the world had descended, should seem to associate warships with war, and fear for the moment that some foreign foe had swooped down on Tōkyō to fill up the cup of its terrors. But when they found that these rushing destroyers had been speeded up solely by generosity, and that they were loaded to their gunwales with relief stores, nervous suspicion gave way to grateful joy. One of the severest Japanese critics of American immigration policies soon afterward wrote:

Japan will see America in a new light. It is as if hearts of a hundred million Americans have gone forth in sympathy for the grieving souls of Japan. Such disinterested sacrifices, such magnanimous spirit, such whole-hearted response to the call of humanity as have been seen in this American relief undertaking cannot fail to soften even a heart of flint. This rebirth, so to speak, of Japanese friendliness towards America cannot fail to influence diplomatic relations between the two governments.

When Mr. Hanihara was leaving Japan last March as Ambassador to Washington, the Japanese press was full of "stories" and editorials, surmising that the new envoy would undertake to secure a revision of the "gentlemen's agreement" so as to safeguard Japanese rights in America, particularly on the Pacific Coast. If Mr. Hanihara, when leaving Japan, had in his pocket instructions to open negotiations on the Japanese question, the earthquake consigned those instructions to limbo.

Mr. Hanihara himself wrote:¹⁶

For many years I have been devoting my efforts to the task of convincing my countrymen that the heart of America is not only sound but kindly. I have lived among you Americans long enough to know. In spite of my efforts, however, and those of many friends, the understanding we sought to bring about was not complete. But now, at one stroke, the response of America, spontaneous and open-handed, has displayed to my countrymen the generous, innermost heart of America, and my countrymen, through this intervention of Providence, have reached a final knowledge of the truth.

In other words, the perfectly natural response of America to Japan in the hour of need seemed to have completed the good work of reconciliation begun by the Washington Conference. Americans suddenly became once more, beyond question, the most popular sojourners in Japan.

32

When Ambassador Hanihara, several months after writing the foregoing tribute, seemed to threaten Congress with "grave consequences" if it abrogated the "Gentlemen's Agreement" and barred Japanese immigrants as "aliens ineligible to citizenship," Congress promptly abrogated the Agreement and barred all such aliens, except

¹⁶ In "Asia" for December, 1923.

students, diplomats, tourists, and merchants. Human nature being what it is, this action by Congress was perhaps inevitable as soon as Secretary Hughes published the Ambassador's indiscreet letter. But it was equally inevitable that Japan should feel deeply hurt.

Let us sum up her most recent history. To save herself from European aggression, she secluded herself throughout the long era of resplendent Occidental achievement from the Elizabethan Age to the mid-Victorian. During this prolonged seclusion her characteristic traits were developed, including the defects of her qualities. Her virtues have been described in detail. The faults of a recluse also got a chance to develop, such as self-consciousness, suspicion, and sensitiveness, under a peculiarly rigid tyranny that was based on suspicion, bolstered up by convention, and served by millions of spies. Meanwhile, lusty Caucasian pioneers overran the North American continent and at length pushed across the ocean barrier to break down Japan's bars with weapons she could not have resisted had she tried. Making a virtue of necessity, she now cast in her lot with the West, turning her back upon Asia. A price she paid for unique marvels of appropriation and assimilation was repudiation by Asia, which scored her repeatedly as "the white man's friend." At a moment when she is stricken with cataclysmic terrors, America, the very land that forced these conditions upon her, also seems to repudiate her—*seems* to tell her that she is unfit to associate with the peoples of the West.

As a matter of fact, America does not say that at all. America is actuated just as genuinely by the instinct of self-preservation as Japan was in the enforcement of her own drastic exclusion act of Tokugawa times. America

does not set up the ridiculous claim of racial superiority, but does see clean-cut differences between the nationals of the two countries, differences that spell disaster should former conditions continue. To correct these conditions Congress passed a law that might have been more considerably worded, containing defects that will undoubtedly be remedied, but which at least was a definite pronouncement on a subject that should have been settled long before.

Japan has at last had time to see that no offense was intended, and that Congress at worst only repaid one inconsiderate act with another. But meanwhile "the two earthquakes"—the literal one of the autumn of 1923, succeeded, while the people were still crushed and bleeding, by the international shock of the following spring—produced decidedly noteworthy results.

The Japanese people, who, in the summer of 1923, seemed to at least one friendly observer to be rushing headlong into unimaginable perils, found themselves sharply reined up by disaster—one that could indeed be reckoned with, but that demanded their undivided attention, compelled them to "stop, look, and listen," to consider their ways. As so often before in their history, they demonstrated their power to respond to the logic of facts. Reckless post-war indulgence was at least measurably bridled, and the old-time habitual frugality given a chance to resume its sway. Bitter discontent among large bodies of unemployed laborers was dispelled, at least temporarily, by well-paid employment in rebuilding the devastated cities. And suffering, that greatest of levelers, knit the people together again in the bonds of sympathy. Japan was chastened and sobered by domestic disaster and a rebuff in the house of her friends.

The chastened nation now began looking at the West with sobered vision—critically, as if to prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. Japan also began to take herself to task, to ask herself certain searching questions:

The West is for progress, but progress toward what? When material efficiency is complete, what end will have been accomplished? If mere self-interest, where do we find the boasted advance? The West takes pride in its emancipation from medieval superstition, but what of the idolatrous worship of wealth that has taken its place? What sufferings and discontent lie behind the gorgeous mask of the present?

From this questioning of the present West, Japan turned thoughtfully to the glorious past of the East. She has reminded herself—to quote another of her most brilliant writers—that

China was there, old and splendid, when Rome was but a collection of huts on the banks of the Tiber; Nara, the ancient capital of Japan, was laid out according to a grand plan made by skilled engineers in an age when English London was nothing but a group of rude dwellings huddled on the banks of the Thames.

Had Japan been altogether wise in turning her back wholly on Asia? Had she not better seek henceforth to combine in her national life the best of both East and West? Did not honest Westerners themselves hold, with Roosevelt, that the West has as much to learn from the East as to teach it? If so, may not Japan set herself a uniquely resplendent ideal as the one living channel through which two mighty world-cultures may intermingle to mutual enrichment? Is she not foreordained to this mission by geography as well as by historical experience?

If to our dulled Western ears such aspirations sound fanciful or visionary, we perhaps do well to remember that the East has rich gifts of vision and of fancy, and that Japan, after all, is Eastern.

33

“By their fruits ye shall know them,” as a great Oriental teacher has said, and here are some of the things Japan has actually done since her people were admonished by adversity.

1. *She has rebuilt her devastated cities.*

The day after the great earthquake, and while Tōkyō was still burning, Admiral Yamamoto—named as Premier to succeed the late Admiral Katō—assembled his new cabinet out of doors, and set them about the work of reconstruction. They faced a task of appalling magnitude. The number of homeless exceeded the dead, and there were at least 300,000 corpses in Tōkyō alone. The living had but little food, no water, no lights, no transportation. Yet within three days food was adequate, the water supply had been restored, and the whole great city was frantically rebuilding. Within three weeks temporary housing was well under way, the government having erected wooden barracks in parks, temple groves, and other open spaces, and allotted a room twelve feet square to each family. The city streets were lit, and tram-cars running. That wonderful organizing capacity which marks the Japanese off from other Orientals as sharply as any one quality, never functioned to better advantage. My friend from San Francisco said that even his own home city had “made no such progress in three weeks as these Japanese, with a much greater task, have done. It

is a monument to the efficiency of the leaders and to the courage, discipline, and diligence of the people. You may throw down walls and roofs, but you cannot destroy a city composed of such people."

Yokohama, nearer the earthquake center, suffered even more disastrously than Tōkyō. The entire city, as large as present-day San Francisco, was obliterated. The first movement of the shock threw everything into the air that was not very firmly fastened down, and the second movement was a quick sidewise jerk of four feet. Oddly enough, the ground not only shifted sidewise four feet, but sank the same distance. The very bottom of the sea subsided two fathoms. A few buildings that withstood the first shock collapsed under a wavelike and "switch-back" motion that lasted many minutes, and seemed an eternity.

The number of sufferers from this unparalleled catastrophe reached the immense total of 3,400,000, while the loss of property was set down by the government at yen 5,500,000,000. But in spite of such huge economic destruction the nation maintained its credit, which to-day is as sound as ever, eloquently attesting to the faith of the world in the Empire's financial stability. How humanity itself withstood the strain and rebounded may be gathered from the census figures for Tōkyō. These show a population of 2,478,233 immediately before the earthquake, one of but 1,527,489 immediately afterward, and a rebound to 1,995,303 at the end of 1925.

Meanwhile a modernized Tōkyō and Yokohama arose from the ashes. Narrow, crowded streets, and jumbled masses of awkward, ill-built houses were replaced in large measure by fireproof, and even earthquake-proof, struc-

tures, grouped in accordance with the requirements of scientific planning. Government reconstruction is shown in this table:

	<i>Yen</i>
Reconstruction of Tōkyō	306,678,400
" " Yokohama	35,514,400
" Loans	61,470,402
" Subsidies	128,080,917
" Aid for Bonds	21,694,730
Subsidy for construction of fire-safety zones	20,000,000
Total	<hr/> 573,438,849

Local governments and various municipal bodies provided additional funds for reconstruction, under governmental direction, as follows:

	<i>Yen</i>
City of Tōkyō	277,443,100
Tōkyō Districts	20,333,204
City of Yokohama	56,589,000
Yokohama Districts	3,318,075
Total	<hr/> 357,683,379

2. *Manhood Suffrage is now an accomplished fact.*

Japanese politics proved as sensitive to this earthquake period as the most delicate seismographs. Admiral Yamamoto held office only three months, feeling obliged to resign because his administration was stained by a communist's attack on the Prince Regent in the closing week of 1923. Although the Prince was personally popular, it was significant that the public showed no such profound sense of outrage as manifested itself when a communist plot against "the divine head of the state" was exposed thirteen years earlier. When the Prince's as-

sailant was asked to name the motives of his crime, he said that he was tired of the manner in which the liberties of the people were restricted; and that while millions were ill-clothed and badly housed, those in authority were enjoying themselves and wasting the substance of the land. He declared that the aristocracy was crushing down the common people, and demanded the reform of the privileged classes, together with complete freedom of speech, limitation of encroachments on individual rights by those in authority, and the nationalization of the land. On being asked how he thought the assassination of the Prince Regent would bring about these changes, he replied that he thought he had acted too hastily, but that his purpose was to focus public attention in a manner unheard of before, so that full and proper attention should be paid to what he called the acute physical and mental privations and sufferings of the Japanese people.

In naming a new premier to succeed Yamamoto, the two surviving members of the Elder Statesmen, or Genrō, of Meiji renown, shot the last bolt of the expiring Sat-Chō régime. The aged and reactionary Count Kiyoura was chosen to set up what the press at once dubbed "the Cabinet of the Privileged Classes," autocratic and militaristic in the extreme. It was under Kiyoura that Ambassador Hanihara committed his indiscretion at Washington. After a stormy administration of less than half a year, the "Cabinet of the Privileged Classes" was swept out of office—in the spring of 1924—by the first popular vote that ever proved strong enough to throw off the grip of governmental control. Viscount Taka-aki Katō, leader of the Progressive, or Kenseikai, party, was now to show himself the ablest premier Japan has had since Itō. Besides directing the gigantic tasks of reconstruction and

quelling public resentment towards America, he found time to drive through the Diet a manhood suffrage act in spite of all the opposition the privileged classes could muster.

Thus the rise of the common people, which had its obscure beginnings with the wave-men, or *rōnin*, in the foolish Dog Shōgun's days—fed itself secretly on forbidden crumbs of Dutch learning at Deshima—expressed itself with an ever-growing audacity in the plebeian art of the wood-prints of Yedo—borrowed sinews of war from the mercantile plutocrats of that city—seized on the advent of Perry to join in the widespread revolt against the Tokugawa tyranny—heartened and energized itself by means of a citizen soldiery, and enlightened itself by an excellent public-school system, manfully aided by the press,—this phenomenal rise of the common people, struggling always against heavy odds, at last won its crown of the franchise in the red-letter year 1925, which marks a turning-point in Japanese history. This manhood suffrage act enfranchised practically all Japanese males aged twenty-five or over, and entirely abolished the poll tax. It increased the number of voters from 3,000,000 to about 13,000,000, or a larger proportion of the male population than enjoy the franchise in England. For the first time since the great Soga family attained its ascendancy, thirteen centuries before, the rule of the family made way for the rule of the people. Whether oligarchy will find some new means of self-perpetuation must be left to the future.¹⁷

¹⁷ The tradition of family rule persisted in the struggle over this manhood suffrage measure, its opponents seeking to protect the traditional system by restricting the parliamentary franchise to heads of families. Popular pressure forced through the bill as passed, frequent references being made by its proponents to the Charter Oath of 1869 (see page 235), in which the young Emperor Meiji promised to lay great stress on public opinion. This statute of 1925 is Japan's fourth electoral law. The first one (1889) gave the

3. *Japan has adopted a more liberal policy toward China.*

Taking a leaf from American history, Viscount Katō's government decided to refund a large share of the Boxer indemnity (about \$36,500,000) so as "to help advance the civilization and progress of China," as Mr. Tsurumi declared in his Williamstown lectures.

The first appropriation of 5,350,000 yen was granted by the July session of the Diet (of 1924). This will be spent in six years for the creation of two Institutes of Research in Peking and Shanghai. The one in Peking will be devoted to research in the field of philosophy, literature, and social science. The other will be devoted to research in the field of natural sciences. These institutes are not to be confined merely to the benefit of Chinese and Japanese scholars, but their doors will be wide open to all properly qualified foreigners. The findings of these institutes are to be published in Western languages. This is one of the concrete illustrations of the new policy of Japan in the East.

It must not be thought that this new movement in Japanese liberalism is a mere temporary effort to cultivate good will between China and Japan. Cynics may say that Japan has been forced by the United States and England to give up her plan for dominating China, in the interest of a wider distribution of the spoils. There is, no doubt, some necessity in our new virtue; such situations are not peculiar to the Orient. But the new turn in Sino-Japanese relations has a deeper significance. It is an expression of the growing desire of the Japanese to take up anew the study of Oriental civilization. It means that Japan is discovering that Western civilization, dominated by the machine and the passion for comfort, offers no solution to the great problems of inherent permanent national stability, serenity of spirit, and man's greatest achievement, the conquest of himself. Triumphant man may not be revealed in the end adorned in a top hat and attached to a telephone. Asia has a civilization of her own. To restore and develop the best in that civilization is a fine work worthy of the noblest endeavors. So the new *rapprochement* be-

franchise to 450,000 men on condition that they should pay at least 15 yen in direct national taxes. The second one (1900) enlarged the number of voters to 983,000 and reduced the minimum tax to 10 yen. The third (1919) increased the electorate to 2,860,000 and decreased the tax to 3 yen.

tween Japan and China has a deeper meaning than is concealed in the bombastic cry of "Asia for the Asiatics," or "Pan-Asianism." Perhaps the people of China and Japan were wrong when they began to place their hopes on steam engines and parliaments alone. Certainly they were wrong when they thought that machines and test tubes could prevent wars, revolutions, devastations, and the overthrow of states and civilizations. They must renew their quest, and, in their never-ending search, they are turning once more upon themselves, exploring their own resources of spirit, and seeking a way to victory along paths that are linked to the glories of the past.

4. *Japan has assumed a more generous attitude toward the Occident.*

Viscount Katō did not imbibe his political ideals from Prussia, as Itō did, but from England. For many years he served his country at the court of St. James, where King Edward VII decorated him with the knight-commandership of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and where he enjoyed the intimate friendship and confidence of such Englishmen as Lord Grey of Fallodon.

Here it should be clearly borne in mind that Japanese political tendencies since the Restoration of 1868 may be said to have oscillated between Prussian ideals on the one hand and those of the English-speaking world on the other, or between a militaristic autocracy and liberalism. Among factors favorable to Prussianism were the native traditions of government and the immense personal prestige of Prince Itō. In favor of Anglo-Saxon ideals may be reckoned the popular temperament, which is notably liberal, and instruction in English as the only European language required in all the public schools. And Count Katō's prestige may now fairly be matched against that of Prince Itō.¹⁸

¹⁸ Viscount Katō was posthumously honored by the Emperor in being raised to the rank of a Count on his death, January 28, 1926.



OLD JAPAN AND NEW—VISCOUNT KATŌ, AS PREMIER, LEAVING
RESIDENCE OF PRINCE SAIONJI, ELDER STATESMAN

Speaking of the so-called Asian bloc, this great Premier said:

"Bloc," in the sense suggested, implies some kind of affinity, of homogeneity, of structural likeness, as a binding substance among the component parts. There is no such quality or substance for drawing or holding together an "Asian bloc" of the sort suggested in the theory of an Asian aggregation of power opposed to the United States.

Japan is individual. Her psychology, like her volcanic islands, stands apart from the mainland of Asia. We are as different from the Chinese as we are from the Americans or the British, and who has detected any identity between the Russians and the Japanese? If we try to establish neighborly relations with China and with Russia, as we always are trying to do, it is not because our hearts have turned away from our Occidental friends on the Pacific; it is because we believe in international amity as a general objective of statesmanship. "Orientation" is a stock word in the vocabulary of international politics. We hear of "orientations" this way and that. If "orientation" means a tendency toward international reconciliation, Japan wishes to "orient" in all directions.

Our point of view is illustrated by the position of England, which looks both East and West. English intercourse, political, social, and economic, with the continent of Europe—her friendship with the European nations—does not detach her from the Atlantic friendships. Japan has inevitable relations with her neighbors of the Asiatic mainland. She is on terms with China as a result of mutual consideration. Urgent territorial economic and social exigencies required a resumption of diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, although Japan has no sympathy with Sovietism as a political and social system and will permit no communist propaganda. I cannot state too strongly that our conciliatory and constructive attitude towards the Orient entails no reverse policy towards the Occident.

Viscount Katō's administration supported his words by deeds. Instead of pandering to mob-clamor for retaliation against America on account of our immigration act, his administration adopted the opposite policy—so

amending the Japanese nationality law, for example, as to abolish that "dual citizenship" to which Americans took such exception.

In extenuation of "dual citizenship" it ought to be remembered, in fairness, that when Japan made herself over she took her law codes from France (see page 236). Now, the French Civil Code provides that every person born of French parentage either in France or abroad, is French, and owes allegiance to France. On the other hand, the Anglo-American school of law determines nationality on the basis of birthplace, so that all persons born on American soil are in consequence American citizens. So long ago as 1916 the Japanese Diet took the first step toward changing from one school to the other, by permitting American-born Japanese to divest themselves of allegiance to Japan, but not of their liability to military service. In July, 1924—*after* the passage of the American immigration act—the Diet went the whole length, adopting a law which declares that a child born in America of Japanese parentage is *ipso facto* an American citizen, completely absolved of all obligations to Japan.

This measure may be cited as a fair illustration of the general attitude taken by Count Katō's administration toward the United States and its citizens, of whom a good many thousand are now second-generation Japanese.

The writer wishes at this point to bear first-hand testimony to the genuine "Americanism" of these interesting young people. There can be no question about it. They are as genuinely American in their patriotism and general social outlook as any second-generation citizens in the land. This indeed is so much the case that Japanese social customs and even the Japanese mentality seem almost

as difficult for them to comprehend and appreciate as for any other American-born youths lacking in first-hand experience of the Orient. The Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco bears interesting testimony on this point. Its Japanese Branch embraces in its membership young men brought up in Japan as well as those born and reared in America, and in trying to help these two groups to get on together the Association finds a real problem on its hands. "Undoubtedly there is a real psychological difference between these two classes of young men," the authorities say. "This invisible gap seems very wide and hard to bridge. There is apparently a conflict between them that arises inevitably from the different social and cultural trainings."

Assimilability is of two kinds, biological and social. Of the former the present writer knows nothing, and he may perhaps be permitted to doubt whether anybody knows very much—whether sufficient data have as yet been assembled and studied to warrant dogmatic conclusions. But on the other point he can speak with conviction. Second-generation Japanese in California are on the whole so thoroughly Americanized, psychologically and socially, that they actually seem to need to be reminded of their Oriental heritage, and of the responsibility thereby entailed. While they have a unique opportunity to become interpreters between East and West, it is a question whether this opportunity will be grasped. The difficulty is to get them to look back toward the Orient patiently enough to appreciate its true cultural values.

On page 275 of this book the statement was made that after Japan became a world power she faced a choice be-

tween aggressive territorial expansion, or "imperialism," on the one hand, and an increasing industrialism accompanied by home colonization on the other. Perhaps it has now become clear that the general trend of modern Japanese statesmanship has followed an imperialistic direction. But the policy of Count Katō and his associates pursued just the opposite course. As spokesman for the Japan of to-day this great Premier declared unequivocally for industrialism accompanied by home colonization.

This declaration carried with it a surprisingly frank opposition to that extensive policy of overseas emigration in behalf of which an assiduous propaganda has so long been fostered by the older school of Japanese publicists. While Count Katō acknowledged, of course, that old Japan is densely populated,—although no more so than England and Belgium and Holland,—he stoutly affirmed that the Japanese possessions, taken collectively, are sufficient for the needs of the people "for at least one century, and probably two."

There is ample, if not abundant, opportunity for agriculture in the Hokkaidō, Korea, Formosa, and Japanese Sakhalin. To any or all of these territories the people will move when the pressure of population and the economic need become strong enough to induce them to leave their homes. Aside from these agricultural prospects, Japanese skill and labor have much to anticipate in the way of productive occupation. The Japanese can become more highly industrialized. They can extend their commerce. Their textiles, for instance, already are selling in a wide Asian market, and they have fisheries, forests, and mines—all capable of expansion.

In respect of opportunities for combined manufacture and commerce, Japan occupies a position strikingly like that of England in the earlier years of the Industrial Rev-

olution that made her the workshop of the West. Japan, by utilizing the same factors employed by England, may make herself the workshop of the East. In doing so she can probably provide employment for all the people that are being crowded off her ancient farms and are as yet reluctant to enter her unsettled areas as colonists. At the same time she can enormously augment her wealth. Japan has certain resources that England lacked, but the three identical factors are cotton, fuel, and ships. It is true that she has to import her raw material a long way—from the United States and India—but England had to do exactly the same thing, and found little difficulty in keeping her ships loaded, both ways. Japan has the continent of Asia as a huge and relatively undeveloped market for her manufactured output, just as England had Europe. She even has the same enviable atmospheric conditions as England, so that she may become the “Lancashire of the Orient” if she will but realize—as imperialistic Prussia declined to do—that peace has victories far nobler, and, in fact, far more profitable than an aggressive militarism can count on.

Bloodshed and battles are the lurid and spectacular incidents of history, attracting a disproportionate amount of attention. The French Revolution, performed as it was amid streams of blood and flame, absorbed the attention of European historians to the neglect of the Industrial Revolution that took place about the same time in England, whose wealth it increased tenfold, resulting in an enormous advantage over the battlefield nations of the continent, an advantage that is still to be reckoned with. Political progress likewise ensued. “Not till the Industrial Revolution had changed the face of England did the old political forces acknowledge defeat, and sur-

render their claim to govern the nation against its will," as British historians point out.

Japan has already gone far in emulation of this phase of English history. Taking hold of textiles in earnest with the first years of the twentieth century, she managed by the beginning of the Great War to double her imports of raw cotton and almost to treble her spindles. The war speeded up the industry so enormously that manufactured cotton actually entered into competition with silk as Japan's principal export. She buys her raw material largely from the United States, and sells the output of her looms to China and India. Of her total volume of exports America takes by far the largest share—more than a third, in fact—so that her ships already cross the ocean laden both ways. To furnish these vessels, her shipyards developed tenfold in ten years. For fuel, she has her coal-mines in Kyūshū, but coal, after all, is exhaustible. Japan is therefore beginning to tap her constantly renewed and super-abundant stores of hydro-electric energy, which, when fully developed, will furnish her with cheap motive-power almost without end.

As in cotton, so in steel, Japan is the literal go-between of Occident and Orient, transmuting crude American material into finished structural products not only for her own markets, but for those of China and India.

That Japan's Industrial Revolution is attended with grave dangers has been sufficiently indicated. But factory laws are already finding their way into her statute-books, and she will discover her Sir Robert Peel.

Like England, again, Japan imports large quantities of food-stuffs. More and more of these she can bring from her own rich possessions just in proportion as she settles and cultivates these. Even Yezo is as yet thinly

populated, although endowed with rich agricultural resources. "Large and fertile enough to support in unaccustomed style one-third of the people of all Japan, it has a scattered population barely one-fifth of the city of Tōkyō." Japan also possesses Korea as an integral part of her empire, an area as large as her own great main island, and still undeveloped, to say nothing of southern Sakhalin and Formosa, or of the neighborly plains of Manchuria.

35

Apart from the unarguable obligation of "the square deal," what special responsibilities has America to the people of Japan, whom we ourselves first introduced to the comity and commerce of nations?

The first would seem to be courtesy. It is a special obligation precisely because we are prone to undervalue it—at least quite as much as it is overvalued in the Orient. Americans have sometimes been heard to boast of their shirt-sleeve diplomacy. Diplomacy could much better be done with our coats on; certainly not the frock coat and white tie variety, not with "the right hand of oratory thrust into the frock coat of 'statesmanship,'" but just as certainly with a sincerity garbed in courtesy.

Oriental set great store by the mere way things are said. Take the story of that old Sultan, Almansor, who dreamed that all his teeth fell out except one, and hurriedly sent for his soothsayers. The first psycho-analyst who responded was not famed for his tact.

"Oh, Your Majesty," he is said to have moaned, "this is indeed a most ominous dream! All your teeth gone but

one? It means that your entire family and clan, excepting only yourself, are doomed to die!"

"Off with his head!" snapped the Sultan. "Send me another soothsayer!"

The second was a different sort altogether. He came in with his face wreathed in smiles, "washing his hands with invisible soap in the imperceptible water," hardly able to restrain his enthusiasm.

"A most happy omen, Your Majesty! You will outlive all your kin!"

"Make him Grand Vizier!" quoth the Sultan.

They had both said exactly the same thing, but how differently. And the point of the little parable is in its application. Australia says the same thing with her immigration law that we say with ours, but she says it without offense, without wounding Oriental susceptibilities, because she gave considerate thought to its form.

The irritation caused by our own brusque law has been in large measure allayed. Japan realizes that it was enacted under extenuating circumstances; although these scarcely excuse it, since two wrongs cannot make a right. But what of our conduct in future? Has not the time come to stop despising the cultured Buddhists of Asia as so many "heathen," and to try to treat them with the consideration and courtesy in which they themselves excel? Politeness has been defined by a sage as morality in trifles, but in international affairs there is nothing trivial about it. It reduces friction-points to a minimum, and is therefore a preventive of war.

Of equal importance with good manners an altered economic method must be named. Some sort of economic reciprocity seems in fact absolutely essential to the future peace of the world. Cotton will serve to illustrate

this point as well as any other commodity, since the so-called struggle for the mastery of the Pacific involves it as a prime consideration. Shall we permit its far-flung commercial web to enmesh us, like stupid and greedy flies, or shall we not rather grasp it with forehanded intelligence and weave it to a pattern of world-wide welfare and wealth? If Japan is to become the Lancashire of the Orient, or if the whole Eastern littoral of Asia is to become the world's most plentiful workshop in the cheaper grades of manufactured cotton, as economists confidently prophesy, these results will be due to great geographical, climatic, and sociological causes quite beyond control in the long run, although the ultimate event may be artificially hindered and retarded. A struggle to hinder and retard could only secure temporary profits at the cost of eventual loss and possible war, whereas an intelligent mutual study of the problem in all its phases would undoubtedly discover some feasible plan of economic co-operation, besides contributing to that "better understanding" which is the best known antidote to war. If Japan and China have distinct advantages with respect to cheap manufacture, America has the overwhelming advantage in respect of production, as well as virtually unlimited possibilities in the development of certain grades of manufacture to which the Oriental genius seems ill adapted. There should be a frank recognition of respective advantages, and such a substitution of intelligence for stupidity that "the struggle for the mastery of the Pacific" will give way to a partnership in the freedom of its seas.

Never was the economic destructiveness of warfare or its ghastly futility so clearly proved as by the Great War. War has become an anachronism. And yet, by virtue of

the closely woven web of delicately adjusted economic relations that now enmeshes the whole world, never has the peril of overwhelming war been so great, when—as we saw to our stupefied wonder—the pulling of a single pistol-trigger in Bosnia may set off millions of men, in every quarter of the civilized globe, to a mad frenzy of butchery and of wholesale economic destruction. If our race is not to perish at the hands of its Frankenstein of applied science, it must apply intelligence to social affairs, especially in the sphere of economics. Only through a well-considered international understanding can human society escape suicide. The printer Franklin once gave to the bickering American colonies a cartoon of a rattlesnake cut into thirteen pieces and labeled with the pungent advice, “Join or die.” His advice is just as pertinent now, internationally, as it was in the eighteenth century to the North American colonies.

The writer is by no means a pacifist. He believes in preparedness. “The survival of the fittest” is still a stern fact to be reckoned with, so much so that no nation is likely to survive that does not keep itself fit. Internationalism itself, in any except a dangerously sentimental sense, implies a coöperative bond among a group of virile independent states, each adding its self-reliant strength to the common welfare. But force-preparedness, while indispensable, is only a half preparation. There must be an athletic thought-preparedness as to how this force is to be used, an intelligent formulation of international policies, an economic understanding clear as day with other members of the world group, so that force may become less aggressive, thought become more authoritative, and intelligent coöperation come finally to take the place of a murderous and ultimately suicidal competition. To

THE SECOND TRANSFORMATION 317

sum everything up, there would be but scant danger of wars if all the thinking races of men would but learn this small truth from Buddha: that stupidity is a cardinal sin.

INDEX

- Abdication, 47, 52
 Abiko, K., cited, 217
 Adams, Will, 165 ff.
 Ainu, 17, 19, 291
 Alcock, Sir R., 227
 Alexander the Great, 39-40, 85
 Aliens and California, 268 ff., 296 ff.
 Almansor, story of, 313-314
 Amakusa, 175
 Ama-terasu (Sun Goddess), 47, 213, 239 ff.
 American influence, 217, 236, 259 ff., 264, 288 ff.
 Ancestor worship, 18, 22, 41, 117, 142, 240; in China, 41, 116
 "Angelic Choir," 54
 Anthologies, 49, 61, 93
 Antoku, 67 ff.
 Architecture, 24 ff.
 Army, how founded, 244 ff., 252, 256, 275
 Art, suggestive of Greece, 25; at Horyūji, 28 ff.; influenced by Alexander, 40; Ōkura collection, 54; Golden Age of painting, 55; exemplified in Dai-Butsu, 83 ff.; at Kamakura, 90 ff.; Kōse school, 55; Tosa school, 92; Kanō school, 104, 130, 197; Genroku period, 193; plebeian movement, 202 ff.; at Nikkō, 190 ff.; at Kyōto, 102, 204 ff.; Uki-yo-ye school, 205 ff., 304
 "Aryan Path" of Buddha, 36
 Asa, Prince (of Korea), 55
 Ashikagas, 101 ff., 124
 "Asian Bloc," 306, 307
 Asiatic Exclusion League, 265
 Aston, W. B., 227
 Bagehot, W., cited, 185
 Bakin, 208
 "Bakufu," 66
 Batchelor, J., cited, 290
 "Battle of the Bulls," 91
 Benares and Buddha, 37
 Benkei, 65 ff.
 Binyon, L., quoted, 40, 92, 208-209
 Bismarck's influence, 237
 Bohemian art, 206 ff., 304
 "Book of Tea," cited, 86, 109
 Bosnia, 316
 Boys' festival, 107, 206
 Boxer uprising, 278, 305
 Brinkley, F., cited, 50, 56, 78, 84, 111; 128, 135, 146, 164
 Brocade pictures, 207
 Bronzes, at Horyūji, 28 ff.
 Bryan, W. J., 268
 Bryn Mawr College, 250
 Buddha (Gautama), vii, 24, 33 ff., 87, 90, 317
 Buddhism, influence on Japan, viii, 23 ff., 33 ff., 189; introduction of, 42; sermon, cited, 87; modern suppression of, 239-240, 253
 Bushidō, 75 ff., 86
 Cabrillo and California, 114
 Calendar introduced, 253
 Calendar of Flowers, 105, 250
 California "discovered," 114; influence on opening of Japan, 217 ff.; immigration problem, 265 ff., esp. 271-273
 Cannibalism, 121
 Capitalism in Japan, 284 ff.
 "Cardinal sins" of Buddha, 36, 38, 317
 Cardinal virtues of Buddha, 36, 292
 Carp as symbol, 107, 206
 Ceramics, 140, 198
 Chamberlain, B. H., cited, 33, 110, 169, 248
 "Cha-no-yu," 86, 108 ff., 137, 144
 Characteristics of Japanese, 31 ff., 91, 185 ff., 291 ff.
 Charlemagne (and Kwammu), 53
 Charter Oath, 235, 237, 304
 China war, vii, 255 ff.; early influences, 19 ff., 41, 46, 52 ff., 76, 90, 102, 197; early contact with Occident, 115; ancestor-worship, 116; later influences, 198 ff., 237; influenced by Japan, 278 ff., 283;

- reaction against Japan, 281, 283;
rapprochement, 299 ff., 305
 Chinese exclusion law, 265
 Chinese Republic founded, 279
 Chōshū, 228 ff.
 Christianity, medieval, 117 ff.,
 145 ff., 172 ff.; modern, 235 ff.,
 249 ff.
 "Christians, Finding of the," 235
 Chromo-xylography, 205 ff.
Chronicle, S. F., cited, 272
 Civilization in Japan, origins, 24 ff.,
 31; high development to-day, 292
 Coleridge, cited, 108
 Columbus and Marco Polo, 98,
 113, 216
 Commerce, future of, 310 ff.
 Commoners, 162; rise of, 202, 206,
 238, 247, 286, 304
 Colonization, 275, 310
 Conference, Portsmouth, 262 ff.;
 Washington, 230, note, 288 ff.
 Confucius and Confucianism, 30,
 83, 157 ff., 198, 212, 287
 Constitution, 237, 239 ff., 255
 Cotton, Hideyoshi's nickname, 151;
 in modern Japan, 312, 314 ff.
 Cradle of civilization, 18, 24
 Cram, R. A., quoted, 25
 "Cuckoo" stanzas, 129

 Dai-Butsu at Kamakura, 66, 68,
 80 ff., 134; of Hideyoshi, 139
 Daika ("Great Change"), 45 ff.,
 237
 Daimyōs, meaning of, 117; and
 early Christianity, 117 ff.; give
 hostages to Iyeyasu, 156; and
 Western influence, 228 ff.; re-
 nunciation of, 233
 Dalboquerque, A., 114
 Daruma, 85 ff.
 Davids, R., quoted, 38
 Deer Park near Benares, 37, 81;
 at Nara, 46
 Democracy, 287 ff., 303. See also
sub Commoners
 Dennett, T., cited, 254, note, 257,
 note, 261
 Deshima, 180-182, 201, 207, 304
 Dewey, Admiral, 259
 Diet, 253, 304
 Dillon, E., cited, 193, note.
 Dillon, E. J., cited, 261
 Discovery of Japan, 114
 Divorce, "Seven Reasons for," 199
 "Dog Shōgun," 193 ff., 304

 Dragon, meaning of, 104
 Dual citizenship, 308
 Duma, 263
 Dutch at Nagasaki, 179 ff., 201,
 304
 Dutcher, Prof., cited, 243

 "Ear Mound," 139
 Earthquake of 1923, viii, 81, 89,
 289 ff.
 Earthquakes and architecture, 24,
 192; at Yedo, 225
 Eclecticism, 236
 Economics and war, 314
 Education, ancient, 55; under
 Tokugawas, 157 ff., 201; to-day,
 241, 248 ff., 275, 306
 "Eight Views of Lake Biwa," 209
 Elder Statesmen, 238, 303
 Electorate, 244, 286, 302 ff.
 Electrical energy, 26
 "Elizabethan Age" of Japan, 24
 Emma-Ō, 89
 Emperor, the first one, 19; and
 filial piety, 20; and the family,
 40 ff.; and Buddhism, 43 ff.; be-
 comes "Son of heaven," 45; and
 abdication, 47 ff.; subordinated to
 the Shōgun, 73; humiliated by
 Hōjōs, 96, 100; by the Ashi-
 kagas, 101 ff.; by Jōkugawas,
 155 ff., 184; Restoration of,
 213 ff., 229; withdraws from
 seclusion, 231-233; enounces
 Charter Oath, 235; is declared
 divine to-day, 240 ff.; is as-
 sailed, 302-303. See also *sub*
 proper names
 Emperor William, 258 ff., 280
 England and Japan, 27, 165 ff.,
 227 ff., 236 ff., 259, 306, 310-312
 English, teaching of, 249 ff., 289,
 306
 Enkaku-ji, 99
 Ennōji, 89
 Enomoto, Admiral, 230
 Estheticism, 101 ff.
 "Eta," 162, 181, 252
 Etō of Saga, 245
 Exclusion policy, 265 ff.
 Extra-territoriality, 254 ff.

 --"Family" in Japan, 40 ff., 94, 132,
 164, 304, note
 Farmers, 62, 162
 "Father of civilization" (Shōtoku),
 21, 31

- Fenollosa, E. F., cited, 55, 92, 102, 104, 204
 Feudalism established, 72; developed, 161 ff.; abolished, 233
 Filial piety, 19, 186
 Fillmore, Prest, cited, 218, 221
 "Finding of the Christians," 235
 Firearms introduced, 115
 "First Forty-Niner," 218, note
 Fisher, G., quoted, 284-285, 286
 "Fleeting world pictures," 205 ff.
 Flower calendar, 105
 Foreign trade, 275, 284, 312
 Formosa, 257, 310
 Forty-Seven Ronin, 193 ff.
 France opposes Japan, 258
 Frankenstein, 316
 Franklin, B., cited, 316
 Freer collection, 204
 French influence, 236, 308
 Froës, cited, 123, 131, 150
 Fuji, 74, 290 ff.
 Fujiwaras, their origin, 44; control of throne, 52; their culture, 54 ff.; their decline, 56, 63, 196
 Fukuzawa the Schoolmaster, 248
 Ganku, 204
 "Garner of Myriad Leaves," 49;
 "of Old and New," 61
 Garvin, J. L., cited, 257, note, 262
 "Genji, Romance of," 61
 Genrō, 238, 303
 Genroku, 193 ff.
 "Gentlemen's Agreement," 266 ff., 296
 Geographical influences, 25 ff., 291 ff.
 German influence, 237, 238, 241, 262, 281, 286, 306
 Germany vs. Japan, 258 ff., 280
 God of Education, 56; of Rice, 59; of Hell, 89; of Sea, 142
 Goddess of the sun, 47, 213, 239 ff.
 Go-Daigo, emperor, 99
 Golden pavilion, 107 ff.
 Goldsmiths, 198
 Grant, Gen., visits Japan, 253
 "Great Change," 45 ff., 237
 Great War, 257 ff., 280 ff., 316
 Greek art, 25, 40, 83, 85, 105, 191
 Griffis, W. E., cited, 31
 Gubbins, J. H., cited, 227, 264
 Gyōgi, 47, 51
 Hachiman, 67, 76, 95
 "Haiku," 49
 Hanihara, Ambassador, cited, 270 ff., 296
 Hara, Premier, 286-287
 Hara, Prof., quoted, 68, 134
 "Hara-Kiri" (or seppuku), 158 ff., 211
 Haranobu, 207
 Harris, T., 225-226, 229, 254
 Hawaii "discovered," 114
 Hearn, L., cited, 22, 57, 96, 116, 122, 163
 "Heaven and Hell" sermon, 87
 Hidetada introduced, 153-154; persecutes Christians, 174 ff.; his tomb, 190, note
 Hideyori committed to Iyeyasu, 150; his fate, 169 ff.
 Hideyoshi introduced, 127-129; avenges Nobunaga, 131-132; supplants him, 132 ff.; builds castle, etc., 134 ff.; adopts coat-of-arms, 136; iconoclasm, 139; invasion of Korea, 140 ff.; quoted, 133, 139-143, 147-149, 151-153; patronizes Christianity, 145; opposes it, 147 ff.; originality, 150; nickname, 151; maxims, 151; compared to Alexander and Napoleon, 151; death-poem, 152; gives Yedo and the Kwantō to Iyeyasu, 153; his posthumous influence, 203, 206, 212, 235
 Hirado, 168, 179 ff.
 Hirata, 214
 Hiroshige, 207, 209
 Hitotsu-bashi, 230, note
 Hiyeizan, 53, 63, 126
 Hizen, 229, note, 247
 Hōjō Regency, 93 ff.
 Hokkaidō, 17, 26, 310, 313
 "Hokku," 49
 Hokusai, 207, 208-209
 Holland and the Far East, 165 ff., 201 ff.
 Hondō or Honshū, 26
 Honjō, 293-295
 Horyūji, 24 ff., 46, 85
 Hovelague, E., cited, 102
 Hughes, Sec., cited, 273
 Hyakunin-Isshū, 93
 Hydro-electric energy, 26, 312
 Ii of Hikone, 223 ff.
 Ikku, 207, 208
 Immigration Act (American) of 1924, viii, 58, 265-273, 296 ff.
 Immigration problem, 265 ff., 290 ff.

- Imperialism, 265 ff., 275, 310; of capitalism, 277 ff.
- Inari, Rice God, 59
- Industrialism, 253, 284 ff., 310
- Institute of English Learning, 249 ff.
- Islands of Japan, 26
- Isolation edict, 175, 184-185, 190
- Itagaki of Tosa, 247
- Itô, Prince, 234 ff.; his death, 275
- Iyemitsu introduced, 175; his absolutism, 183-184; edict of isolation, 175, 184
- Iyeyasu introduced, 128-129; accepts custody of Hideyori, 150, 152; his treatment of, 153, 170 ff.; masters Japan, 153; founds Tokugawa shôgunate, 153; founds Tôkyô, 154; characterized, 129, 155-158; patronizes suicide, 159 ff.; and Confucianism, 157 ff., 212; and education, 157 ff.; his Legacy, 162; relations with Will Adams, 165 ff.; his maxims, 173; his tomb, 190 ff.; undoes his own work, 212 ff.
- Izanagi, 242
- Izanami, 242
- Izumô, 242
- Japanese-American News*, viii
- Jesuits, 116 ff.
- "Jigai," 158
- Jimmu (legendary emperor), 19
- Jingô (legendary empress), 94, note
- Jingorô, 191
- Johnson, Hiram, 268
- Journalism, 248
- Jûjutsu, 188
- "Junshi," 160-161
- Kagôshima, 228
- Kaibara Ekken, 198-199
- Kaiser and Japan, 258 ff., 280
- Kakemono explained, 92
- Kamakura period, 63 ff.
- Kamatari, 44 ff., 55
- Kamo river, 63, 204
- Kanaoka, 55
- Kaneko, cited, 237, note
- Kanô school of art, 104, 130, 197
- Katô, Admiral and Premier, 288-289
- Katô, T., Premier, 303 ff.
- Kawakami, K. K., quoted, 295
- Keiki, 229, 230, note
- Keiô University, 248
- Kenseikai, 247, 303
- Kenzan, 198
- Keramics, 140, 198
- Kiaochow, 259, 280-281
- Kido, 234
- Kii, 200
- "Kim," cited, 82
- Kipling, R., quoted, 82
- Kiyomori, 64 ff.
- Kiyonaga, 207
- Kiyoura, Premier, 303
- Kôbe, 64, 285
- Kôbô-Daishi, 51 ff., 59, 198
- Koeckebacker, 179
- "Kôjiki," 49, 214
- Kôken, Empress, 47
- Kokinshû, 61
- Korea (Chôsen), 23 ff., 140, 245 ff.; annexed, 264, 275, 313
- Kôrin, 198
- Koromo river, 76-77
- Kôse school of art, 55
- Kôya, Mt., 51
- Koyetsu, 198
- Kublai Khan, 79, 98-99, 115
- Kuge, 162
- "Kujihongi," 49
- "Kultur," 240
- Kuper, Admiral, 228
- Kwammu, Emperor, 51 ff.
- Kwannon, 28, 121
- "Kwantô," meaning of, 56; Tairas and Minamotos in, 63, 91; Hideyoshi in, 140, 142, 153; Iyeyasu receives it, 153
- Kyôto, cradle of civilization, 18; founded, 52; stronghold of Buddhism, 63; its age of splendor, 111; its profligacy, 113; its plebeian art, 204; opposition to modernism, 226 ff.
- Kyûshû, 26, 55
- Labor problem, 284 ff.
- Landscape gardening, 108
- Language, Japanese, pronunciation, ix; origin, 19
- Language of flowers, 105, 250
- Lanier, S., quoted, 82
- Lansing agreement, 282
- Lao Tzu, 83
- "Last Tea of Rikyû," 144
- Latourette, quoted, 28, 276-280
- Legacy of Iyeyasu, 162

- Le Japon Moderne*, cited, 274-275, 291
 Liao-tung peninsula, 258, 280
 Li Hung Chang, 256
 Literature, 48 ff., 61, 93, 198 ff.
 Longford, J. H., cited, 31, 226, 227
 Loyalists of Kyōto, 226 ff.
 Mabuchi, 214
 Macao, 114, 148, 176-178
 Magellan, F., 114
 Mahomet, 83
 Makimono invented, 92
 Manchuria, 260, 275-276
 Manhood service, 244
 Manhood suffrage, 244, 286, 302 ff.
 Manila, 145-146, 259
 Manufactures, 284 ff., 310 ff.
 "Manyōshū," 9, 214
 Marco Polo, cited, 98, 108, 113, 216
 Masa, Lady, 94 ff.
 Masakado affair, 56, 196
 Masamune, 183
 Masanobu, 205, 206
 Massacre at Shimabara, 175 ff.
 Matahei, 205
 Maxims of Hideyoshi, 151; of Iyeyasu, 173
 "Medici of Japan," 103, 136
 Meiji, Emperor, 229, 231, 234, 289, 304, note
 Meiji year-period, 231 ff.
 Mexico, 148
 Michizane, 55 ff.
 "Mikado," its meaning, 44
 Militarism, 257, 275, 280, 286, 310
 Millis, H. A., cited, 273
 Minamoto clan, 63 ff., 96, 128
 Minerals, 26, 312
 Ming influence, 102 ff., 197
 Mitford, A. B., cited, 227, 232
 Mito, 213 ff., 222 ff., 235
 Mitsubishi S. S. Co., 253
 Mongol invasions, 98-99, 102
 Mori, Viscount, 239
 Morrison, U. S. S., 202, 211
 Moses, 83
 Motonobu, 130, 197
 Motowori, 214
 Mt. Fuji, 74, 290 ff.
 Mt. Kōya, 51
 Murasaki, Lady, 61
 Murdoch, J., cited, 74, 96, 118, 126, 127, 145, 151, 177
 Mutsu, 65 ff.
 Mythology, 241 ff.
 Nagaoka, 52
 Nagasaki and the Occident, 115 ff., 235 ff.
 Nagoya, 124, 135, 285
 Naka, Prince, 44 ff.
 Name of Japan, 19
 Naniwa, 23
 Nara, 18 ff., 46 ff., 52, 299
 "Narikins," 284-285
 Naturalization laws, U. S., 269 ff.
 Naudeau, L., cited, 274-275, 291
 Navy, 275, 288-289
 Nichiren, 97
 "Nihon-gi," 49
 Niishima, J. H., 201
 Nijō palace, 125, 130, 138
 Nikkō, 81, 175, 184, 190 ff., 240, 293
 Nineteen-eighteen, 282 ff.
 Ninigi-no-Mikoto, 242
 Ninsei, 198
 Nirvana explained, 38
 Nishi Hongwanji, 138
 Nishi-ki-ye, meaning of, 207
 Nitobe, quoted, 26 ff., 77, 105, 159
 Nobukatsu, 137
 Nobunaga, alarmed by Christianity, 118; meets Jesuits, 123, 125; early career, 124; slaughters Buddhists, 126; quoted, 125, 126, 129, 131; and Hideyoshi, 127; patronizes art, 130; offends officer, 130; death, 131
 Nō drama, 69
 Nogi, Gen., 161, 263
 Odawara, 142
 Okakura, cited, 86, 144, 155, 157, 213, 214, 299
 Ōkubo's proposal, 231
 Ōkuma of Hizen, 247, 253, 255, 264, 280-282
 Ō-kuni-nushi, 242
 Ōkura collection, 54
 Ōkyo, 204-205
 Ōmi-Hakkei, 209
 Open Door policy, 276
 Opening of Japan attempted, 202
 Origin of Japanese, 18, 31; of Japanese civilization, 24
 Ōsaka, early capital, 23; castle described, 135-136; its downfall, 152, 170 ff.; modern industrial center, 285 ff.
 Ōtomo, 213
 Over-population, 275, 310
 Ōyōmei, 107

- Page, C. H., cited, 49, note
 Pagodas, at Nikkō and Yakushiji, 192
 Painting, Golden Age, 55; at Kamakura, 91 ff.; at Kyōto under Sesshū, 102; at Yedo, 198 ff., 304. See also *sub* Art
 Pariahs, 162, 181, 252
 Parkes, Sir H., 227, 232
 Parliament, 253
 Patriotism, 243. See also *sub* Yamato-Damashii
 "Peaceful penetration," 277 ff.
 Peace programs, essentials of, 314-317
 Peking, "Temple of Heaven," 41
 Perestrello, R., 114
 Perry Expedition, vii, 17; prepared for, 201, 211; influenced by Marco Polo, 216; its significance, 217 ff., 304
 Pescadores, 256
 Phallicism, 59, note
 Philippines discovered, 114; early relations, 145; acquisition by U. S., 259 ff.
 "Pilot Mound," 169
 Poetry, Golden Age, 48; and Bushidō, 75; at Kamakura, 93, 95
 Politeness and war, 314
 Political parties, 247 ff., 303
 Polo, Marco, cited, 98, 108, 113, 216
 Population, increase of, 275, 310
 Port Arthur, 257 ff.
 Portsmouth treaty, 262 ff.
 Portugal and the Far East, 114 ff., 165 ff.
 Pottery, introduced from Korea, 140; its golden age, 198
 Powers, H. H., cited, 74
 Preparedness, 316
 Prince Regent attacked, 302-303
 Profiteers, 284 ff.
 Progress summarized, 275
 Pronunciation of Japanese, ix
 Protestant Reformation, 166 ff.
 Psychology of Japanese, 31 ff., 292 ff., 309
 Railways, increase of, 275
 Rai Sanyō, cited, 155, 214
 Rebellion, Shimabara, 175 ff.; Satsuma, 231, 245 ff.; Saga, 245
 Recovery from earthquake of 1923, 300 ff.
 Redesdale, Lord, 232
 Reformation, Protestant, 166 ff.
 Republic of China founded, 279
 Resignation of the Shōgun, 229
 Resources, 26, 312
 Restoration of 1868, 233, 238, 284
 Revision of Treaties, 254 ff.
 Rhys Davids, quoted, 38
 Rice God, 59
 Rice Riots of 1918, 285
 "Rice Shōgun," 200 ff., 213
 Richardson incident, 227
 Rikyū and Hideyoshi, 144
 Ritsudō, 198
 Rōnin, 193 ff., 202, 214, 227, 239
 Roosevelt and Japan, 259 ff., 266 ff.
 Rowell, C. H., cited, 292 ff.
 Russian war, vii, 67, 79-80, 96, 161, 258 ff., 274-275, 278
 Ryōbu-Shintō, 47, 73, 118, 213
 Ryūkyū Islands, 246, 253
 Saga Rebellion, 245
 Saigō, Gen., 230, 245-246
 Sakhalin, 310
 Samurai, 109, 162, 202, 243 ff.
 Sanetomo, 95
 San Francisco and immigration, 265
 Saris, J., cited, 136, 168
 Sat-Chō clans, 229 ff.
 Satow, Sir E., cited, 214, 227
 Satsuma, 228 ff.; Rebellion of, 245
 Sculpture, of Shōtoku, 28; at Kamakura, 89 ff.; under Nobunaga, 130; at Nikkō, 190 ff.; at Yedo, 198
 "Second generation" Japanese, viii, 271, 308-309
 Seiyūkai, 247
 Seki-ga-hara, 153
 Sesshū, 102 ff.
 "Shakkin no tamago," 250
 Shantung peninsula, 259, 270, 283, 287-288
 Sharaku, 210
 Shijo school of art, 204
 Shikoku, 26
 Shimabara rebellion, 175 ff.
 Shimonoseki, Battle of, 67; modern influence, 228 ff., 256
 Shingon, 51
 Shintō, vii, 21 ff., 46 ff., 56 ff., 213, 227, 239, 253
 Shipping, 312
 "Shirt-sleeve diplomacy," 313
 "Shōgun," meaning of, 72

- Shōgunate: Minamoto (Kamakura), 72 ff.; Ashikaga (Kyōto), 101 ff., 124; Tokugawa (Yedo, or Tōkyō), 153 ff., 229
- Shōmu, Emperor, 46 ff., 58, 134
- Shōsōin at Nara, 49
- Shōtoku, 21 ff., 213
- Siberian railway, 258, 277
- Silver pavilion, 107 ff.
- Simplified spelling, or syllabary, 51, 198
- Slavery, 62, 121
- Sōami, 108
- Social classes, 162
- Social unit (the family), 41
- Soga family, 40 ff., 304
- Sōmin, 198
- Sonshi, cited, 76
- Sōsen, 204
- Sōshi, 239, 256
- Sotomayer, 168
- Spain and the Far East, 115 ff., 145 ff., 165 ff.; and U. S., 259 ff.
- Spencer, H., cited, 239
- Steel in modern Japan, 312
- Strikes, 285
- Suffrage, 244, 286, 302 ff.
- Suicide of Yamashiro, 44; of Gen. Nogi, 161; of Watanabe, 211; for revenge, 58; in Tokugawa curriculum, 158, 186
- Suiko (empress), 24, note
- Sung influence, 102
- Sun-goddess, 47, 213, 239 ff.
- Sun Yat-sen, 278 ff.
- Susa-no-wō, 242
- Suzuki, quoted, 286
- "Sword of the Restoration," 230, 245
- Swords, 77, 244 ff.
- Syllabary, its invention, 51, 198
- Symbolism, 104 ff.
- Syndicalism, 285
- "Taikō," meaning of, 135
- Taira clan, 63 ff., 128
- "Tales of Splendor," 61
- Tama-ga-hara, 242
- Tane-ga-shima, 115, 134
- Tang age in China, 24, 55, 197
- "Tanka," 49
- Taxes, 275, 289, 304, note
- Tea, its introduction, 86; tea ceremonies, 86, 108 ff., 137, 144; and Iyemitsu, 183
- Temple of Heaven, 41
- Terauchi, 282, 286
- Tetsu-zan, 204
- Thum, Wm., cited, 273
- Tobacco introduced, 85
- Toba Sōjō, 91
- Tōgō, Admiral, 67, 79, 161, 263
- Tokugawa, Prince, 230, note
- Tokugawa Shōgunate, 153 ff., 230
- Tōkyō, meaning of, 18, 231; founded, 153 ff.; becomes capital, 231; earthquake of 1923, 289 ff., 300 ff.; population, 301. See also *sub* Yedo
- Tosa school of art, 92; associated with Sat-Chō clans, 229, note, 247
- Treaties, 224, 225, 254 ff., 262, 269 ff.
- Treaty revision, 254 ff.
- Tsar and Emperor, 258 ff.
- Tsingtao, 259
- Tsuda College, 249 ff.
- Tsunayoshi, 193 ff.
- Tsurayuki, 61
- Tsurumi, Y., cited, 248, 299, 305
- "Twenty-one demands," 281, 283
- "Tycoon," meaning of, 184
- Uji, 86, 183
- Uki-yo-ye school of art, 205 ff.
- University, founded (Fujiwaras), 55; Dōshisha, 201; Confucian, 212; Keiō, Waseda, 248; Imperial, 236, 249
- Unkei, 90
- Uruga, 220
- Utamaro, 207
- Vasco da Gama, 114
- Verbeck, G. F., 236, 252
- Versailles, 270 ff., 287
- Vladivostok, 258
- War, its prevention, 314 ff.
- War, Chinese and Japanese views of, 90-91
- War, Great, 257 ff., 280 ff., 316
- "War of Restoration," 230
- "War of the Chrysanthemums," 101 ff.
- "War of the Roses," 64, 67
- War with China, 255 ff.
- War with Russia, 259 ff. See also *sub* Russia
- Wars, cost of Japanese, 274
- Waseda University, 248
- Washington Conference, 230, note, 288 ff.

- Watanabe, 210-211
 Wei-hai-wei, 259
 Wilhelm, Emperor, 258 ff., 280
 Willy-Nicky letters, 258 ff.
 Wilson, Pres., 267, 279, 282, 286
 Wing Yang-ming, 197
 Witte, Count, cited, 261
 Women's era, 48; under the Fujiwaras, 54; "Greater Learning for," 198; under Rice Shōgun, 200; Tsuda College, 249 ff.
 Wood-carving introduced by Nobunaga, 130; developed at Nikkō, 191
 Wood-prints, 205 ff.
 World War, 257 ff., 280 ff., 316
 Xavier, F., in Japan, 115 ff.; quoted, 120
 Yalu, Battle of, 80
 Yamada, 57
 Yamagata of Chōshū, 249, 256
 Yamaguchi, 118
 Yamamoto, Premier, 300, 302
 Yamashiro, 43
 "Yamato," 18
 Yamato Dake, 19 ff.
 "Yamato Damashii," 19, 58, 79, 106, 212, 225, 227
 Year-periods, 193 ff.
 Yedo (Tōkyō), 18, 153; under the Dog Shōgun, 193 ff.; under the Rice Shōgun, 200; plebeian art in, 205 ff.; excitement over Perry Expedition, 220 ff.; becomes "Tōkyō," 231
 Yen, value of, 265, note
 Yezo, 17, 26, 230, 310, 313
 Yokohama, 80, 220, 235, 252, 256, 289 ff., 301 ff.
 Yokosuka, 169
 Yoritomo, 64 ff., 91 ff., 128, 134
 Yoshiiye, 76
 Yoshimasa, 103 ff.
 Yoshimitsu, 101, 103 ff.
 Yoshimune, 200 ff.
 Yoshinobu, 230, note
 Yoshitsune, 65 ff., 79, 128
 Yoshiwara, meaning of, 206; its inmates, 207
 Yuan Shi-kai, 281
 Zen sect, 85 ff., 107 ff.

